WHY ENGLAND MUST HELP FRANCE by ANTHONY EDEN

MAY 6, 1939

Liberty

5¢

FIRST EDITION

HICH TEAMS WILL WIN THE PENNANTS? LIBERTY'S ANNUAL FORECAS

ILTHY RICH: *A New Novel of Love and Money* by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, J

PHYSICAL CULTURE
Health Resort

Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York—in the Heart of the Beautiful Genesee Country.

...where building health is a happy game!

MILLIONS believe they must continually suffer from such ailments as stomach trouble, headaches, rheumatism, colitis, a tired feeling, nervousness, arthritis and many other health disorders which sap strength, vitality and mental alertness—and slow down the ability to do things.

The Physical Culture Hotel specializes in clearing up such health conditions through natural measures—no drugs, medicines or operations. Almost miraculous results are secured through diet, massage, baths, corrective manipulations and mild exercise.

Business men and women, professional men and women and all who value that priceless possession, good health, will find it to their advantage to get the complete story of the Physical Culture movement. It is so simple to learn the magic secrets of keeping well and strong through a health course at this great institution, where health building processes are so conducted that building health becomes a happy game.

Tired and broken down bodies are rejuvenated by the upbuilding process which accompanies scientific, natural health building. Insure an abundance of good health which is the elixir of life and the basis of successful accomplishment. Mail the coupon today for detailed information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

New York City Address:
Room 718, Bartholomew Bldg., 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

CASTLE HEIGHTS
Prepares Your Boy For Life

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon in the hills of Tennessee is another of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation institutions. Here away from cities and their distractions—boys learn to develop the inherent qualities which make them leaders in after life. So extensive and complete are the facilities at Castle Heights that we can start your boy in the third grade and take him through his entire school life, thereby preparing him for college or business.

Because Castle Heights is a part of the generously endowed Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, the rates are surprisingly low. The board and tuition charge in the Junior School is only $575 for the year and $675 is the similar charge in the Senior Academy. The extra expense for uniforms and incidentals is small.

For further information, write to:
Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
Castle Heights Military Academy **Lebanon, Tenn.**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL, Dept. L5-6
Room 718, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name..

Address..

Town..Prov..............

COMPARE THE THREE LEADERS

There's a Big Difference in Value

☛ Of the three leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is biggest—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

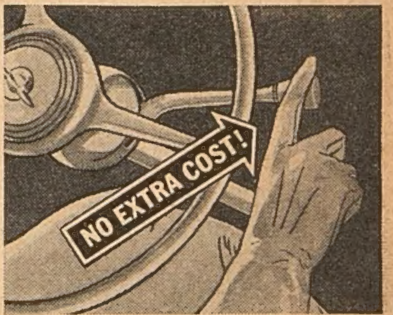
☛ Plymouth is the only low-priced car with coil springs standard *on all models.*

☛ The only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with steering-post gear shift on De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*

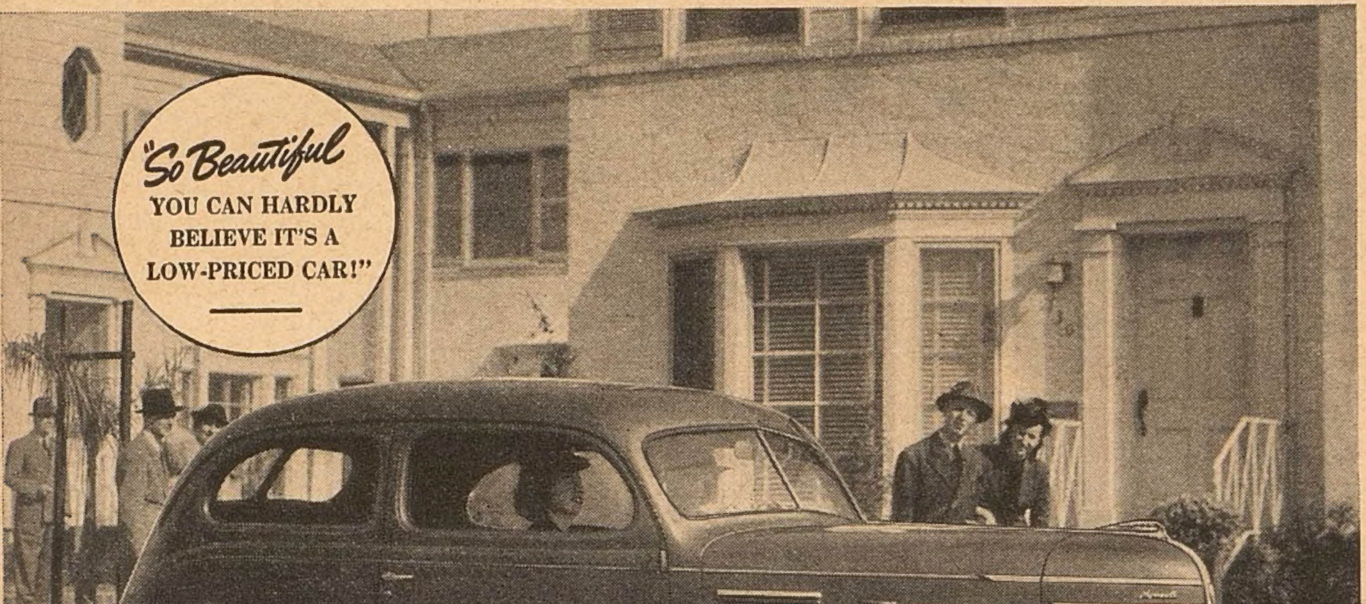
☛ The only leading low-priced car with a Safety-Steel body completely rust-proofed to preserve its beauty.

☛ The only low-priced car with a revolutionary new "Safety Signal" Speedometer.

☛ *All* Plymouth models have the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine, giving full power *with* economy.


NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD on "De Luxe" at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission.



EVERY PLYMOUTH MODEL gives you the world-famous safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes.

COUPES START AT **$645**

SEDANS START AT **$685**

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

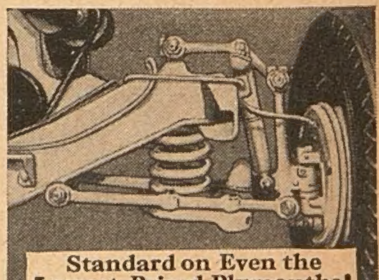
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

WITH the three leading low-priced cars *priced* about the same, it stands to reason that the one with the most to offer is the biggest value—the best buy!

That car is the great 1939 Plymouth!

Plymouth is biggest of "All Three"...has the smoothest, softest ride... and its great "L-head" engine brings you full power *plus* great economy.

Your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments!

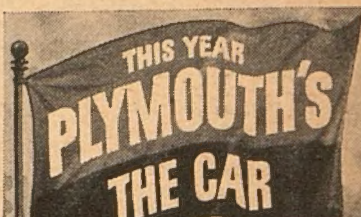


Standard on Even the Lowest-Priced Plymouths!

NEW COIL SPRINGS of special Amola Steel—finest design in the industry—give Plymouth its marvelous new ride.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



MAY 6, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 18

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

LOST!
Billions of Dollars Millions of American Homes

BERNARR MACFADDEN

When history views the colossal blunders of the present administration and counts the cost, the stupendous sum in dollars and cents will be staggering.

But one man, in addition to being the principal source of losses amounting to billions, will also have to put on the debit side of his record the loss of millions of American homes.

Secretary Wallace, with his plowing-under procedure, his charity handouts to the farmers, is undoubtedly a pleasing personality, a likable fellow. In his school days he unquestionably had dreams of making the world over in accordance with his theories. But he is largely to blame for the loss of a large part of our foreign cotton market that would easily amount to hundreds of millions of dollars. He probably will have to take a part of the blame for the hundreds of millions which the government now has invested in millions of bales of cotton stored away, which the administration will have to market some day at a give-away bankrupt price.

But leaving out altogether the huge losses in dollars and cents that can be credited to Secretary Wallace's dream ideals, suppose we consider for a moment the back-to-the-farm movement which he is credited with destroying altogether. He maintained there were enough people on the land already. The farmers could not sell their present products . . . why add to this difficulty by increasing the output? He probably concluded the farmers would rather pay additional taxes necessary to support the unemployed on the dole than allow them to work for their own subsistence on a liberal-sized home garden. And that is said to be Secretary Wallace's reason for killing the movement that would have given millions of our people homes in the country . . . out in the fresh air . . . with something profitable to keep active every member of the family.

This would indicate that the health and morale of future Americans are not important according to Secretary Wallace's understanding.

In the first years of this administration numerous experiments proved that people could be put on the land and that they would be able to provide for all or a large part of their living expenses.

The back-to-the-farm movement proved in a definite, dependable manner that it was a profitable means of settling the living problems of a large percentage of our unemployed. At least 25 to 50 per cent of the victims of this sad situation would have gladly gone out to the country and accepted any crude shelter for themselves and their families, instead of occupying the crowded and sometimes stifling quarters in some town or city.

We all know the strength of any nation depends upon the stability of its homes, and those that are comfortably or even crudely furnished are usually far more valuable for housing dependable American citizens than when overmuch luxury is indicated.

The homes that made this country in former years were out in the country . . . away from the hubbub and the enervating temptations of city life; and our ancestors automatically thrived under such circumstances. The same procedure can still build our children, and our children's children, if we have the intelligence to see and take advantage of such a procedure.

Millions of the unemployed could have been placed on these small subsistence farms, saving the government literally billions of dollars. In some cases where they could not earn their entire living expenses, additional assistance could have been furnished, but it would be but a small percentage of the sum required to support them on the dole.

There are literally millions of acres of idle fertile land in this country that are awaiting occupancy. If the billions that we have expended to help the unemployed had been invested in homes in the country, where the occupants could raise their own vegetables and where they could lay aside sufficient products from the garden to feed them all through the winter, this country, with the help of these millions of home builders, would be better equipped for defense in case of war or invasion.

We will have to credit the vagaries of Secretary Wallace for denying the unemployed these invaluable privileges. Billions of dollars and millions of American homes have been the price we have had to pay for the schoolboy dreams of our Secretary of Agriculture.

Bernarr Macfadden

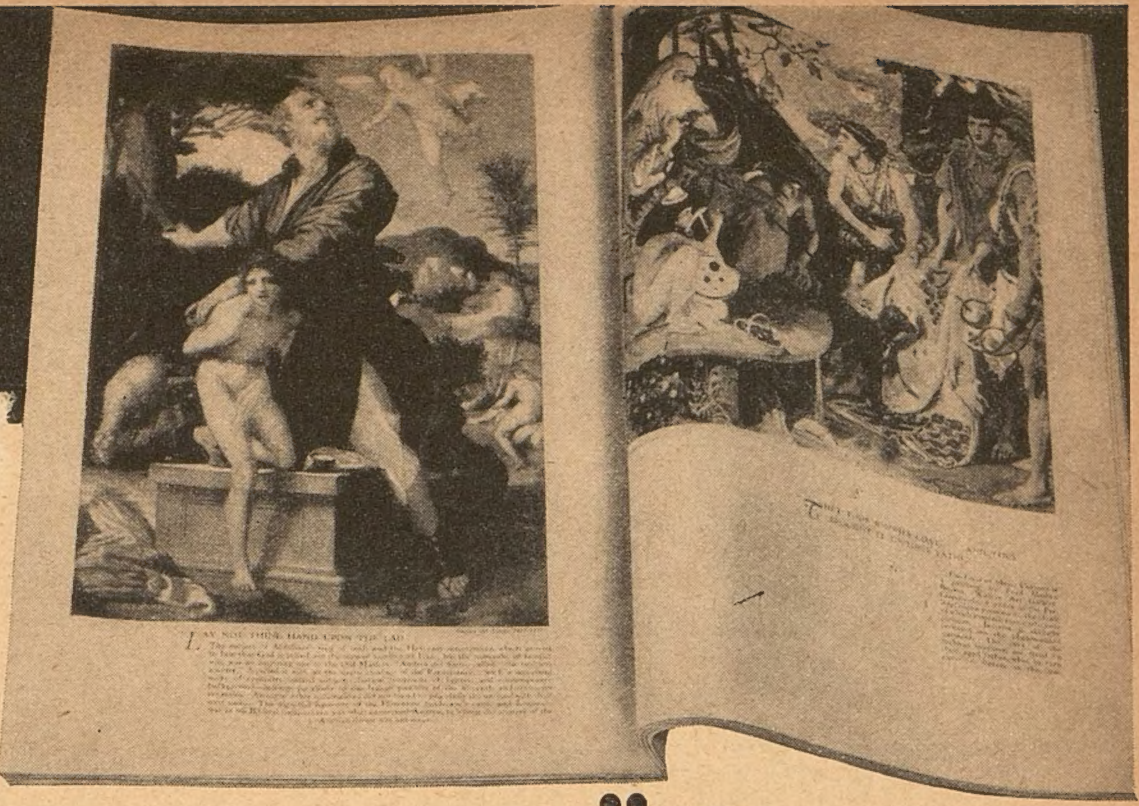
TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

Free

to LIBERTY readers who mail the coupon below at once . . . a copy of this fascinating illustrated booklet



"The STORY of the BIBLE"

Its Beauty and Wonder, Its Historic and Cultural Interest, Revealed to You In

CAMERA PICTURES IN COLOR AND MONOTONE

HERE'S a rare gift for every reader, every lover of good pictures, everyone who wants to know more about the greatest story in the world. In this beautifully printed booklet, on pages measuring fully 11¾ inches deep by 8½ inches wide, you will see spread before you, in lifelike pictures, some of the most famous scenes of the Bible, each accompanied by brief but illuminating captions and stories. The booklet will be of interest to the entire family—and it is yours FREE. Just fill out and mail the coupon and mailing label below, attaching 3c stamp to cover postage.

SEE:

- The Fallen Walls of Jericho
- David's Tower in Jerusalem
- The Flood Line at Kish
- The Ravages of Locusts
- The Sea of Galilee
- Famous painting by Ciseri, "Ecce Homo," depicting the trial of Jesus
- The Mount of Olives
- Photographic studies of life in the Holy Land, etc., etc.

With Colored Map of Ancient Bible Lands

How Much Do You Really Know About the Bible?

. . . of the library of books of which it is composed? Of the scenes and characters and events it describes? Of the source and inspiration of this unrivalled storehouse of history and philosophy, literature and poetry? You will learn about this interesting background in "The Story of the Bible." All the pictures in this free booklet have been taken from the great new 4-volume set of the same name—"The Story of the Bible"—written by sixty-five writers of the greatest scholarship and authority. This parent work, in addition to its fascinating reading contents, contains over *1,200 Camera Pictures* of Bible Lands and Famous Masterpieces of Religious Art in Color and Black and White. A limited number of these sets is available to Liberty readers at a great saving in price. Full details of this offer and description of the set will be sent, without obligation, with your free booklet. Act at once if you want to take advantage of this unusual offer. Wm. H. Wise & Co., Inc., Dept. 55, 50 W. 47th St., N. Y. C.

These Are Some of the Famous Pictures in the 4-Volume "Story of the Bible".

FILL OUT AND MAIL THESE FORMS — No Obligation!

FREE: "The Story of the Bible"

Write your name and address in both this coupon and in the mailing label at the right. Attach a 3c stamp to the label to cover mailing cost of booklet. Mail BOTH this coupon and label to address given below.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Inc., Dept. 55,
50 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free illustrated booklet, "The Story of the Bible," also full details of your special price offer on the big 4-volume set of the same name. I am attaching 3c stamp to mailing label at right to cover postage.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City & State . . . .

Attach
a 3c
Stamp
Here

. . . .
Name

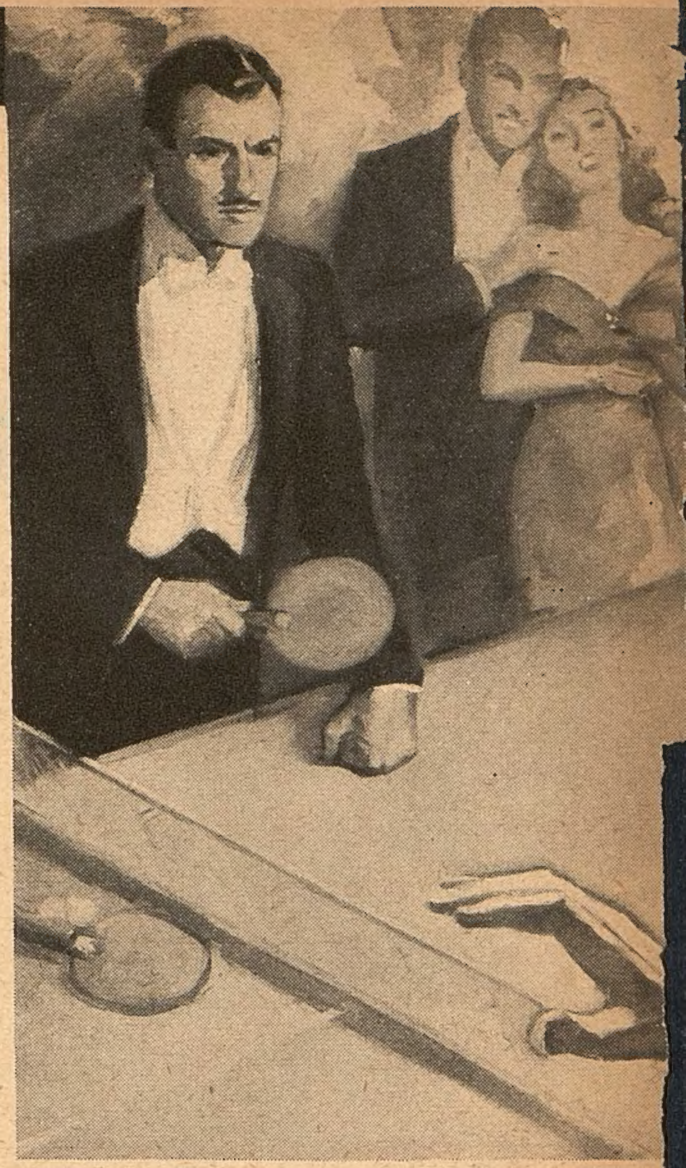
. . . .
Address

. . . .
City and State

Copyright, 1939, by Wm. H. Wise & Co., Inc.

BEGINNING:

FILTHY RICH



BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—A MEMORY . . . AND MIMI

JIM WAYNE, pausing on the steps of an ornate mansion in Oakville, twenty miles west of Toronto, drew a deep breath before he rang the bell. He was nervous—perhaps for the first time in his rough, difficult, colorful life. The sultry evening air hung heavy about him; the trees lining the driveway at his back stood motionless, waiting. Jim could see, beyond the corner of the immense house, an expanse of lawn sweeping down to the fog-shrouded waters of Lake Ontario. Yes, a storm was brewing, fixing to strike Oakville's rich community of gated estates and pugnaciously private beaches.

But it wasn't the storm that was making big Jim Wayne nervous. He had met, conquered, and loved Nature in even her angriest moods. He had trapped, fished, mined, flown all over one of her last and cruelest battlegrounds, the Canadian North. Jim's father had been a poverty-stricken scientist attached to a party of explorers. His mother had been the daughter of a Hudson's Bay Company's factor at a far trading post. Jim himself had endured every kind of hardship to earn money to learn to fly and to buy an old flying crate. And almost his first trip in his own plane had been to fly his mother over the icebound shores of Lake Abitibi, to pick out the cairn of stones topped by a rough cross, which marked where his father and party had died of exposure and starvation.

Therefore now—five years after those early struggles—no mood of Nature could make Jim nervous. No mild storm menace hovering over Oakville's exclusive neighborhood could cause him to smooth his fair hair, mop his weather-beaten neck, shrug his wide shoulders in their not-too-well-fitting tweeds. No. The cause of Jim's unusual nervousness was Mimi Jamieson, who was somewhere behind those lighted windows.

Four years is a long time to think about a girl and not see her. And a life like Jim's in the north country is grimly different from the gilded, fabulous existence of a millionaire's daughter in the play places of the world. . . . " Mimi Jamieson, darling of Chicago society, sails on Lake Michigan." . . . " Mimi, youngest, merriest daughter of Rob Jamieson, Canadian gold king, throws the season's maddest party at the Drake." . . . " Mimi Jamieson, whose father once swung a pick in the Yukon, now swings Loch Lomond for a group of friends on her father's yacht in Miami." . . . " Mimi Jamieson and her father have again returned to Oakville, Ontario, to celebrate his birthday—as has been his custom for years," etc., etc.

When Jim had cut pictures of Mimi Jamieson from every newspaper he could lay his hands on, and had stuck those pictures up on the log walls of his Lone Island cabin, north of Amanda, Ontario, he hadn't felt that she was impossibly far away. He had been able to look at her laughing face and recall how red gold her hair was, how limpidly dark her eyes, how her young merry voice sounded. He could remember what an unspoiled darling she had been at sixteen, when he had flown her and her father up to Jamieson River and had spent three happy weeks with them there.

But now tonight, when this same Mimi, older by four years, was at long last within shouting distance of him, Jim suddenly knew that she was a million miles away. The tall gates of this Oakville estate—purchased by old Rob Jamieson for his mother and sisters when he had made his first gold strike—had helped put her there. The row of de luxe motorcars in the driveway, the well groomed unnatural shapes of the clipped box trees, the spaciousness of the house, and now the liveried butler opening the door—all these things abruptly flung miles, mountains, impassable lakes and forests between Jim Wayne and Mimi Jamieson. Jim almost wished he hadn't accepted old Rob Jamieson's surprisingly urgent invitation to his birthday party.

The butler was eying him coldly, deploring his informal clothes, his outdoor look, his too-bigness.

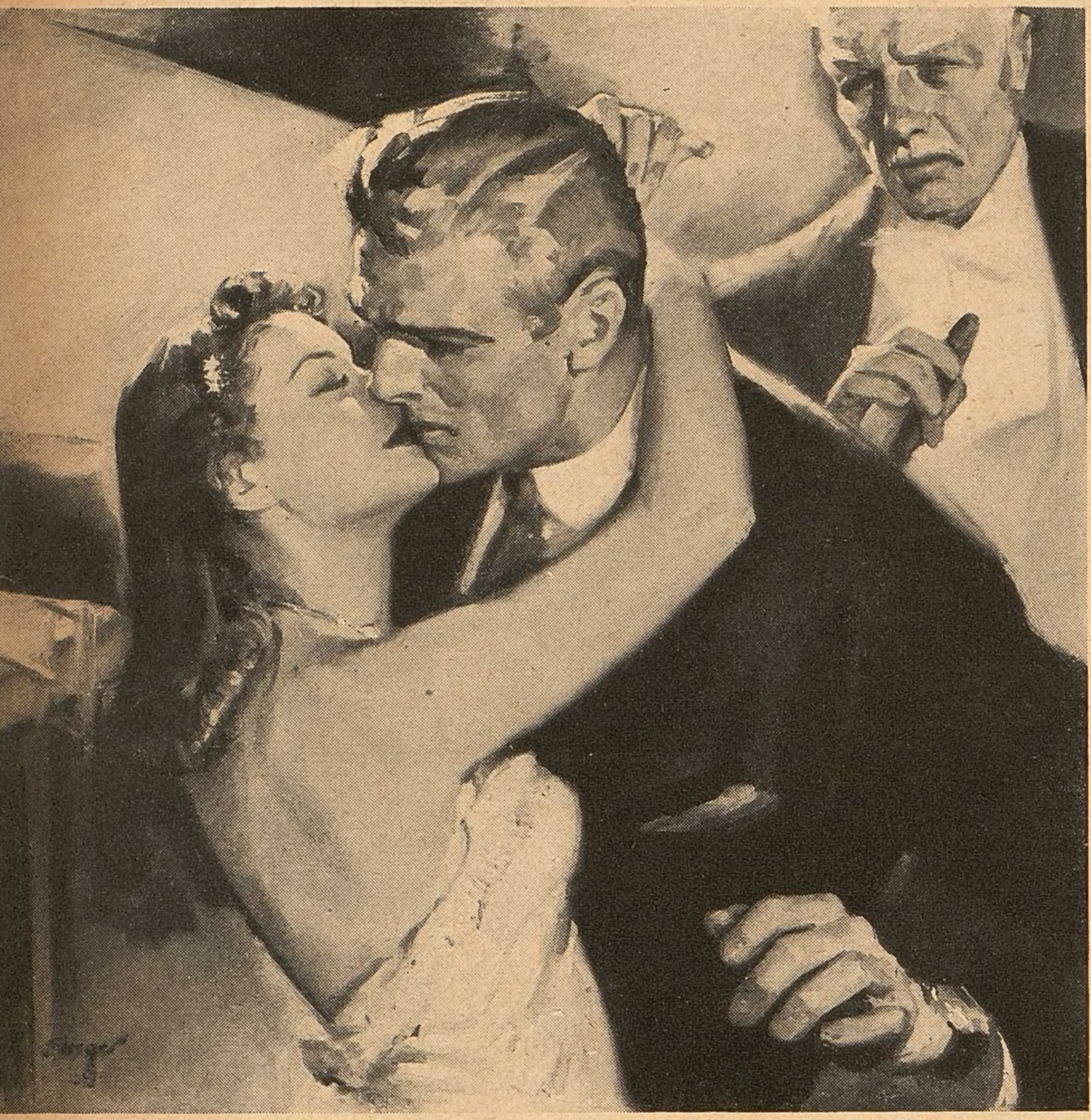
" Mr. Jamieson is expecting me," Jim said. " I'm Wayne—Jim Wayne."

The butler, not being a hand to read the papers, failed to change his attitude. Had any one of the maids, however, opened the door, she would have possibly shown interest, for Jim was one of Canada's rather well known flyers. The Toronto and Montreal newspapers had frequently carried tales of his exploits.

And had one of the maids answered the door, her glance would have definitely lighted up when it fell on Jim; for Jim Wayne at twenty-seven was an inspiring eyeful. He was big, reckless, domineering, six feet four, built magnificently, with a superb pair of shoulders and an alert head rearing proudly from them. His hair was the color of sunburned wheat; his weather-beaten cheekbones were as high as an Indian's; his large nose was well modeled; his wide, shapely mouth looked cruel in repose, but when he laughed, showing his brilliantly white teeth, he could appear irresistibly merry. His bright blue eyes were insolent, full of a strange

Strangely, perilously, wealth comes to grips with romance in a vivid new novel . . The story of a kidnaped beauty and a strong man's lawless love

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER



Flinging her arms about him and rising on tiptoe, she kissed him on the mouth.

quizzical deviltry, warmly whimsical at times, but at others as coldly probing as the winds of his north country. He moved, for all his great rangy bigness, quietly. He was, in fact, quiet in everything — in watching people, in expressing rare, pungent opinions, in dealing with men. The factor at the Athabasca Landing trading post had once commented on Jim's quietness in these words: "Just because a buzz saw don't make a lot of noise in runnin' don't mean you can monkey with it without gettin' your fingers cut!"

One other important thing to know about Jim Wayne was his deep-rooted love of his north country—among whose rivers, lakes, forests, and still primitive Indian tribes he was, in his way, a king.

Such was the man who announced, "Mr. Jamieson is expecting me." And such was the man whom old Rob Jamieson was eagerly awaiting, as he paced up and down the gloomy old-fashioned library full of bad expensive furniture, hideous expensive oil paintings, and several thousand books whose rich bindings had never felt the touch of any hand save that of a servant with a dustcloth.

From a distant part of the house music sounded, shouts, high laughter. But in this room only the noise of the old man's footsteps and occasional crackles from the fireplace logs disturbed the stillness. Little old Rob Jamieson looked lonely here. And he was lonely—because his sole companions were the ghosts of the first birthday he had celebrated in this house. His mother, apple-cheeked, with hair skewered in red-gray bun, redder hands clasped in the lap of the silk dress he had bought her, sat in that huge plush chair before the fire. On the davenport perched brother Davey, bursting with self-assurance. "Wait till I come back, ma. I'll build ye a stable for this place that'll make this hoose of Robbie's look like a shed!" Not long after, brother Davey had been taken off by scurvy on the shores of Hudson Bay. And ma herself had died—"of sudden idleness," she had confessed at the end, "and rich food I'm no used to, and furnace heat."

But no one on that years-ago birthday evening had known what was ahead. So they had all laughed and boasted of Robbie's luck. Gold at Jamieson River—Robbie's gold! His two plain sisters, Lucy and Amy, as bedecked as Christmas trees, had bustled into this very room to announce, "Supper's dished up." (Robbie had no butler for them then.) They had all trooped out to the mammoth dining room—Rob first, waiting at the foot of the hall stairs for his wife Ella to move languidly down in new pink dressing gown and real-lace cap. Ella, then "in the family way," always chose her own times for appearing and disappearing. Even as she did now—although she hadn't been in the family way for years, Mimi having been their fifth and last child, and Mimi now being twenty.

MIMI! The thought of her banished the birthday ghosts but made old Rob Jamieson feel lonelier than ever. He swore to himself that Mimi shouldn't go the way the others had gone! Shouldn't die either actually or spiritually because of pay dirt! Davey had died seeking it; ma had died with its leisure gagging her throat. His sisters—poor droopy Amy and silly sprightly Lucy—were still alive but futile and awkward in their wealth. His wife Ella (or Lenore as she had called herself since the gold strike) was also very much alive back in the big Chicago house and gay Chicago society; but she had become so hard, grasping, changed, that she broke his heart every time he tried to talk with her. And his children? Young Rob, Clara, Jeannie, Sally? As wild as husky dogs and as unreachable as the northern lights!

But Mimi? Surely he could yet save *her*, his youngest, darlingest—wildest!

Rob Jamieson ran his hand over his upstanding bush of gray hair, paced the room again, consulted his watch. Young Jim should be here. But what to say to him? A body couldn't blurt straight out—"I've been thinkin' a lot of late. I admire ye, laddie; you've guts! Will ye marry my Mimi and save her fra' a' the wildness an' divorcin' that's amuck in her crowd?" . . . No, a body couldn't do that. But a body *could* help put Jim in a position to marry Mimi! Which is exactly what old Rob intended to do.

He heard footsteps, raised his shaggy head. The object of his thoughts appeared in the doorway, two long strides ahead of the butler. "Mr. Jim Wayne," the butler announced reprovingly.

"I told you he knows me," Jim tossed back over his shoulder.

"That I do, laddie!" Beaming, the old Scot gripped Jim's hand. "Let me look at ye. Bigger than ever! Did ye fly doon? . . . Sit for a minute, lad. I'll no' offer ye a drink because it offends my sisters, and this is their hoose, even if I gave it, so I respect their wishes."

Jim dropped down on the davenport in the firelight, big shoulders hunched, big hands clasped loosely between his knees. Thus he sat in absolute silence while old Rob unfolded a glittering proposition—a big job in the Jamieson steel mills, which Yukon gold had purchased.

"I've no one in the family to take over," the old man admitted sadly. "Young Robbie's no' fit for work—just for polo ponies and women. Clara and Jeannie ha' both divorced their good-for-nothing husbands; and Sally's man is aboot to divorce *her*. As for Mimi— If she marries the foreigner that's in the dangerous lead now (he's here tonight), I'll no' have him in the hoose, let alone in any one of my factories! There's something fishy aboot him, Jamie, and my Mimi can't seem to smell it!"

"How is Mimi?" Jim asked eagerly, his mind a turmoil, a battle between old loyalties—the pull of the North, his work there, his plans, visions, aspirations—and this new possibility offered him so suddenly by old Rob Jamieson, with its promise of city life, recognized responsibility, power, money, nearness to Mimi!

"She's fast on her way to bein' a rich man's spoiled daughter!" old Rob said.

"No!" Jim protested. "Not Mimi! Mimi could never be spoiled!" Then, because he wanted old Rob to stop talking morbid nonsense, and also because he wanted time to think, he drew from his pocket a dirty scroll covered with rough marks and maplike lines. "Maybe I'll be spoiled by pay dirt soon, however," he laughed. "A free Indian of mine—not one of those who've sold their birthrights to the government for six cans of soup and a handful of small change—gave me this map; said a brother of his crawled home with it a few days ago, raving mad and dying. What d'you think of it?"

BUT old Robbie was too far beyond crumpled bits of maps. The thirst for gold had too long ago turned to choking ashes in his throat. Besides, he had now only one matter of import to be settled before he let himself sink into acceptance of the rest that the doctors had been prating that he needed. "Jamie," he begged, "don't let the old fever get ye! If ye listen to it and give it your sanity, ye may possibly win the gold rust that I won—*rust* that'll rot out your life's core. Often I wish the gold in Jamieson River had been just iron pyrites; my family'd be healthier, saner, decenter today if we weren't so filthy rich! No, Jamie; stay away fra' gold. Come to Chicago and my factories. I need ye; ye can handle men. And Mimi'll be glad to see ye."

"Let me think it over," Jim said, reluctantly pocketing his map. "You see, there's so much I've planned to do in the North, or try to do. Ever since dad died of starvation within a hundred miles of food and shelter, I've sworn I'd spend my life helping make the North safe, open it up, map it, organize supply flights, posts—"

"Aye, it's a fine ambition, lad. But ye can do more wi' money, yes? Come to Chicago, and in a few years ye'll ha' money and power. Then ye can go back."

Jim shook his head doubtfully. "But would I?"

Old Rob, in his own mind, answered this question: "Ye would not, I hope." Aloud he said, rising, "Weel, think it over, lad. An' noo I've kept ye fra' the party long enough. Come; Mimi's expecting ye." And he smiled inwardly to see how young Jim's face lighted up.

"Mimi's my last lassie and my best," he mused aloud as he led the way out of the library and along the darkly shining hall. "I canna thole to see her marry that foreigner she's set her mind on out of sheer perversity. Sheer perversity, Jamie. It's his title and foreign manner that's intrigued her. An Austrian count he calls himself; writing a book on Canadian Indians, he says. A ne'er-do-well, say I. But there's no arguing wi' Mimi. Stubborn! She's her father all over."

They started down wide stairs. Old Rob halted Jim at an open grillwork that gave on the big basement playroom. "Had this fixed for the family, this room," he explained. "But they almost never come; they think their dad's a silly old fool. . . . Look, there's Mimi! The only one who'd leave Chicago for this birthday party—and I had to gi'e her a new airplane and let her fly me and that foreign monkey here as a bribe!"

But Jim wasn't listening. He was looking. At a scene of lights, animation—and a girl in a star-spangled white dress playing ping-pong. A girl with the most exquisite figure in the world, and a head of shining red-gold hair more glorious than any of the flashing copper tones in the aurora borealis! Jim's heart leaped, turned over—for all it had been so used to cradling this vision. But she was older now, unbelievably more radiant and unbelievably more desirable.

Jim's north country suddenly paled in his mind. No more northern lights on snow; no more glitter of dubious gold strike in an Indian's cave; no more hard-working dream of carrying health and civilization into a big sleeping territory! No. From now on Chicago, power, money, Mimi!

JIM moved swiftly down the stairs, each step taking him away from his planned life toward a new glamorous existence. He experienced, as he entered that bright crowded playroom, an emotion of higher hope and expectancy and self-assurance than he had ever known in his life. He scarcely saw the two little old ladies to whom old Rob introduced him, nor any of the other guests. He saw only Mimi.

It was when she saw him that the unforgivable thing happened. She had been poised to serve her last serve of the game, slender white arm raised, gleaming head tipped back, eyes laughing across the table at her suave dark opponent—and then beyond him to Jim. With an exaggerated ecstatic shriek she tossed aside her bat, ran toward Jim. "My backwoods hero!" She announced to the crowd. "Wasn't I right about him? Didn't I tell you? Look—Gary Cooper, Nelson Eddy after dieting!" Flinging her arms about him and rising lightly on tiptoe, she kissed him full on the mouth. "Hail, Canadian North, last of a dying race! *Saluté!*"

The younger part of the crowd roared. But old Rob didn't, nor the aunts, nor Jim. Jim, who smelled the whisky on her sweet hot lips in that cheap kiss, and who felt, even in the brief minute when she was in his arms, how unsteady she was on her feet.

Mimi danced away, crying, "You're gorgeous as ever, Jamie! Even when you frown, and even in those clothes. But why didn't you wear your swell red uniform and the hat-like-this?"

"I'm not a member of the Northwest Mounted."

"What a pity! He'd look beautiful, wouldn't he? He's a great flyer, you know," she confided to the crowd. "Gave me m' first lesson. I'll never forget—"

The announcement of dinner cut short further embarrassment for Jim. But his bitter disillusionment had just begun. The old folks followed the butler promptly; but Mimi stopped Jim. "Refreshments first!" she whispered. "Give, Otto! . . . This is Count von Ungemach, Jamie—my heavy international alliance."

Jim's unhappy glance rested on the trim, somehow military man with olive skin and cold gray eyes who bowed in stiff recognition of the introduction. For a moment Jim thought this stranger looked vaguely familiar; but Jim was too unhappy to be thinking profoundly about anything other than what was happening to his heart.

Count von Ungemach, smiling possessively, wheeled on his heel in obedience to Mimi's command, reached under the ping-pong table, drew forth a large flask. "To drink is forbidden here," he explained in clipped accent, "so Mimi, the heart, has cached supplies throughout the house and has given her

(Continued on page 10)

"Yes—we bought through 'Universal.' Our last three Fords were bought that way."

The Low Cost . . . Liberal Terms . . . Reliability . . . and Convenience of Universal Time-payment Plans Clear the Way for Many a Ford Buyer!

HERE's the end to your wishing and waiting for a new Ford! "Universal" has a plan of *easy* payments . . . at a low cost . . . *to fit your pocketbook.*

And those aren't the only advantages of the "Universal" way! In addition, *you are protected* against loss by fire, theft, collision, and other hazards as outlined in the standard policy you receive. And, in such an emergency, you can get *immediate aid* through any Ford dealer — anywhere in the United States — or at any of Universal's 155 offices!

So, you see, the "Universal" way is *more* than a credit service. With liberal terms and lack of red tape in making the original arrangements, "Universal" extends a warm hand at the very beginning . . . and *stands by you* with valuable service and co-operation throughout the relationship. No wonder more than 4,000,000 customers have used "Universal's" friendly help!

Look what you get:

Convenience. No waiting! Your Ford dealer makes all arrangements at any time of the day or night. The entire transaction is completed in one place, at one time, with practically one stroke of the pen.

Broad Insurance Coverage. You receive a standard insurance policy which clearly outlines the full extent of your protection against fire, theft, and other hazards.

Nation-wide Protection. A completed Universal Plan purchase establishes your credit *nationally*—not just locally. All Ford dealers and all of Universal's nation-wide offices recognize your fine credit rating, gladly help you in your future car purchases.

Continued Co-operation. Your Ford dealer and "Universal" value their relationship with you; make a special effort to hold your good-will.

See your Ford dealer first · Ask for "Universal" credit

Financing Ford Dealers Exclusively

UC

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

FREE! SEND FOR THESE BOOKLETS
UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
I am interested in a ☐ New Car ☐ Used Car ☐ New Truck ☐ Used Truck
Please send me:
☐ "The Easy Way to Own a Car" 9★
☐ "How to Pick a Good Used Car"
Name________________
Address________________

(Continued from page 8)

henchmen prospectors' maps. Clever, yes?"

"Hurry, everybody!" Mimi ordered. "If dad finds out, he'll take my plane away. I promised him I'd be an angel lamb on this trip." Tilting the flask to her perfect lips, she looked like a beautiful naughty child—so beautiful that Jim couldn't bear to look at her. Nor could he listen to her from then on; for everything she said in her lovely lilting voice was a knife-thrust at the vision he had cherished in his heart.

Jim couldn't believe it possible that an exquisite memory could be killed so quickly. Nor that because of its death there could arise in him such bitterness and—yes—hate! For as the feverish evening progressed, Jim began actually to hate Mimi. She had no right to be so beautiful and to betray her own beauty!

To Jim the party seemed interminable. Dull, long dinner; dull evening following—dull, that is, while the old folks stayed up. Old Rob brought out family albums. "He does it every year; we struggle with him through his pick-and-shovel days," Mimi whispered loudly. And Jim flinched, because he saw that old Rob had heard and was hurt by the flip boredom of her tone.

ONE incident occurred during the displaying of those old mining pictures and of more recent snaps of the Jamieson River plant, that made a sharp impression on Jim, one that he was to remember. He saw Mimi's Count Otto tear out a page from the album when Mimi's twittery Aunt Lucy asked him to replace it on the shelf. Jim was so sure of this, yet so puzzled, that later, after the old folks had gone to bed and the young ones had trooped down to the game room, he examined the album. Yes, a page had been neatly removed—one of the modern pages, of snapshots taken during the one and only labor riot at Jamieson Landing. Odd!

Jim had barely returned the book when Count Otto himself appeared in the door. "I left my cigarettes," the latter explained, full lips smiling, gray eyes expressionless. "Care to play me a game of ping-pong?"

Jim confessed to total ignorance of the game, but followed Mimi's disquieting international alliance back to the playroom.

"What? No parlor tricks?" Mimi wailed, when Otto explained that Canada's last outpost had refused to enter the tournament afoot.

"What? Only bedroom and bath?" one of Mimi's crowd demanded.

From then on the party was wide open. Ping-pong was dismissed, big table pushed back, dance music turned on. Whisky and jokes were swallowed raw and plenty. Mimi alternately led the crowd and then dropped out to try to flirt with Jim, whose lack of response to her infallible charms was challenging—particularly in contrast to Otto's ever-ready flow of flattery.

In the middle of a dance with Jim—who, surprisingly enough, was smooth and rhythmic—Mimi dropped her necklace of crystal stars. Before Jim could retrieve it, Otto leaped forward, fastened it about her neck, quoting from François Villon as he did so—something concerning the hanging of stars around her throat and setting the moon in her shining hair. Jim, who understood Canadien, not Parisian, French, gathered only partially the meaning of Otto's words. But he fully appreciated the caressing gesture of Otto's hand on Mimi's white neck. And he knew he was being a fool, to stay here and torture himself with the sight of something dead.

"I must go," he told Mimi. "I've decided to head north tonight, in spite of the storm. Please thank your father. Tell him I'll write." Yes, write old Rob a refusal, firm, final. One that would definitely close the book on life in Chicago, money, power, a changed, spoiled Mimi. Lord, Jim could hardly get away fast enough!

In the upper hall Jim encountered the butler, started to ask him to phone for a taxi. But Mimi and her following gang engulfed him. "You put ideas in my head, teacher," she called, as she danced past him. "It's just the night for flying! I love storms, love the wind!" Mimi pulled open the front door. Wind and rain whirled into the hall, half drowning the sound of her final words—"Hate tame weather; hate tame people!"

Mimi's friends surged after her, one chanting, "Mim's a wild li'l' prairie flower, growing wilder every hour!"

What followed was the climax to the evening's nightmare. Jim ran out on to the long veranda, lighted now with old-fashioned Japanese lanterns swaying and snapping in the rising wind. He pushed through the crowd that blocked his way. They, as fired with alcohol as Mimi was but lacking her flair even while they admired it, were cheering her on in her drunken undertaking. Certain numbers of them who had rioted with her across the lawn to the improvised hangar were freeing the plane. Others had turned on the new floodlights that old Robbie had installed. Still others were determinedly holding Otto and Jim from interfering with Mimi's exciting show.

Jim would never forget that scene: The vast illuminated lawn. Mimi climbing into her plane, fragile white evening dress whipping about her, flaming hair streaming in the rain and wind. Beyond the plane, trees lashing and bending. And beyond the trees, the faintest suspicion of beach line and water pounding on rocks.

At that moment—that brief second while Jim tossed off the clutter of hands, arms, bodies in his way—his anger against Mimi was probably even greater than his fear for her. She had killed his memory of her, his idealizing love; but she needn't actually kill herself, the young idiot!

A knot of Mimi's admirers staggered backward under the impact of Jim's wide arm sweep. And Mimi's plane began to roll on the smooth lawn as Jim wrenched himself from his last laughing captor and sprinted across the soft wet sod.

Jim made the plane, climbed into the cockpit as the ship began to gain speed on the grassy runway. "Move over, you little fool!" he yelled.

Thunder grumbled across the heavens as the little plane gathered speed. Mimi still clutched the steering wheel, but she was glad to give it up when a sidewise glance of her eyes showed she had misjudged the nearness of the lake. Angry whitecaps seemed to be lifting their lips practically under the belly of the plane!

BUT Jim had control now. He managed to lift the slim sleek craft just in time to clear Ontario's boiling, lunging surf. And instead of circling to attempt a landing on the lawn, now ablaze with floodlights, Jim headed for Toronto and the island airport twenty miles away! For suddenly he knew exactly what he was going to do!

"Hey, turn back!" Mimi screamed. "They've got the other floodlight on; we can land. Hey!"

But Jim pointed the ship across wind-swept, watery darkness, lighted by occasional flashes of spring lightning and fearfully vibrant with the roll of spring thunder.

"Turn back, I say!" Mimi yelled again. "This was just a joke!"

But Jim kept on until the lights of Toronto showed below. Then he landed Mimi's light craft at the dark island airport and taxied over near his own big amphibian. He lifted Mimi out and marched her to his ship.

"Where are you taking me?" she protested.

"This is my party from now on. Get in!"

"I will not!" With a swift twist she was out of his hands; but he caught her again. And just as he did so he saw some one approaching in the dim illumination of the distant street lights.

Mimi also saw. "I'll scream—" she began.

But she got no farther. Jim gave her a swift knockout blow to the chin, picked her up and put her into the plane. He closed the door and turned in time to greet an old friend of his, the night watchman.

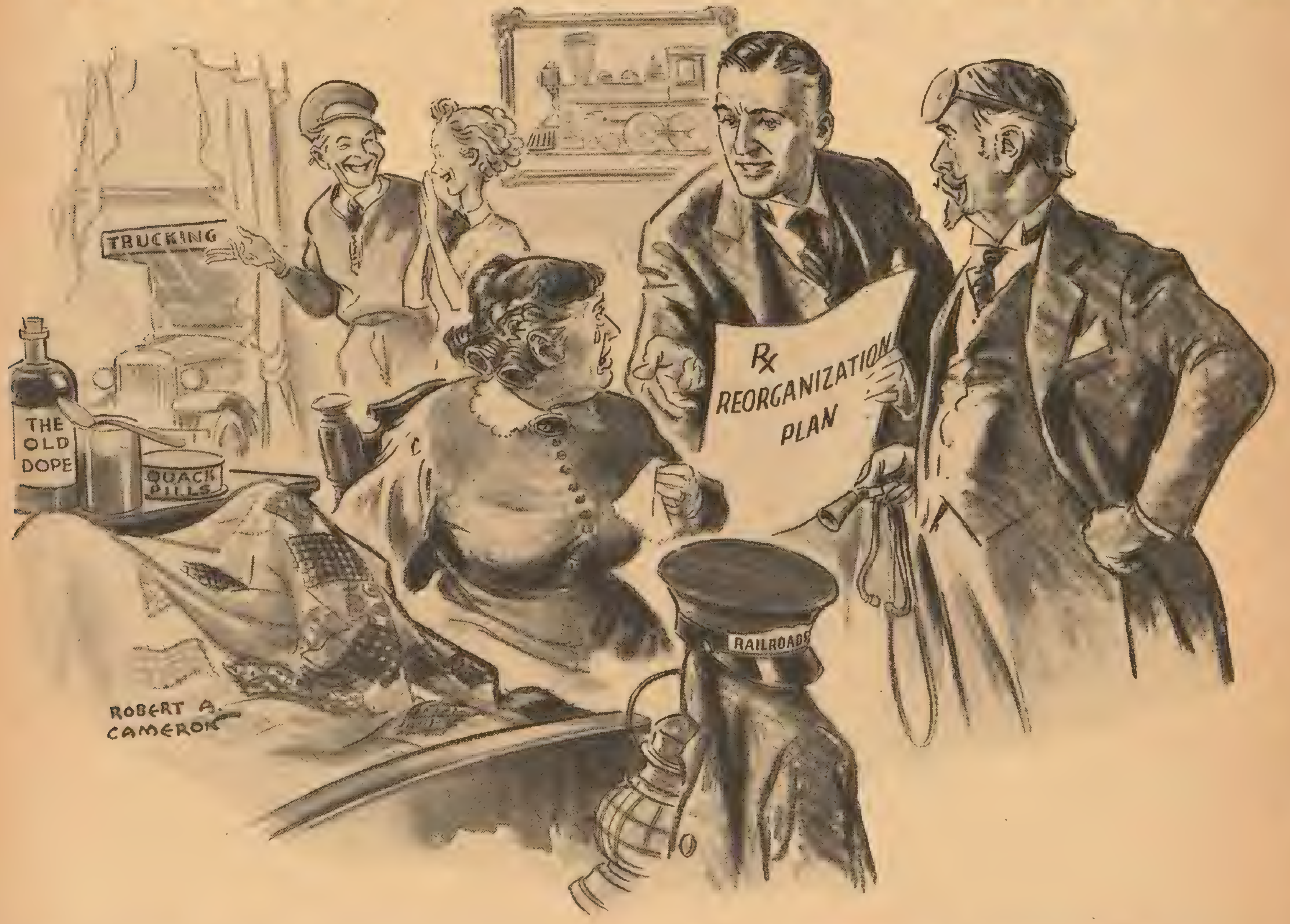
"Lend me your flashlight, John. I want to leave a message for a friend." On a scrap of paper Jim dashed a note to old Rob Jamieson, and gave it to the watchman to deliver. Then he climbed into the plane.

"Dirty weather for flying," John called.

"Not if you're flying north!" Jim yelled back.

And so a modern Lochinvar flies his lady northward. Will he be rewarded by romance or punished by further disillusionment? How will the beautiful spoiled Mimi react to his highhanded tactics? Follow this thrilling novel of love and adventure in Liberty next week!

Senator WHEELER tells what is WRONG with our RAILROADS



For liberals with common sense—Plain talk about a vital American problem

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

EVER since we have had railroads we have had a railroad problem. Fifty years ago the trouble was that the railroads were too rich. Today poverty is the problem. Either way, the public pays.

President Roosevelt says that "railroad rehabilitation" must be one of the major concerns of Congress. More than that, it is one of the biggest worries of the whole country, and probably the least understood. I know I have been more baffled than instructed by the debates in Congress and the long columns of newspaper reports and editorials on the subject.

We all know that the railroads are vital to each and all of us, even though you and I don't board a train twice a year because we prefer to betake ourselves to distant places in the old family jaloppy. And of course every time you or I drive to the big city or downstate for a week-end with the folks, we are adding to the problem of the railroads, even though we are adding to the wealth of the gasoline companies.

We know that the railroads are the chief distributors of the foods we eat, the clothes we wear; that they are as vital to the national defense as battleships; that railroad securities form a large part of the investments of the banks and insurance companies to which we entrust our savings. Chaos in the railroad industry would mean a disorganized nation.

We also know from history that the United States government gave more than 100,000,000 acres of land and $60,000,000 to the transcontinental railway companies immediately after the Civil War; that the state governments, to encourage railroad growth, donated more than $200,000,000 of taxpayers' money to the companies between 1865 and 1875. We know that unscrupulous promoters, whose descendants form part of our moneyed aristocracy today, made themselves the world's wealthiest men by selling worthless stock, forcing whole systems into bankruptcy, and buying them back for a dime on the dollar to repeat the whole performance. We know that Jay Gould of the Erie Railroad said: "In a Republican district I am a Republican; in a Democratic district I am a Democrat; in a doubtful state I am doubtful; but I am always Erie!" We know that Commodore Vanderbilt of the New York Central, when advised by counsel that his railroad transactions were forbidden by the laws of New York, replied: "You don't think we can run a railroad in accordance with the laws of New York, do you?"

We know that in 1887 Congress formed the Interstate

Commerce Commission to put the railroads under regulation, and that the government operated them for a while during the World War with pretty dismal results. We have within the past few years read of the romantic railroad deals of the Van Sweringens, and others, which make us wonder whether the adventurous days of the Goulds and Vanderbilts are really past.

But, regardless of what little we know and how much we don't know, it is perfectly apparent that there exists a railroad problem which in some way directly affects every one of us, and that in importance it ranks one, two, three with relief and the complicated worries of agriculture.

Now, why should this be?

I went to the one man who knows more about the American railroad business than any person who isn't in it and more than most who are: Burton K. Wheeler, United States senator from Montana, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee. I told him, in synopsis, what I have so far written here. Then I said: " Senator, I wish you would give me, for the readers of Liberty, an explanation of what is wrong with the railroads, and why, and what ought to be done about it."

STUDY THIS BRIDGE HAND

♠ K J
♡ A K
◇ A K Q
♣ A K Q J 10 9

It's a laydown for five no trumps, and if partner holds the queen of spades, a small slam cannot be defeated. However, the adversaries obtained the contract and won the hand. Can you guess what the final declaration was? Of course it's a guess, but take six chances, numbered in preferred order, and then read in Liberty next week

A Fool and His Money, by Sidney S. Lenz

wherein the famous bridge maestro will tell you just what happened!

" I'll take a week off and tell you," Burt grinned. " And you had better warn the editor of Liberty to prepare a magazine the size of a mail-order catalogue."

" Can't you give us a sort of primer on the whole subject? " I asked. " Boil the whole business down to the understandable essentials. Never mind statistics. Give us an ABC on the whole railroad issue as you understand it from your years of study and your experience in preparing railroad legislation through three terms in the Senate."

Senator Wheeler said he had not tried it before, did not know if any one had been brave enough to condense into one magazine article a survey which a thousand thick books and the tons of archives in the ICC building have not made completely comprehensible.

But here it is; and if all national problems could be as lucidly explained there would be considerably less poppycock cluttering up our mental attics. From here on it is Burton K. Wheeler speaking:

WHAT is wrong with the railroads? Nothing that the railroads cannot remedy themselves. Gross wastes and preventable losses in railroad operation are costing the industry $1,000,000 a day. I will prove that contention in a minute, and the railroad executives who testified before the President's fact-finding board have been unable to refute those proofs.

What is to be done about the railroads and for the railroads? I will give my opinions as we explore the industry's problems in detail; but I want to say at the outset that government ownership is *not* the solution.

Once upon a time I thought it was. I was candidate for Vice-President in 1924 on the Progressive ticket headed by the late Senator Robert M. La Follette, and government ownership of railroads was a major plank in our platform. I have changed my mind. We have had examples in plenty during the past few years of the pressure that can be put on Congress to raid the Treasury for all sorts of schemes. If the government ran the railroads, every Chamber of Commerce, every community in the United States would be hollering for a new railroad station or more train service in one breath and demanding a balanced budget with the next. New railroad stations would be pork-barrel items like new post offices or creek bridges have been, and are now. Conductors would be put in charge of trains according to their ability to get out the vote. The 900,000 railroad employees would not be human if they did not seek to use their political strength to get advantages from the owner-government.

Railroads will be taken over by the government when they are no longer profitable to the financiers and directors. I have no doubt but that a lot of bondholders would be delighted to see the government take over the railroads today if they could get 100 cents on the dollar for their investment. Many of the executives of railroad labor organizations, however, appreciate that they would become political pawns, that their unions would become political footballs, if government ownership comes. Let us leave the question of government ownership to the high-school debating societies. If we must contemplate it, let us regard it as a danger, not a solution.

Managers of our railroads for over a year have been advertising that the industry is in a state of crisis and that other interests should come to their rescue. They demanded that railroad labor take a $250,000,000 pay cut. They want shippers and consumers to go down into their pockets for hundreds of millions in higher freight tariffs and passenger rates, in federal loans that will never be paid back.

If we examine the records, we find that the railroads, bad as their financial conditions are, have not suffered more than any other industries during this depression. And not all railroads are in bad shape. Some people would like to give the impression that all railroads are headed for bankruptcy. That is propaganda. The Pennsylvania, the C. & O., the Union Pacific are all making money.

We will admit, to keep the discussion general, that the railroad industry is, on the whole, sick—financially sick. When a person is sick, he will, if he is sensible, find out the cause of his illness, and go on a diet, take unpalatable medicine. If he is not sensible, he will take a painkiller and add the dope habit to his disease. The railroads want the opium of government loans and subsidies. Railroad loans are subsidies in effect, because repayment is rare.

I am opposed to granting subsidies to the railroads, or 2-per-cent loans or additional loans of any kind that are not properly secured. Certainly the railroads need money; there is no argument about that. The cure for that condition lies with the railroads themselves. It is a difficult thing, as I know, to get the executives and the bankers to agree upon a legislative program, and no legislation Congress can formulate is going to add a nickel to the earnings of the railroads. It can only add to their incomes by subsidies or loans.

Let us diagnose the disease. Railroading is a mass-production industry; to succeed, mass production must have mass consumption.

Buses now carry 41 per cent of all passenger traffic. Not all of that is drawn from the railroads, of course, but bus competition for passengers and the enormously increasing use of trucks for long-haul freight transportation are proving expensive competition for the railroads.

In order to exist as profitable private enterprise, the railroads will have to give better service, faster service, and cheaper service, than they do now. I think that is self-evident. To compete with the buses, railroads will have to carry passengers faster and more comfortably at little more expense than the automobile.

Undoubtedly, that cannot be accomplished without consolidations, co-ordinations, and economies unpleasant for railroad management to contemplate. Economies cannot come out of labor's wages. Increased income cannot be had through higher passenger and freight rates, as the railroads themselves realize. When railroad rates go up, the bus and trucking industry makes more money, not the railroads.

The railroads are not only suffering from spirited competition but they are sick with debt and dizzy with extravagances, and they will not be able to meet the competition until the two other faults are corrected. They can be corrected by treating the railroads like any other business. Few of us own railroads, although every human being in the country has a stake in them, so let us make a comparison or two.

If I build a service station and a garage at a desirable spot, and the state builds a new highway that diverts all traffic from my location, I can't expect the bank that holds my mortgage to keep on lending me money to live on, and I can't expect the state to bar traffic from its new highway.

Or suppose I build a $100,000 office building with a $25,000 mortgage on it. I expect it to pay for its upkeep and to pay me a fair profit out of which I meet the interest on the mortgage and set aside a stated share of the income to reduce the debt, don't I? With luck and good management my property may increase in value and the earnings become more than I anticipated.

But suppose the character of the neighborhood changes, or somebody builds a more modern office building on the next block. I must make adjustments. I must reduce my rents, modernize my building, or else lose my tenants.

If I operated my office building the way the railroad industry has been conducted in this country, I would have gambled my profits while I was earning them, set aside no sinking fund to retire my mortgage, raised the rent on my remaining tenants when others moved to my competitor's building, and mortgaged my property more heavily to pay the old interest on my debt. I would have cut the wages of the janitors and elevator boys, and let the building fall into disrepair, and then holler to high heaven that I was the victim of injustice.

People will say that the analogy is false, that business is not regulated as the ICC regulates railroads; but it is not regulation that has wrecked the industry, and nobody knows it better than the rail executives and financiers. Complaints about regulation are just some more propaganda for political effect on the average man, who knows railroads are essential to his welfare and who is instinctively opposed to government meddling in business. The railroad executives and financiers don't talk repeal of regulation when they come to Washington to get straightened out.

As our readers know, Liberty, wherever possible, presents both sides of a question. Therefore, in next week's issue we shall publish an article stating the case for the railroads—for there is a case, as you shall see, and it is a good one.

I say that railroads unable to meet their obligations should be put through the wringer; a railroad with a topheavy debt structure should be put through bankruptcy the same as any business in like shape.

The history of railroading in this country is crowded with bankruptcies. Railroad receiverships have in too many cases been rackets—rackets on the part of the receivers, lawyers, bankers, and others financially interested.

The files of the ICC are crowded with evidence to support that contention. Not only are the executives and financiers to blame, but the Interstate Commerce Commission for approving uneconomic reorganizations, approval of the presidents of distressed railroads as their receivers, the whole system whereby bankrupt railroads emerge from a receivership with a greater bonded indebtedness than when they went broke.

The uneconomic debt structure of the distressed railroads should be cut down to a point where the companies can not only make money in prosperous times but can keep going through depressions. They have to be put through receiverships that will enable them to keep out of bankruptcy when they get out.

This will meet with the old wail that the insurance companies and widows and orphans will suffer. No one sympathizes with widows and orphans more than I, and no one believes more firmly in life insurance; but it would be cheaper for the government and the taxpayer to grant them direct subsidies than to prop up the tottering debt structure of mismanaged railroads by perennially sending good money after bad, in the fond hope that some small part of the money will trickle down to the dependent widows and orphans.

Financial reorganization, then, is the obvious need of the sick railroads. Co-ordination of the railroad service, extensive consolidations, is another necessity.

Economy is still the main remedy. I said that the railroads could save $1,000,000 a day now wasted, and that their executives are unable to deny it. Here's how:

The monopolies serving the railroads should be broken. First, there is the monopoly of the Pullman Company. Railroads have to sign on the dotted line for parlor cars and sleeping cars, and pay the price the Pullman Company demands. Pullman's directorate is interlocked with the boards of the chief railroad bankers. Likewise the purchase of steel rails and other steel products by railroads is from monopolies interlocked with the controlling financial interests of the railroads. The bankers' monopoly must be broken, too.

The railroads should standardize the articles they purchase in order to obtain them cheaper, and they should perform their own fiscal services instead of hiring banks and trust companies.

Railroad holding companies must be abolished. I am going to introduce a bill to that effect soon. The holding companies milk the carriers. Wasteful expenditures in reorganizations—$100,000 fees to a lawyer—should stop.

Purchases of stock in other railroad companies is a bad enough practice of financial jugglery, but worst of all is the common practice of joint stock purchases by railroads and their banks, which actually rig the market by forcing up the prices of the securities, which the financiers then unload for a substantial profit, while the company's holdings promptly depreciate when the selling begins.

All forms of indirect rebates must be abolished. Railroads buy supplies at exorbitant prices from their bigger customers; they buy terminal properties from big shippers at top prices—these transactions actually being kickbacks to the customers.

Permitting property to deteriorate by paying out in dividends money that should be spent in keeping up trackage and rolling stock is another costly practice contrary both to the public interest and economy of operation.

Worst of all, I think, is the weakening and demoralizing of the morale of railroad management by the concealment of the financial operations in which the directors and financiers indulge with the companies' assets. Hampering the operating management of the railroads by serving Wall Street's purposes and subjecting them to the strait jacket of unsound financial structures is the high cost of this practice.

Eliminate all these unsound and wasteful operations and the railroads could save more than $350,000,000 a year, or more than they need to operate profitably.

Currently there is a lot of talk about "postalizatio of railroads. The scheme is that a railroad ticket shou function for a passenger as a postage stamp does for letter. A dollar, say, will carry a person to the next tow or clean across the continent in a continuous unbroke journey. The theory is that everybody will start trav ing, crowding the railroads' now empty seats. I am n committed to the scheme at all. I don't think it will wo But I believe it is plausible enough to be carefully studie and I shall introduce a resolution in Congress for a scrutiny of "postalization" by the ICC's experts.

So there you have my idea of what is wrong with th railroads and what should be done about it. I repea that I am against government ownership because it wil prostitute an essential service to politics. I am oppose to subsidies, because the taxpayers will not be subsidizing transportation but the waste, mismanagement, and speculation that have brought railroads to their present distress. I reject the idea that "loans" will solve the problem; they will only postpone the day of reckoning and make that reckoning more difficult.

I think the solution lies in operating the railroad business like a business and not as an annex to Wall Stree So I think I shall introduce another bill, to empower th ICC to have access to the records and books of the ra road subsidiaries, and keep an eye on those leaks in t industry's economy.

THE END

The Condemned Wore RED

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

AT first I thought you would be like all the others. Seeing all those grand sights at the World's Fair didn't mean a thing to those guys. All they thought of was trying to be a big shot spending a dime for an orange drink and trying to get a date at the same time. Even if it did pay only fifteen dollars a week, it was a job; and I couldn't see myself going out with those kind.

But you dropped your dime on the counter of the stand, said, " One, please," and seemed to be looking at something miles away. Looking and thinking, your gray eyes unseeing. I mean, not seeing anything close by.

You were the first guy today who didn't make a crack about blondes. I was busy for a while, serving up more orange drinks, grinning down the near hints and outright requests for dates that evening, and when I got around to looking your way again you were still standing there like an image in granite.

Abruptly you lifted the glass, downed the orangeade, and started to say, " I'll have another—"

You saw me.

You stopped, your mouth partly open, and you stared at me like a person seeing a dead man. It was quite awful, I'm telling you.

Then you said, " Miss! "

Pouring another glass of orange, I came over and tried to avoid looking di ectly at you. This wasn't the way an looks at a dame when he wants ate. I said cheerfully:

" Hot, isn't it? "

And you said, without hearing me, Turn your head. To the right."

I did, and then to the left, when asked me to. I said, " Look, mis- , is this a gag? "

You caught your breath sharply and saw the knuckles of your big hand hiten where that hand gripped the unter edge. " Listen," you said. This isn't any gag. It's the most erious thing in the world. I must talk o you."

I said rather coolly, " Well, brother, here isn't a thing in the world stopping you. Some guys around here pay a dime and talk for an hour. There isn't a thing stopping them. But I didn't figure you for—"

Then I stopped. And felt ashamed ecause I had talked like that. It as because of that queer expression your face. Some customers had wded up to the counter, and one s a tall, flashily dressed fel- who grinned and said, " O. K., brother. Move over! Let me show you *how* to talk to a blonde."

And you said quietly, " I'm talking to a lady, punk."

He moved away, watching you oddly.

You turned back to me and said, " I must talk to you alone, miss. I'll pay you for your time."

I smiled and tried to pass the request off breezily. " Sorry, mister," I said. " It can't be done. Besides—"

Then your hand moved the lapel of your coat slightly aside. Your back was to the other customers. I felt kind of jittery as I said, " All right. Five o'clock. There at the fountains by the Court of Communications Building."

I had seen you were a detective.

YOU were pacing restlessly up and down there by the fountains when I got off at five o'clock. You took off your Panama hat, and your hair was just a trifle gray at the temples. Yet you were little more than thirty, good-looking in a grim way.

At first I had been scared, thinking perhaps something was wrong with father. Several years ago some thugs tried to work a protection scheme on him in his little cigar store, and he ran them out. He's older now and his eyes aren't so good, and I had thought maybe some one had harmed him. But then I figured you would have said something right off.

You said, " I'm glad you came, Miss—"

" Thomas—Alma Thomas."

" All right, Alma," you went on hurriedly. " I'm Detective Sergeant McNeil. Mac for short."

You took my arm and we started walking toward one of the exit gates of the Fair. That gave me a shock.

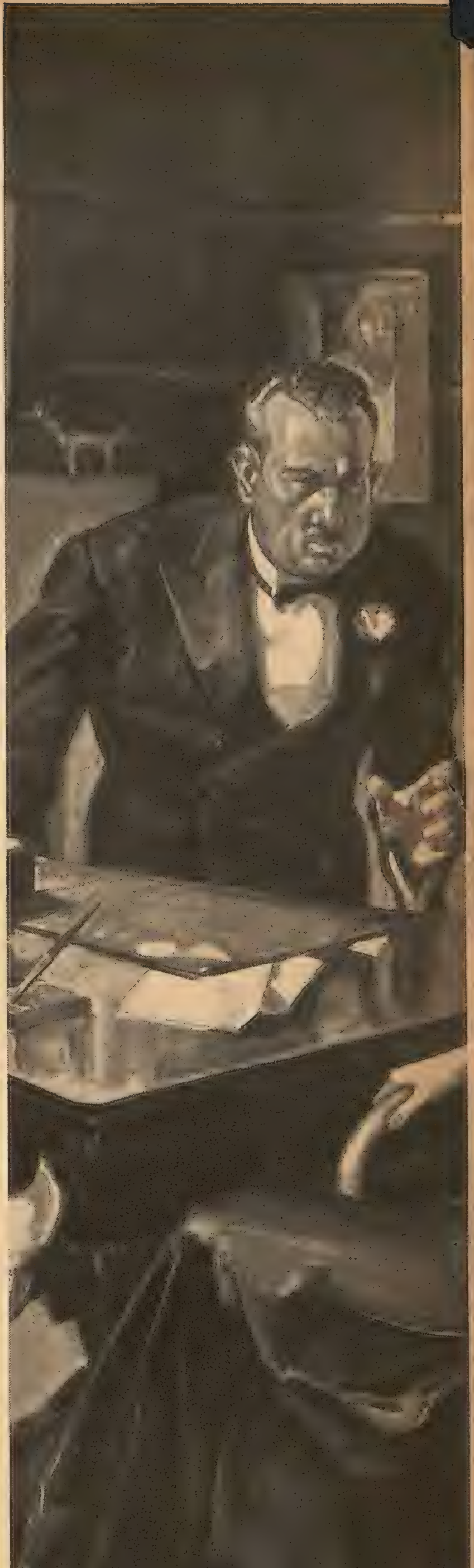
" Wait! " I cried. " I haven't done anything—"

And you stopped, and your features softened just a little. You said quickly, " Sorry." You studied my face in that queer way again, and then went on: " I . . . there's something you've got to do for me, kid. Something that means more—"

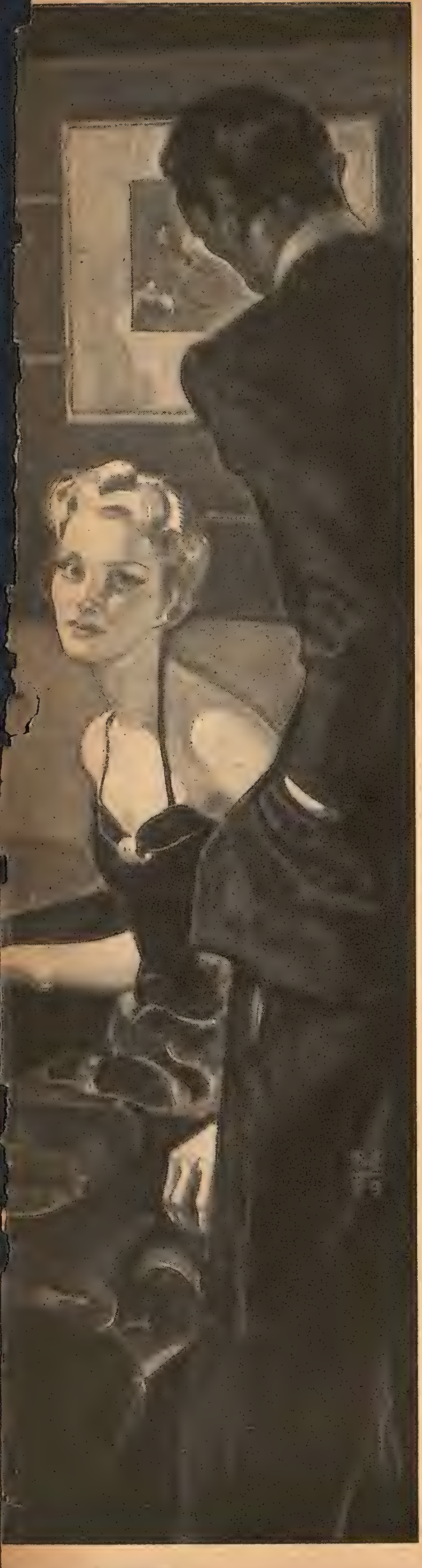
You were staring again, staring at something away far off, it seemed.

" What? " I asked.

" Could you use fifty dollars—a hundred, kid? "



His mouth twisted and he snarled: " How much do you want? " Benny cut in with: " Don't be a chump, Lou! "



I felt my face getting flushed. "Now, look here—"

"Let's get this straight," you rapped. "If you like, check me at the police headquarters they maintain here. Sure you're pretty nifty, I'll admit. But I'm not on the make, sister. I'm interested in you—because you look like—"

"What's the proposition, then?" I asked.

You said, "It's something that you've got to do for me. First, to keep things still straight, this job is strictly off the record. I want you to wear a red evening gown"—you described in detail a gown that would cost at least fifty dollars—"and meet me tonight at this place."

You handed me a business card advertising a night club in the Fifties. A swanky place and flashy. I hadn't been to a place like that in three years. Ever since Jerry's—

We had reached a car parked in that space behind the Administration Building at the Fair entrance. Your car. You paused with your hand on the door handle and said, "Now, about your hair. Wear it up and with a little knot at the back. Make your lips a trifle fuller. That's all you'll need—and the red gown—"

Your voice got tight, and you finished softly, "You'll be beautiful." And then, as though speaking to some one far off, "You'll be the most beautiful creature in the world—just like her!—"

I couldn't quite figure you out, Sergeant McNeil. There was something about you, the terrible grimness—and sadness too—in your eyes.

I asked, "And what do I do then?"

We were in the car now, headed back toward New York from Flushing.

"I'll call the club and make reservations in your name. A table reserved for you. You can tell them that you're to meet your escort there later. But don't go there until about twelve o'clock. The floor show starts about that time. Just sit at the table and wait. If you see me around, don't say anything. Don't speak to me. Wait until I come up to you. But if any one else approaches you, string along. And look—"

"Yes?" I prompted.

"If any one asks you anything, play along. Don't get jittery. Remember, I'll be there, watching you."

I said, "Mac, for fifty dollars I don't scare easily. But I don't understand—"

You slowed down then and your hand gripped my arm, gripped until I could feel the trembling of you. You said tensely, "Kid, to you it must seem a daffy set-up. But listen. Has there ever been any one in your life who has meant more than anything else in the world?"

"There's Pop—my father," I said.

"Even more than that?"

"There was Jerry—" I stopped.

You had shot a quick glance at my eyes. Again there was that sad grimness in your own face.

"All right," you went on. "This is like that—to me. Just put it down as a case marked 'Closed' on the police records. But to me it's everything. In a year I've lived a lifetime, waiting for a chance to accomplish a certain thing. And now you have made it possible. Because you're so lovely and with that same blonde hair and eyes, and even in the way you smile—"

I didn't get it, but I said, "All right, copper. That fifty dollars is as important to me as this other business is to you. You can't eat caviar on fifteen dollars a week. And Pop's getting along. A chain store opened across the street last week. But about that evening dress. I haven't a red gown—"

Then you were slipping a wad of bills into my hand. "Get one, then." You glanced at your watch. "It's almost six now. Maybe it's too late."

I shook my head. "Drop me off down on Fourteenth Street. The shops are open every night down there." A brief glance at the bills in my hand showed me you had given me more than enough for a gown bought on Fourteenth Street. So I started to give some money back.

But you clipped, "Forget it!"

Later, before you left me at the store, you again outlined our midnight appointment. I was simply to sit there at a table near the floor show and wait until you came over. I still didn't get it, but it was a living—three weeks' pay in a single evening. It was cockeyed as the devil—and a job!

"And, Alma—" you started, in parting.

"Yes?"

"You won't turn me down?"—so seriously.

"Of course not, Mac."

"Remember—don't lose your nerve. Some one might speak to you, ask to talk to you—alone. String along. And don't forget, I'll be there, watching, every second. I—"

"I've been around, Mac." . . .

And so I was there right on time. Feeling like ten million dollars in the low-cut gown, with my hair fixed just right—that had taken one of the extra dollars—and wearing a brand-new pair of slippers. I hadn't done anything like this since the night that Jerry—

Adventure! . . A thrilling tale of a lovely girl, a sinister mystery, and a hazardous masquerade

BY WILLIAM G. BOGART

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CONTENT

It had been a place something like this, the night three years ago with him. There was silver and ebony and old rose, all blending softly against the dimmed lights. There was the *shuff-shuff* of dancing feet, and the orchestra playing Won't You Change Partners?

I didn't even have a partner.

Then I looked around for you. Only, suddenly the lights got dimmer and soon went out entirely. A white spot touched the smooth dance floor, a moonbeam in the blackness. It went searching across the floor and picked out the adagio couple who were featured in the Love Dance.

So in the gloom I could not locate you. There was a bar visible through an archway across the room, and there was laughter and a crowd out there. I wondered if you were there and had seen me come in.

I ordered a drink, and told the waiter I was waiting for some one and would order after the floor show. And as my eyes slowly got accustomed to the place, I could make out—sort of vaguely—the faces of some of those seated near me. But everything was rather indistinct.

Perhaps that is why the short plump man passing my table paused a moment and seemed about to speak.

He gave me a quick intense look and moved on. And looked back. He had made a mistake, of course. But then, in a few moments he was back. He was standing there oddly quiet and tense, like a squat brown toad, and I guessed maybe he was the proprietor. For he had an unlighted cigar in one corner of his loose mouth and had been walking around among the tables.

Abruptly he sat down. His eyes, somehow, gave me a chill. He took the cigar from his mouth and said a single word: "You!"

Because I remembered what you had said, Mac, I smiled and played up to him—like you said.

"Yes . . . me," I murmured.

A little nerve at the corner of the squat man's mouth was twitching. "It can't be!" he said stiffly.

"But it is," I said, and wondered what he meant.

Then: "I've got to talk to you," he went on swiftly.

"Well—go ahead."

"Not here, you fool! Come up to the office."

Above his sleek head I let my gaze slip for an instant toward the cocktail bar. Perhaps it was imagination, but I thought I saw you briefly. Tall and straight in a dinner jacket, and looking somehow different than you did in a loose-fitting linen suit. I started to get up, to go with this stranger, praying that you were watching me.

And he said sharply, "No! Follow me in a moment. First door at the top of the stairs." And he left.

I followed a moment later. At the top of the stairs there was a heavy-paneled door marked "Private."

When I knocked, the voice ordered me to come in.

HE was there, the squat dark man, seated behind a massive steel desk. The unlighted cigar was back in his mouth and for a moment he didn't say a word. But in the depths of his sharp dark eyes was something not unlike a grin.

I moved across the room and asked, "Well, what is it you want?"

He laughed then. Laughed and motioned to some one behind me, and said, "Benny, she wants to know what I want. The little tramp wants to know what I want!"

Something about the way he said that sent a chill down my back. I turned and looked at the other man. He had been leaning against the wall just inside the door, and he was big and hard-looking and grinning.

He said, "You see, Lou, I was right. I always said Al never finished the job before he got bumped."

Squat Lou nodded, said to me, "So you didn't die, kid?"

Well, Mac, you said to string along. With fingers of ice squeezing my heart, I replied, "No. Surprised, Lou?"

Little Lou came out of the chair. His mouth twisted and he snarled, "Damn you! How much do you want?"

I started to say slowly, "Well—"

And Benny cut in with: "Don't be a chump, Lou! She couldn't be bribed then and she'll cut your throat now. This time *we do the job right!*"

Suddenly squat-looking Lou seemed to be breathing hard. The nerve was twitching faster at the corner of his mouth, and he had thrown away the cigar. And as suddenly there was a gun in his fat hand. He said shrilly, "Yeah, this time *I* do the job!"

The tall man had stepped swiftly to a steel door across the room, swung it open. It was some kind of vault, and the single thought hit me: soundproof!

Lou said, "No ride this time. No chances with dumb prowl-car coppers on the street. Right here—now!"

I screamed.

It must have been then that the door crashed open behind me, and you, Mac, slammed in. Lou was out from behind the desk and his tall partner had whirled at the sound of your entrance. Lou fired, and missed; you had knocked me sprawling behind that steel desk.

There was gun roar and commotion. After a while there were cops in the room and cursing; and little Lou screamed when an officer addressed you by name, and you said to Lou:

"Yes—Jim McNeil, rat! Know the name, don't you?"

Lou screamed, "It was Al Jennings did it! Don't . . . don't kill me! I . . . I'll tell you—"

LATER you took me away from there, Mac.

In the car, you told me about it. *Her* name—the girl who looked so much like me—had been McNeil too, and there at the club, late one night, she had witnessed a shooting. And because she had refused to be bribed, Lou's man—Al—had taken her for a ride and was supposed to have killed her, so you said.

Only, that same night the cops got to that man Al and killed him in a gun fight. And the girl had been found in the river. Only little Lou was never quite certain of that, and he managed to escape the rap. And so when you had seen me you had conceived the idea of sending me there again, when the club was in semidarkness and Lou could not be quite sure when he saw me.

You wanted the man who had *ordered* her death.

Well, you have him now.

Just before you left, there on the doorstep, I suddenly realized what you had done. I said coolly:

"You . . . you bought me a red dress and almost sent me to my death."

Your words came very softly: "Yes. I realize that now. And I'm sorry—"

"Sorry? Good heavens—"

"Yes. You see, we had thought they would take you out of the club and for a ride. I had dicks all around the place—at every exit. But even at that, I followed you upstairs. I was right there every moment."

Anger had me trembling. "But, just the same, in another moment I might have been—"

"Alma, listen! Has there ever been some one—some one who meant everything in the world to you—who died? Who died needlessly—so that you wanted to get the person—"

"There was Jerry, Mac. We had been out to a night club. He had brought me home and left me right here at the steps and was going back across the street to his car. It was a hit-run driver, and the fellow kept right on going—and Jerry . . . he died right here on the steps, in my arms. I—"

You whispered, "I understand," and gripped my hand.

And after a moment: "You're brave, Alma. I knew that this afternoon when I first looked at you. I've known few girls like you. I guess that's why I just keep working at being a cop."

"Mac?"

You met my eyes.

"This other girl—she was your wife?"

"No. My kid sister. The only one I had—"

Your hand was trembling as it held my own. You started to turn, and I said, "Mac, there's something—"

"Yes?"

"I forgive you for what you did to me tonight." I tried to laugh. "But I'll never again wear a red gown."

You murmured, "Thanks, kid," and started down the steps.

"And, Mac."

You looked back.

"Stop over some evening."

I have a feeling, Mac, that you'll be here tonight.

THE END

SHERLOCK HOLMES

WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

From the G-men's own files!...The inside story of a detective triumph

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

JAY McARDLE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PRINCETON, Florida, is a sun-soaked town on the fringe of the famous Everglades, America's one impenetrable jungle. Like many another drowsy hamlet along the Dixie Highway, it consists of a post office, a railroad depot, a packing house, a general store, a few scattered frame houses, and a plethora of filling stations.

One of the hardest-working citizens of Princeton is James Bailey Cash, who operates a filling station in the front part of his home, and a general store and a roominghouse nearby. Assisting him in these activities is his lovely wife, one of Princeton's most charming younger matrons, who—until the evening of May 28, 1938—was also engaged in bringing up James Bailey Cash, Jr., known to all the countryside as "Skeegie."

On the evening in question Mrs. Cash bathed her son—a jolly, blue-eyed, golden-haired child of five and a half—read to him awhile, and sat by his crib until he fell asleep. Then, as usual, she tiptoed out of the bedroom, closed the screen door at the back of the house, the spring lock of which clicked behind her, and ran over to the near-by store to help her husband close up.

Three quarters of an hour later she returned, her husband with her, to find Skeegie's crib empty.

At first the Cashes thought that he had scrambled out of bed and was mischievously hiding from them somewhere in the house. But a thorough search of the premises produced no Skeegie.

Then they thought he might have got out and might be wandering somewhere about the neighborhood. They rushed from door to door. Friends and neighbors joined in the search. The whole town turned out. Still no Skeegie.

There was always the jungle, that impenetrable morass, but Jim Cash and his wife tried not to think about it. Once an excited searcher thought she heard a baby's cry. Poor Mrs. Cash picked up courage—but she listened in vain.

Fear now seized the Cashes and held them captive—fear that their only child was irrevocably lost in the treacherous jungle. The dread word "kidnap" does not come naturally to the minds of even leading citizens in a town like Princeton. It never occurred to Jim Cash or to his wife that some fiend might have taken their Skeegie away from them. Things like that happen only in great centers of metropolitan life and only to the very rich or the very famous.

That is what they thought. But no sooner had they returned to their desolate home than their sister-in-law, Mrs. Asbury Cash, came running from her own home, some three hundred yards away on Tallahassee Avenue, bringing a piece of brown wrapping paper which she told them she had found tucked into the handle of her front door.

On it was writing which read in effect as follows:

> If you have no note yet go to John Emanuel's house on first oil road south of Princeton and get note there.

The dread implication of this message was borne out almost immediately by the discovery that some one had

Franklin Pierce McCall and, at right, his five-year-old pal "Skeegie" Cash, in the search for whom he took part.

cut a hole in the wire of the screen door to the Cash house, through which it would have been quite possible to snap open the spring lock and gain admission.

Relieved, in a way, to feel that there was still a chance to buy their darling's freedom, they rushed to the Emanuel house, and found tucked into the door on the south side a second ransom note, similar in appearance to the first, which read:

> We have the child! You will follow these instruction. Notify any officer, give serial number of any bill, fail to burn this note and you wont see him again. Place 500 $5—100 $20—500 $10—10 $50 Total $10,000, in a shoe box and take this Route [route drawn].
>
> Follow arrers use old unmarked bills with serial numbers not running in order. Leave Princeton at exactly midnight Monday. Take first oil rd to left, continue to Moody Dr. Turn left go to Allapattah Dr. Trun right to Myra St. then to Homestead go 20 M. P. H. full route at some point in route light will flash two times. STOP Place box on right side of road then proceed full route. The child will be released in a few hours if all instructions are followed and no one notifyed give bearer of this note $5 then step in front of place and burn it Any slip-up and you wont see him again!

The owner of the house where this note was found was a badly frightened colored man, who had been awakened earlier in the evening by a gruff voice outside his door telling him to get up and take a note to Mr. Cash, and promising him five dollars for his trouble.

Now John Emanuel had had experience with these night prowlers. Just a few months before, he had heard an argument in front of his house and had stepped out in his nightshirt to see what was happening, only to receive a bullet in his shoulder. This time he lay low and, when all was quiet, fled with his wife. He was completely exonerated of any connection with the case.

All of which did not alter the seriousness of the situation which now confronted the Cash family. Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money in any man's town. In Princeton it was a fortune. But Jim Cash had worked hard all his life. For years his wife had worked with him. They had lived frugally. They had saved a few thousand dollars in cash and securities and could raise more on their property. They did not hesitate. By Monday at midnight they had the sum demanded.

Slowly Skeegie's father made his way over the ten-mile route indicated in the ransom note, but nowhere did he see the flashlight signals promised.

Brokenhearted, he was returning home when, almost on his doorstep, he was halted by one Harry Wright, an employee of a rival filling station operated by another citizen of Princeton, also named Cash. Wright turned over to him a third ransom note found at the rival station by himself and another young man of the town. Frank McCall. It read:

> Too many people take same route at 4 A. M. but first call in all spies. Put all notes in box with money light will blink twice.

ONCE more Jim Cash started off into the night to buy back his boy.

This time he met with success of sorts. Faithfully following the course indicated by the kidnaper, he had come back by a circuitous route to a point not far from his own home, when he saw the flashlight blink twice in a lemon orchard beside the road. He knew the place well. It was the intersection of Tallahassee Avenue, where the Asbury Cashes lived, and Sunset Drive.

The shoe box containing Jim Cash's life savings, when he threw it out, landed at the base of a telegraph pole on the southwest corner.

Having done everything that the ransom note demanded, he went home to wait with his wife for the return of their baby. Hours passed. The two went through hell. The child's mother alternately hoped and despaired. After a while there was only despair.

Such was the situation when J. Edgar Hoover arrived in Princeton to take charge of his G-men who had already been called in.

Upon receipt of the first two ransom notes, Mr. Cash had notified the local authorities, and they had in turn notified the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. As a result, Mr. Hoover, director of the Bureau, had decided to direct in person, on the ground, the G-men's investigation.

As he sped southward, the boss G-man issued the necessary orders to assure an immediate mobilization of special agents at the scene of the crime. First consideration, he told his associates, was the return of the child to his parents; second consideration was the apprehension of the individual or the individuals responsible for the crime. This is the G-men's Golden Rule.

It was soon plain to all, however, that the first consideration no longer applied in this case. The Cashes had done everything that was demanded of them. The kidnapers had the money. There was no manner of sense in their keeping with them any longer so troublesome and dangerous a prisoner as a lively five-and-a-half-year-old child. In self-protection they would long since have turned him loose if they had been able to—in other words, if he had been still alive.

James Bailey Cash faced the loss of his son as courageously as he had faced the loss of his life savings. Voluntarily he came to Mr. Hoover, stated his belief that Skeegie was dead, and expressed the wish that Mr. Hoover should conduct the search for the murderer or murderers in any way he saw fit.

DURING the preliminary period of "standing by"—which is the hardest part of every kidnap case—Director Hoover had made a thorough survey of the situation and had formed careful plans. Now he moved his men into action like a well drilled army.

First, he caused printed lists of the numbers on the ransom bills to be distributed widely, together with the information that any person turning in one of the "hot" bills would receive double its value. On the slender chance that the child had been turned loose far from home and had been picked up by strangers who did not know what to do with him, photographs of Skeegie were also widely distributed.

Next, the watery mangrove swamps on the edge of the Everglades were divided into charted sections, and a group of searchers—including G-men, local police, representatives of the American Legion and of the Civilian Conservation Corps, members of civic organizations, and citizens generally—was assigned to each section.

Armed with picks and shovels, these brave fellows waded into slimy backwashes infested with disease-breeding insects and poisonous snakes, in the grim hope that, somewhere among the submerged palmetto clumps, it might be possible to recover whatever was left of Skeegie Cash. But the hope was vain.

Meanwhile high-powered Navy and Coast Guard planes circled continuously the entire territory surrounding the kidnap and pay-off spots. In spite of this day-and-night surveillance from the air—the great searchlights flooding the country round about from sunset to sunrise—there was still no trace of captors or captive.

The usual flood of false clues came in. Dour strangers had been seen lurking in the palmetto thickets. Suspicious automobiles without lights had been heard thundering down the Dixie Highway in the middle of the night. All these stories had to be investigated, and were, but without revealing anything.

There were indications that the writer of the ransom notes was probably a person familiar with the countryside and with the habits and financial status of Mr. and Mrs. Cash. For example, the snatching of the boy at the hour when Mrs. Cash was regularly over at the store to help her husband; and the fixing of the ransom at $10,000, which represented almost to a dollar the known assets and probable credit of James Bailey Cash.

Accordingly every one in the vicinity with a criminal record was subjected to immediate surveillance. Every one, with or without a record, who had seemed to be acting strangely before or after the night of the kidnaping, was the object of special attention from the G-men. Finally, every one who just happened to live in the vicinity came under scrutiny.

(Continued on page 20)

Quicker On The "Trigger" In Traffic Than Any Other Low-Priced Car!

It's the LIVELIEST of all low-priced cars!

Try to equal its acceleration . . . try to equal its performance on the hills . . . in other cars of its price!

You'll think there's quicksilver in the wheels of this lively car once you drive it or watch some other capable driver handle it in traffic.

For the new Chevrolet is amazingly "quick on the trigger" . . . accelerates from 5 to 25 miles an hour in record time . . . is *faster* in moving traffic than other cars in its price range!

And this very nimbleness is, of course, an aid to *safety*, because it helps Chevrolet drivers to keep free of traffic tangles.

In hill-climbing, too, "Chevrolet's the Choice!" It's a *better* performer on the hills than any other car in its field.

You'll want a new Chevrolet this summer. . . . Order one today from your nearest Chevrolet dealer. . . . And then step out and enjoy motoring as you have never enjoyed it before in any low-priced car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN. *General Motors Instalment Plan—convenient, economical monthly payments.*

No other car combines all these famous features:

EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT

NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING, NEW BODIES BY FISHER

NEW LONGER RIDING-BASE

85-HORSEPOWER VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES

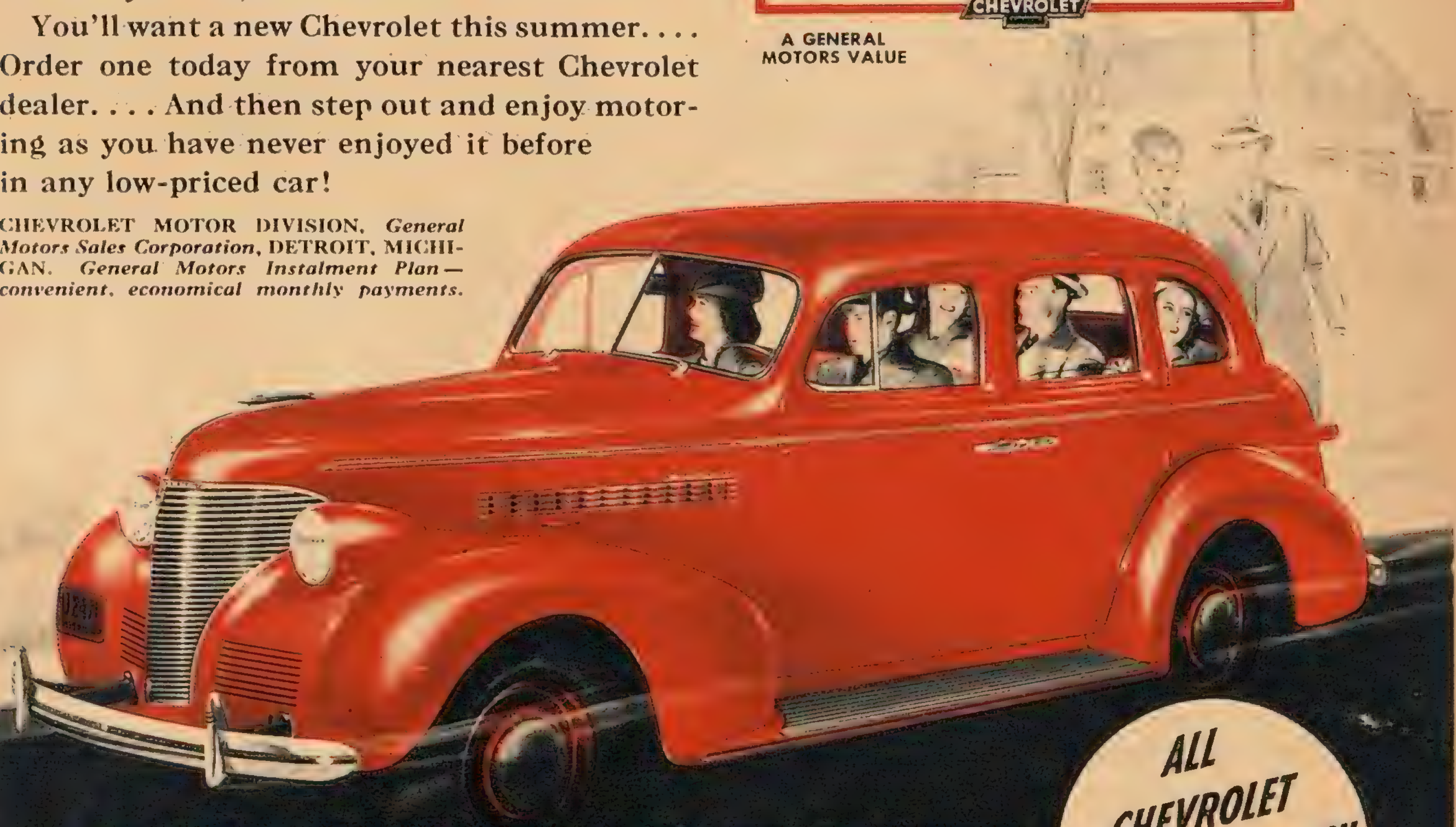
NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY

PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM with Improved Shockproof Steering *(Available on Master De Luxe models only)*

TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



CHEVROLET

The *only* low-priced car combining "ALL THAT'S BEST AT LOWEST COST!"

ALL CHEVROLET PRICES ARE MUCH LOWER!

(Continued from page 18) Now, as we have already seen in the pages of Liberty, the G-men owe many of their most notable victories over crime to the simple fact that they are darned good detectives. J. Edgar Hoover, as Mr. Oursler has suggested on Liberty's back page, is Sherlock Holmes with modern improvements. There could be no better example of this fact than what happened next in the Cash kidnaping case.

From the moment he arrived in Princeton, Hoover had not been able to get out of his mind certain facts in connection with the third ransom note—the one discovered by the two local boys, Wright and McCall.

It seems that shortly after midnight McCall had driven up to Hal McLaughlin's house, where Wright made his home, in a pick-up truck owned by McCall's father-in-law, Joseph Hilliard, and told Wright that he needed some gas. The filling station, which was across the highway, was not open at night, but Wright agreed to accommodate.

WRIGHT'S story of what followed was simple. He was about to go to bed in the McLaughlin home when McCall came for him. He got into the truck with McCall, drove across the street to the filling station, unlocked the office door to get the keys to the pump, came out to put the gas into the tank of the truck, and then went back to turn off the electric light in the office.

On the second trip into the office, McCall, who had followed him on both occasions, called his attention to a piece of paper which he said he had picked up off the floor. McCall remarked that there was writing on the paper, and thereupon read aloud the contents of the note. Wright decided, since it had been found on his premises, or rather on his employer's, that he should personally deliver it to Mr. Cash, and he did so.

McCall's story was more detailed. As he and Wright had driven the truck into the filling station, he said, he had observed a large man wearing dark trousers and a polo shirt walk around the corner of the station and disappear into the shadows. Upon following Wright into the office the second time, he had observed the note lying on the floor. He had not seen it the first time. He thought he might have kicked it the second time, which would have brought it to his attention, and would also account for his having found it apparently some distance from the door.

This last was a point which had caused the G-men considerable speculation. Experiments conducted with scraps of paper folded as the ransom note had been folded showed that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to shove such a missive under the door in such a way that it would land where it was said to have been picked up by McCall and handed to Wright. McCall's explanation apparently cleared up this point.

So far, so good. But—and this was what Mr. Hoover wanted to know—how could the kidnaper figure that a note left at a filling station which was obviously closed for the night would reach Skeegie Cash's father in time for him to comply with its instructions by 4 A. M.?

The stories which the two young men told seemed reasonable enough. Wright's apparently took him definitely out of the kidnap picture. McCall's was complicated by the fact that Wright had not seen the ransom note on the floor and had not seen the man disappearing around the corner as McCall had described. Moreover, McCall's description of the mysterious figure corresponded rather too closely to that of a man who, as McCall might have known, was at the time a suspect in the case.

On the other hand, there were offsetting considerations which made these causes of possible suspicion seem petty indeed.

Franklin Pierce McCall, next to the child's parents, was perhaps the last person in Princeton to be suspected of knowing anything about the disappearance of Skeegie. He was known as a close friend of the Cashes, had lived in the family, had only recently occupied an apartment in the back part of their house, had held Skeegie on his lap for hours at a time, had earned from the youngster—because he was the son of a former Princeton pastor—the affectionate title of " Preacher Boy."

It was unthinkable that Mac McCall—everybody called the six-foot, two-hundred-pound, twenty-one-year-old giant " Mac "—could have lifted a finger to harm his little pal.

Moreover, since the kidnaping, Mac had been in the forefront of the search. No exposure to the dangers and diseases of the jungle had been too great for him, no vigil too long. In all the gallant company that labored day and night, none seemed more eager to avenge this revolting and heartrending crime.

Mr. Hoover took all these things into consideration. But after some suspicion was directed at McCall by F. B. I., Mac was taken to the F. B. I. office by local authorities, and talked to by Mr. Hoover.

The point was this: McCall might not have committed the crime. Everything pointed to the probability that he had not. He might not have known who did commit it. If he had, it seemed, he would have been eager to tell. Still, he and he alone had seen the ransom note on the filling-station floor. It was possible that, wittingly or unwittingly, he might have been used either to plant or to discover the note there.

Anyhow, Mr. Hoover was convinced that the Cash kidnap mystery could not be solved until the mystery of the third ransom note was solved; and Mac McCall was the only person he had been able to find so far who could possibly help to solve it.

Meanwhile Hoover directed his men not to let up in any branch of their investigative activities. The case was not closed. All that had happened was that one possible suspect—and not a very probable one either, it would seem to the lay mind—had been taken into custody for further questioning. Personally Hoover set to work to win the confidence of the McCall boy.

Fixing on the finding of the third ransom note as the key to the Cash mystery was a triumph of inspired detective work. What happened now was a triumph of inspiring personality.

Hoover told the McCall boy that the G-men were not his enemies, that they had not made any formal charges against him, that all they wanted to know was the truth about what had happened in Princeton the night of May 28; that if the truth implicated him in the crime, he would have to take his punishment; but that if it exonerated him, he would go free. In the meantime, anything reasonable that the boy wished, he, Hoover, would try to get for him. All he had to do was to ask for Mr. Hoover personally.

The plan worked better than any third degree, a practice Director Hoover absolutely condemns and prohibits. It wasn't long before Mac was sending for the boss every time he wanted some little thing for his comfort; and the boss always got it for him. Mac was not a little complimented. Gradually he became more and more communicative. Finally he told Hoover that he did know something about the kidnap, although he swore he had nothing to do with the taking of the baby.

What he did know was where the ransom money was hidden, and he was prepared to prove it.

THE director, with special agents as witnesses, accompanied McCall to a point on the south side of Sunset Drive, not far from the pay-off spot, and not far from the home of McCall's father-in-law, Joseph Hilliard. McCall led the G-men through a break in the stone wall at this point into a palmetto thicket where, beneath a large stone, they found $9,750 in bills.

He then led them to a shed near the spot where he had called for Harry Wright the Monday night after the kidnaping. In this shed was an old oil drum. In the drum they found another $245.

In all, $9,995 of Jim Cash's $10,000.

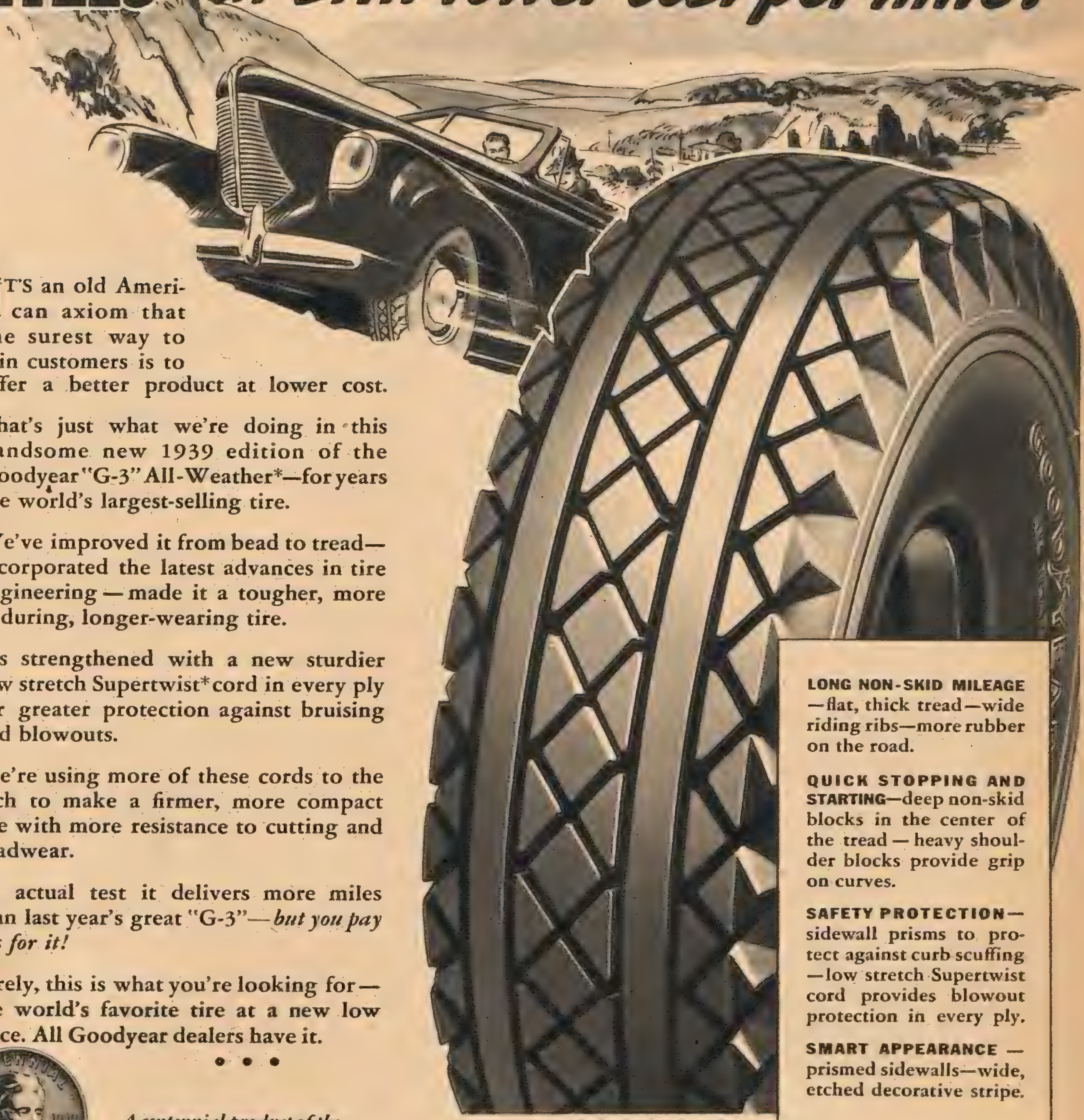
The whereabouts of the five-dollar ransom bill was unexplainable.

The McCall boy, pleased by the prominent role he was playing and exhilarated by his close association with J. Edgar Hoover, now admitted that he could tell more. He knew or claimed to know the name of the man who had actually snatched Skeegie Cash. It was, he said, the child's uncle, Asbury Cash.

Added weight was given to (Continued on page 22)

Great News for Tire Buyers

FAMOUS "G³" NOW DELIVERS MORE MILES *—at still lower cost per mile!*



IT'S an old American axiom that the surest way to win customers is to offer a better product at lower cost.

That's just what we're doing in this handsome new 1939 edition of the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather*—for years the world's largest-selling tire.

We've improved it from bead to tread—incorporated the latest advances in tire engineering — made it a tougher, more enduring, longer-wearing tire.

It's strengthened with a new sturdier low stretch Supertwist* cord in every ply for greater protection against bruising and blowouts.

We're using more of these cords to the inch to make a firmer, more compact tire with more resistance to cutting and roadwear.

By actual test it delivers more miles than last year's great "G-3"—*but you pay less for it!*

Surely, this is what you're looking for—the world's favorite tire at a new low price. All Goodyear dealers have it.

• • •

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE—flat, thick tread—wide riding ribs—more rubber on the road.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—deep non-skid blocks in the center of the tread — heavy shoulder blocks provide grip on curves.

SAFETY PROTECTION—sidewall prisms to protect against curb scuffing—low stretch Supertwist cord provides blowout protection in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE — prismed sidewalls—wide, etched decorative stripe.

CENTENNIAL
1839
1939
CHARLES GOODYEAR

A centennial product of the greatest name in rubber

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

(*Continued from page 20*) this statement because the accused man's two sons were young McCall's closest friends and associates in the life of the village. It seemed unlikely that he would implicate Asbury Cash unless there was some reason to believe that he actually did have some part in the crime.

Still, the thought that the child's own uncle . . . The master G-man, inured as he was to crime, found himself shivering at the picture which rose before his eyes.

"McCall," he said, dropping the familiar "Mac" which had endeared him to the youth, "you can't make a charge like that and not prove it."

"I proved it all right about the money, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you can prove this the same way. Take me to the body of little Skeegie Cash."

At first the overgrown youth denied that he knew where the body was hidden. Finally, however, after Mr. Hoover had told him that it just didn't make sense that he knew who committed the crime and what was done with the ransom money and didn't know what was done with the body of the victim, McCall admitted that he did know where the body was, but insisted that he knew only because of what Asbury Cash had told him.

"Take us there, then."

"Now?"

"Now."

Edgar Hoover's eyes filled with something suspiciously like tears as he told me the story of that grim journey through the palmetto thicket toward a lone pine which towered incongruously above the palms and underbrush and seemed to beckon them on, like a giant finger of death, to the spot at its base where all that was left of Skeegie Cash lay rotting in the jungle heat.

McCall, handcuffed to a G-man's wrist, gazed at the body of his little playmate, the child who had loved him and called him "Preacher Boy," without visible signs of emotion. Then, without warning, he burst out into violent profanity, denouncing the man who, he said, had committed this loathsome crime.

Richard Asbury Cash, whose wife had brought to the James Bailey Cash home the first ransom note, was an older brother of the father of Skeegie. He had come to Princeton long before his younger brother Jim, but he had not been so uniformly successful. He had tried farming, and was at the time of the kidnaping in the fruit-trucking business.

It seemed quite possible, in such circumstances, that an older brother might be jealous of a younger brother's success, might even covet his bank account. There was, too, the peculiar circumstance of the first ransom note apparently being found on the accused man's property. And finally, there was the fact that the Asbury Cash home on Tallahassee Avenue was very close—as, indeed, was McCall's—to the pay-off spot.

AS we have seen, no resident of Princeton or the surrounding country had been allowed to escape the day-and-night surveillance of the G-men. Asbury Cash, like the others, had been thoroughly studied and kept strictly under a special agent's watchful eye. The G-men knew, for example, that on the evening of the kidnaping, Asbury was supposed to have taken a nap after supper in his own house, while his wife and his five children went out on their respective errands of business or pleasure. He slept, he said, about an hour, and during that hour Skeegie Cash was snatched.

His answer to Mac McCall's charges, therefore, when faced with them by Hoover in person, was none too convincing. He couldn't account for his movements during the vital kidnap hour. Neither could anybody else. A lesser detective would immediately have accused him of the crime. But Hoover was willing to listen, and, by so doing, he found himself coming gradually nearer to a final solution of this baffling case.

From the beginning of his talks with Cash he was impressed with the man's apparent sincerity. There wasn't much that Asbury could say in his own defense, but what he did say seemed to ring true.

"Mr. Hoover," he pleaded, "I know that things look bad for me, but when I say I had nothing to do with this thing, I am telling you God's truth. Isn't there some way of proving that to you? What is this lie serum I read about in the papers? Can't you give me some of that?"

By this time the G-men had completed a painfully clear picture of Franklin Pierce McCall. And it was because of this picture that Hoover now put on his hat and left Asbury Cash in the hands of his subordinates.

McCall, in spite of his association with the estimable Jim Cashes, was far from the upstanding young man that he had at first appeared to be. He had been a riot in southern Florida interscholastic athletics. At basketball he was a local Tony Luisetti. At football he was a potential Marshall Goldberg.

Altogether, he had had many chances to go on to athletic and near-academic glory in some of the more prominent centers of our cultural life. Instead, he had married a Princeton maiden and, in a manner of speaking, settled down.

But work was not congenial to him. During the fruit season he obtained somewhat lucrative employment in the sorting and packing of citrus fruit. Betweentimes he did odd jobs when they came up and tapped him on the shoulder, most of them for his father-in-law, Joe Hilliard, whose truck he frequently drove, as witnessed by the post-midnight demand on Harry Wright for gasoline.

When in funds, he neglected his wife and spent his evenings and most of his earnings in near-by hot spots.

BECAUSE of all these things, because of remarks McCall had dropped during their many talks, because of the youth's unexplained connection with the mysterious third ransom note, most of all because of his detailed knowledge of the crime itself—the whereabouts of the ransom money and of the dead child's body—Mr. Hoover was convinced in his own mind that McCall and no other had committed it.

So it was to the accuser and not to the accused that he went with his "idea" about the lie serum.

Now, the G-men don't usually go in for lie detectors and lie serums any more than they do for the third degree. They want what their prisoners tell them to be the result of their own unstimulated and unimpeded will. The so-called lie serum, however, was a legitimate affair, a solution of the well known drug scopolamine which simply threw the person who took it into a state resembling twilight sleep; and in this state a person often lost power over his reactions to an extent that he answered truthfully questions which otherwise he would have successfully parried.

"McCall," Mr. Hoover began, "you want to tell the truth about this matter, don't you?"

Mac swore that he did.

"Well, you've told us some things that were true, and some things that we don't think were the truth. Now, there *is* a way in which what you say can be tested."

"What's that?"

The boy was apparently not so widely read in popular science as Asbury Cash, but, as Hoover described to him the reputed virtues of scopolamine and Cash's voluntary offer to submit to it, his eyes opened wider and wider.

"Of course," said Mr. Hoover in conclusion, when McCall showed no indication of volunteering, "people would have a lot more respect for you—if you told the truth of your own accord—if you came clean."

He came clean. He had implicated Asbury Cash, he admitted, because he had had some trouble with him over money matters. Cash had had absolutely nothing to do with the crime, had known nothing of it. He, McCall, had planned and executed it alone.

In Mr. Hoover's presence the kidnaper dictated and signed a detailed confession, setting forth how he took the sleeping child from his crib, how he covered the child's face with a handkerchief and bound it tight, how he took his burden to his house on Tallahassee Avenue near the pay-off spot, how surprised he was (according to him) to find that Skeegie had died en route of strangulation, how he hid the body in the palmetto thicket, how he wrote the ransom notes with a pencil which was later found dropped through a rathole in the plaster wall of his filthy sitting room, how he planted the third note in the rival filling station—how, in short, he had planned and executed one of the most atrocious crimes on record.

Mr. Hoover's first act, after getting McCall's signature, was to go to poor Asbury Cash and tell him that he was completely exonerated.

"Mr. Hoover, I haven't been a religious man," he said, as the tears streaked down his sun-dried cheeks, "but from now on I'm going to church every Sunday."

The days had seemed like years to Jim Cash and his wife, but in reality it took a remarkably short time for J. Edgar Hoover and his agents to get to the bottom of this mystery, and for the good State of Florida to wreak a righteous vengeance on this beast in supposedly human form. Nineteen days after Skeegie Cash disappeared from his happy home, Franklin Pierce McCall was in the death house awaiting the penalty. He was executed, after prolonged appeals and the usual sentimental gestures in his behalf, on February 24, 1939.

The Skeegie Cash kidnap mystery was solved. Well, nearly solved. That five-dollar bill was never found. It was, presumably, all that the kidnaper got to reward him for his revolting and atrocious crime—five dollars for the life of a little child. Thanks to J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men, crime does *not* pay!

THE END

The Ghost of Wall Street? He spirited away, almost literally, $1,456,000 in securities! How the G-men, by splendid teamwork, brought him and some of his kindred spirits to book, Mr. Collins will tell you in Liberty next week.

---

20 QUESTIONS

1—Which cartoonist (see early photo) advertised corned beef and cabbage while raising pater?

2—St. Peter was the first what?

3—When was the Panama Canal opened?

4—Which state is practically termite-free?

5—Roquefort is made of what milk? Where?

6—Who, at eight, acted as Little Elsie?

7—Why is Bermuda a nice place to live?

8—Which part of the artichoke is eaten?

9—Does Mein Kampf mean Mad Dog, My Life, or My Battle?

10—How many persons in the U. S. play the piano?

11—Who wrote Mother Goose Stories?

12—Sixteen kilometers nearly equal how many miles?

13—The game of draughts is called what in the U. S.?

14—Who is Cactus Jack? Black Jack?

15—What is the capital of Prince Edward Island?

16—Can you quote the pledge of the U. S. flag?

17—Which is heavier, tungsten or lead?

18—Who was married to Delphine Dodge, then to Doris Duke?

19—Is Szigeti renowned as a chef, a violinist, or a magician?

20—Who wrote The One-Hoss Shay?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Best cigarette I ever rolled
..give me VELVET every time
Velvet
Velvet
PIPE and CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Better smoking tobacco
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

WORLD'S FAIR GIRL

A career is born . . Now, in a powerful novel, a dauntless spirit discovers a new, eventful life

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

FLEEING from her brutal husband, Leona Cray takes refuge with Frederick Antler, a former sweetheart, who has a waxworks exhibition at the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893. Without warning, a baby girl is born to her, and the young mother dies. Before the end she begs Frederick to look after the child. He finds Joe Cray, offers to adopt the infant, christened Fair, but is compelled to give Joe $500 for the privilege.

Eighteen years pass. Antler is conducting his show in Atlantic City. One morning his adored foster daughter confesses her love for Larry Cornish, a snobbish youth whose parents are wealthy. Frederick had hoped that Fair would prefer Andrew Light, a struggling young lawyer, but he hides his disappointment and wishes the lovely girl all happiness.

But Larry jilts Fair. She determines never to marry and devotes her life to feminism. Andrew proposes and is rejected. She tells him she intends to study law, pursue a career.

Meanwhile Joe Cray has turned up, released from jail, and Frederick has to buy him off to protect the girl from the truth about her real father.

America goes to war in 1917. In July, Fair sails for France to be a nurse. Eight months later, on leave from the front, Andrew Light, now a lieutenant, seeks her out. Their reunion is joyous. He renews his love-making, and Fair responds to his ardor. Nothing else seems to matter at the moment. Then Andrew returns to his unit, and Fair discovers she is going to have a child. Courageously she faces the ordeal, is really glad. She is sent to Paris for clerical work in the service. There her dreams of future happiness are suddenly shattered when she sees the name of Andrew Light on a casualty list.

PART THREE—A CHARGE OF MURDER

THAT day Fair could do no more work. She put on her cape, while Miss Kennerly gazed at her with pained sympathy, and walked out of the building like one in the grip of a narcotic. The October wind was damp. It flowed against her face and billowed her cape, but it could not sweep away her sense of devastation.

She was quartered in a small room just off the Boulevard St. Germain. Today she walked all the way home in a daze. Once, at a crossing, a taxi had to come to a shivering stop because she didn't hear its horn.

It was queer, she discovered, how dull a thing pain could become. When its first terrible stab was gone, some strange inner anesthetic asserted itself and she knew only a numb ache. Her steps beat a slow rhythm for the words that marched endlessly through her mind: Andy is dead, Andy is dead. . . .

When she reached her room, she found the weekly letter from Frederick under the door. She opened it mechanically, without the usual sense of eagerness. She sat down near the window and tried to read. And she had read more than two pages before she realized that not a single word was impinging on her mind. Her thoughts were in the Argonne. . . .

Fair sucked in a sharp breath. It was almost a sob. She lifted a crumpled handkerchief and daubed the blurs from her eyes. Then she looked at Frederick's letter again, determinedly, biting her lip. This time she forced herself to understand what he had written:

> I have real news for you, my dear. I know you'll find it hard to believe, but it's true. I have sold my wax figures—all of them—and I'm through with the museum!
>
> It all happened in an amazing way. A week ago, quite accidentally, I met a man, a Mr. Carter Latham, whom I used to know years ago when we were both at art school. We met in a little restaurant and somehow recognized each other. You may have heard of him. He is now—and has been for a number of years—art critic of the New York Ledger; a really brilliant and successful man.
>
> Mr. Latham gave me an inspiration. He predicted that when the war is over, every town and village in America will erect a monument to its war dead. There are certain to be glorious opportunities for American sculptors. I agree with him, Fair. And I feel that even a man of my age, if prepared, may yet be successful. So I have sold my Coney Island exhibit for $1,000. I am using the money to rent a small studio in Greenwich Village. Added to the little I have saved, there will be enough, I am sure, to last for a couple of years. I shall use the time to make models for war memorials—soldiers and sailors for the most part. When the time comes I shall be ready to show my models and bid for commissions . . .

There was a great deal more, but Fair stopped reading. Eyes blurred again, she looked out of the window. Poor dad, she thought—dear dad. . . . He gave his whole life to me. He gave up his ambitions for me. He hoped for so much from me. . . .

She hadn't written to him about the baby. But now, she knew, she would have to do it. She would have to prepare him for what must be a stupefying shock.

She wrote that same night. Wrote with stifled agony. And halfway through the letter she checked herself, caught by an idea. Then, in sudden resolution, she wrote:

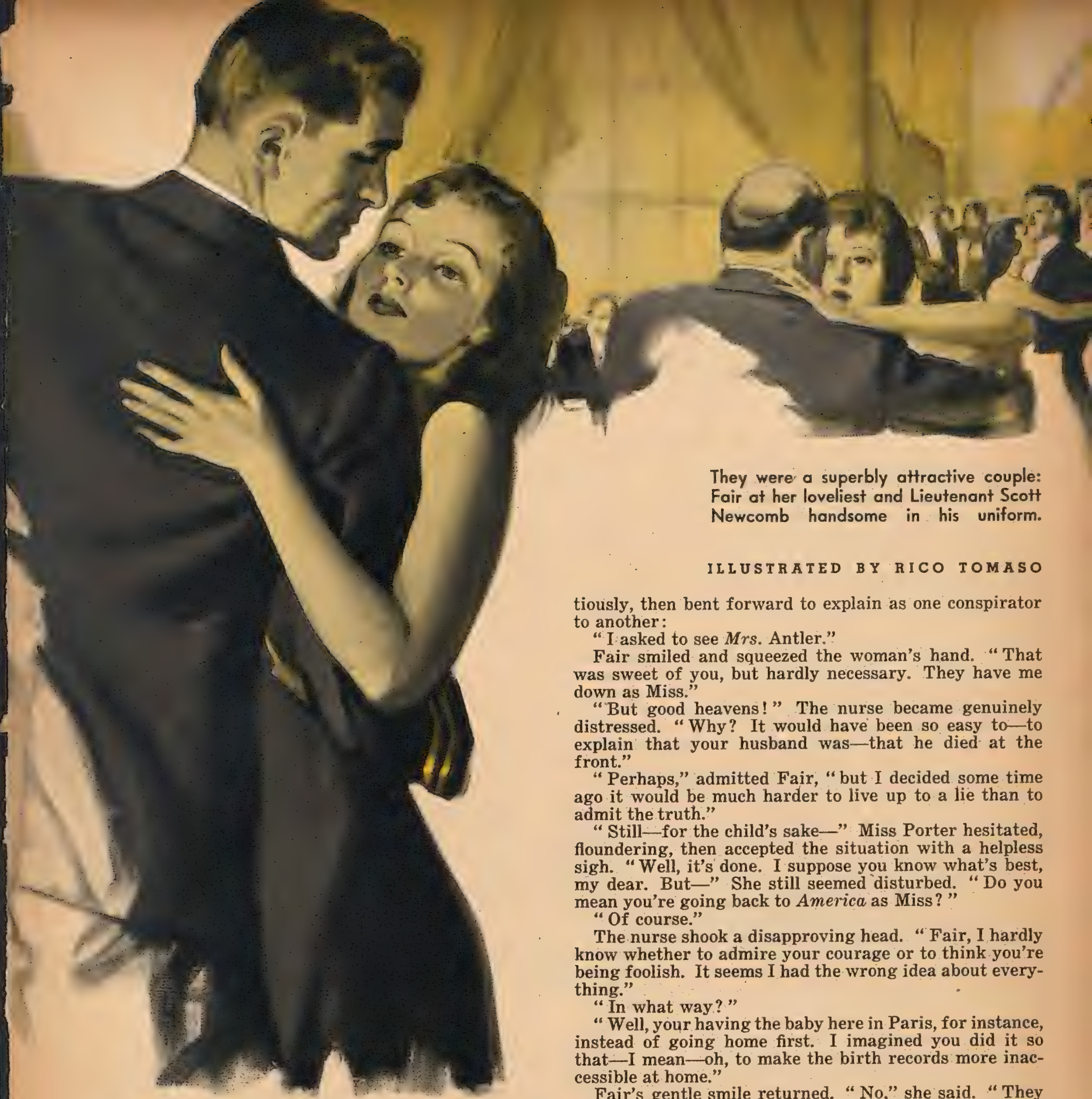
> I'm going to need money when the baby comes, and I know, dearest, that I mustn't let you abandon your new hopes to help me. But I have just had a thought that may help solve the problem.
>
> I shall write Mrs. Newcomb, of the Arleigh School, to ask for my old job teaching English literature. That should pay enough to take care of the baby and me. And I'm confident she'll give me the job when I return in a few months. Mrs. Newcomb is a dear. So you needn't worry. . . .

When at last she finished and signed her name, Fair impulsively added a postscript:

> Don't feel sorry for me, daddy. I regret nothing of what has happened. I loved Andy. I loved him with all my heart!

One morning a doctor in the American Hospital in Paris smiled at the young woman in the bed. "Feeling better today?" he asked.

"Oh, much, thank you."



They were a superbly attractive couple: Fair at her loveliest and Lieutenant Scott Newcomb handsome in his uniform.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

"That's quite a daughter you have out there," he chuckled. "Loudest wailer in the place."

"Isn't she lovely?" Fair whispered, and the glow in her eyes made her seem very young indeed. A nurse had bound a pink ribbon around her hair. Fair added with mock seriousness, "I'm very proud of Andrea."

"Andrea," the doctor murmured. "Andrea Antler. Very pretty." He laughed. "Well, along about 1939, when she gets out of college, I'll see to it that my son calls on her. . . . Feel up to seeing a visitor today?"

Fair was startled. "Who?"

"A Miss Porter. She says she was with you at Chambert-sur-Marne."

"Miss Porter!" Fair lifted her head eagerly. "Oh, yes! Please let her come in!"

So the gray-haired Miss Porter entered, smiling and chubby and a little breathless, and placed an armful of flowers on the bed. She threw off her nurse's cape, sat down beside Fair, and held her hand; and when the doctor left them alone together, she glanced about surreptitiously, then bent forward to explain as one conspirator to another:

"I asked to see *Mrs.* Antler."

Fair smiled and squeezed the woman's hand. "That was sweet of you, but hardly necessary. They have me down as Miss."

"But good heavens!" The nurse became genuinely distressed. "Why? It would have been so easy to—to explain that your husband was—that he died at the front."

"Perhaps," admitted Fair, "but I decided some time ago it would be much harder to live up to a lie than to admit the truth."

"Still—for the child's sake—" Miss Porter hesitated, floundering, then accepted the situation with a helpless sigh. "Well, it's done. I suppose you know what's best, my dear. But—" She still seemed disturbed. "Do you mean you're going back to *America* as Miss?"

"Of course."

The nurse shook a disapproving head. "Fair, I hardly know whether to admire your courage or to think you're being foolish. It seems I had the wrong idea about everything."

"In what way?"

"Well, your having the baby here in Paris, for instance, instead of going home first. I imagined you did it so that—I mean—oh, to make the birth records more inaccessible at home."

Fair's gentle smile returned. "No," she said. "They all tried very hard to send me home. My father, too, wrote dozens of letters urging me to return. But I preferred having the baby here. Perhaps I was being sentimental, but it felt better to be near—Andy."

"But you *are* going back, aren't you?"

"Certainly. As soon as I can travel. I'm afraid I'm not of much use to the Red Cross this way."

Miss Porter was thoughtful. At last she said slowly, "Forgive me if I seem too curious, but I'm really concerned about you, my dear. Are you able to take care of the baby? I mean, financially?"

Fair reassuringly laughed. "Miss Porter," she said, "Mrs. Marjorie Newcomb, who directs a girls' school in New York, has written me that I can have a job at a hundred and fifty a month any time I care to come home."

"Why, that's *wonderful!*"

"So," whispered Fair, "I'm looking toward the future quite hopefully. And I'm planning to resume fighting for women's rights, too. I've been fighting for them since I was eighteen, you know, and I'll go on. I think the women of America will accept me now without much caring whether I'm Mrs. or Miss Antler. I think I can count, after this war, on the broad-mindedness and the understanding of American women."

Miss Porter doubted, rather ominously, whether Fair would find any co-operation in America, once other women learned about Andrea.

FREDERICK ANTLER, shivering in the wintry wind that swept fog across the Hudson, was on the pier to meet Fair when the camouflaged liner was pushed into its berth. The instant he spied her on the gangplank, still in nurse's uniform and with the baby in her arms, his excitement welled to a pitch that choked him. He ran forward, a slight man of fifty, his hair gray, his thin face flushed. He had to push through crowds of disembarking soldiers who were bringing their wounds home to America.

When he caught Fair in his arms, and kissed her and took the baby, he was incoherent. Not until they were in a cab was he able to talk calmly. Then, looking down at Andrea, he cried:

" Why, she's wonderful! Simply wonderful! "

Fair had to glance away so that he wouldn't see her eyes. She thought, You're pretty wonderful yourself. Never a word of reproach. Never a hint of blame. Yet I know how you must have felt about Andy and me.

" Wait till you see what I've bought for her," chuckled Frederick. " A brand-new crib! . . . You know, I moved into a larger flat last month. A place big enough for all of us. It's on Minetta Lane in the Village."

He didn't add that he had intended to furnish the place quite lavishly until Joseph Cray had made one of his periodic calls. For two hundred dollars this time.

Cray had been coming regularly once or twice a year; and, in Frederick's sight, he had become so dissipated and revolting a creature that it was worth any price to keep him out of Fair's life. After Cray's departure, the idea of luxuries for the flat had to be abandoned. Frederick didn't dare spend more. Still, there was a pleasant enough bedchamber for Fair and the baby. And, of course, there was Frederick's studio.

He was inordinately proud of it, leading her through the door with the air of a magician about to uncover a miracle.

It was a large high chamber with a skylight. On shelves and tables stood dozens of models, some in clay, some in stone. Most of them, with military themes, were obviously designed for war memorials. But there were a few he had done for the gratification of his soul—a nude dancer, a racing greyhound, a ragged boy fishing from a rock.

For a while Fair looked around in a daze.

" Why, dad, they're beautiful! " she whispered at last. She moved about the studio, caressing the figures with a kind of awe, as though their very touch were amazing. " You must go on doing things like these! Always! I—I'll never let you stop! "

He raised rueful brows. " It would be pleasant. But, my dear, I'm afraid I'll have to be more practical."

" Practical? "

" I haven't earned a cent, you know, since I sold the wax museum. And we'll have to take care of Andrea now."

" That's my job." Fair smiled at him with quick reassurance. " I intend to start teaching at Mrs. Newcomb's school at once. And in the evenings I'm going to finish my law course. Meanwhile you're going to stay right in this studio. I'll get a girl to look after Andrea."

Frederick's features held wonder. It was difficult to realize that this was Fair—his Fair—so competently and confidently shaping her future.

He began, " But, my dear—"

Frederick's fingers were pattering on the back of a chair, and he was frowning. He had, she saw, begun to worry about something, and it puzzled her.

" What is it, dad? "

He cleared his throat. " I—I've been wondering, dear, what you plan to—tell people."

She knew instantly what he meant. About the baby.

A
B
Norman Rockwell
SCHENLEY
A Schenley Product
Bottled by the Distillery
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
Bottled for
Schenley Distributors Inc
New York N.Y.

IF YOU ARE THIS TYPE YOU'LL LIKE THIS BOURBON THAT'S

"Double-Rich!"

HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?

A *Eyes* deep set in soft flesh . . . characteristic of an appreciative type.

B *Ears* lying close to the head . . . characteristic of a type with good taste.

If you are this type . . . once you taste the *"Double-Rich"* Kentucky straight Bourbon it'll win your heart. The buy word is *"Make Mine Cream!"*

90 PROOF--COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

And Andy. She could guess that it must have been disturbing him wretchedly for a long time.

Fair answered with an attempt at ease, "I don't think anybody will be particularly interested in me. But if any one is, I'll tell the truth, of course."

Frederick pushed hesitant fingers through his hair. "I—I don't know, dear," he muttered. "I'm not so sure that would be wise. I've been thinking it might be much better to say you'd married Andrew Light somewhere in France a few months before he was killed."

Fair's eyes widened. Before she could say anything, however, he went on hurriedly:

"You can't expect people to understand how you and Andy felt about each other. They—they'd misjudge you. You've got to consider what's wisest for yourself, for your career."

"But, dad," she protested, "I have no intention of lying about myself. I want to be accepted as I am."

"It's brave of you, my dear. I knew you'd feel that way. Still, believe me, for your own sake and Andrea's it's better to—to lie just a *little*."

Fair felt a sting of dismay.

"In the long run, my way will make you happier," he whispered. "It will make us all happier."

"I can't see it, dad," she said firmly. "What happiness can there possibly be in waiting always for a lie to catch up with us? I can see only a sort of—of endless terror."

"No. You're dramatizing things now. Fair dear, I appreciate your courage, but you're ignoring human traits. . . . Take a woman like Mrs. Newcomb, for example. She likes you, evidently, and she's cultured, broad-minded. She has a son of her own in the navy, as I understand it, and probably realizes as well as any one what war has done to our young people. Still, I know it would be a shock to her—and to everybody, Fair—to be told the facts."

"Do you think," she demanded, "that if Mrs. Newcomb knew the truth it would affect our relations?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

"Then, if she ever asks, I *must* tell her, dad! I can't go on making my living through her on false pretenses."

"Fair, you're looking at it the wrong way—"

"I'm not!" She jumped up, her voice hushed and shaken. "I intend to be honest. People like Mrs. Newcomb will have to take me on my own terms if they take me at all. Otherwise I couldn't face them; I'd feel like a—a cheat. I don't want to go on like that!"

Frederick, she saw, was developing a haggard look that verged on despair. But she couldn't help it. She understood him and even pitied him; yet she knew that if she was ever to find any contentment in life, it would not be through deceit.

APPARENTLY it occurred to nobody, however, to inquire if Fair Antler had ever been married. Even Mrs. Newcomb appeared to give the matter no thought. With the war ended, there were thousands of war widows in America. Perhaps Fair was considered another one; and Frederick's apprehensions began to seem exaggerated.

In those months Fair, when she wasn't considering English literature with sixteen adolescent girls, flung herself wholeheartedly into the Votes for Women campaign. She spoke everywhere, even on street corners. When suffrage leaders picketed the White House in Washington, bearing placards to demand the franchise, Fair Antler was among them. When women held a great mass meeting in New York, Fair was there too.

So she had her own efforts to celebrate when, in 1920, the states ratified the Nineteenth Amendment and added 29,000,000 feminine votes to the American poll. It was in 1920, too, that she completed her law course.

Came a wire from Connecticut:

CONGRATULATIONS DELIGHTED TO LEARN YOU FINISHED COURSE WE SO HOPEFULLY STARTED TOGETHER WHY NOT SPEND WEEK END WITH ME TO REHASH OLD TIMES
KATE LANIER PLATT

So Kate Lanier, her former buddy, had married! The invitation sounded enticing, an opportunity to renew her pleasant association with Kate Lanier. Fair went.

She found the black-haired Kate still lovely, though not quite as slim as she had been, nor as dynamic; the chubby twins in a play pen explained that. Kate had married the head of a travel agency, Wendell Platt, who cheerfully confessed he abhorred travel and much preferred seclusion in Westport, Connecticut—a rather handsome man dangerously close to middle age, with a double chin and thinning hair and amazingly thick forearms.

"Somehow, Kate," Fair laughed when they sat together, she and Kate and Wendell, in the stillness of a sun porch, "I never imagined you as becoming so perfectly domesticated. The firebrand of prewar days—"

"But I'm not wholly domesticated," Kate assured her. "I'm still fighting for women's rights. In a way."

"A way?"

"Well, I've got into the women's club here in town, and we do quite a bit—locally, of course." Kate seemed momentarily embarrassed; but then she nodded brightly to the twins frolicking on the lawn. "Still, I've got *them*, Fair. It's more than compensation for dropping the torch."

WHEN she returned to the city after a week-end in many ways unsatisfying, she knew how far she had traveled from women like Kate Lanier Platt. Kate, the former firebrand, had traded all her fine independence of mind, her vigor, her pioneering energy, for the security she could obtain through Wendell Platt.

"It's a lot more fun and a lot more gratifying," she assured herself grimly, "to maintain your own individuality, to stay in the thick of the fight, to be a *personality* and not some man's shadow!"

Soon she resigned her teaching job and went into a law office, as a clerk, quite joyously.

And it was in that same memorable year, 1920, that Frederick Antler rushed into the house one winter morning, almost delirious with the news that he had at last been commissioned by the town of Greenacres, Long Island, to do a heroic military figure for a war memorial. . . .

"Four thousand dollars!" he cried, all but choking in his excitement. His thin face was flushed and his eyes were brilliant. "Four thousand dollars, Fair! . . . And this is only the beginning! I'll get other commissions. You'll see! Every city and village in America is going to erect a war monument!"

By way of celebration Frederick insisted on taking Fair to the theater that very evening. He ran out in the afternoon for tickets. There were a number of excellent things to be seen, of course—Frank Bacon in Lightnin', Margaret Anglin in The Woman of Bronze; there were Irene, The Gold Diggers, Enter Madame, and The Bad Man. But Frederick passed them all by for Miss Blanche Bates' latest vehicle.

"I wanted to be able to say," he laughed when they reached the theater in the evening, "that I took Miss Fair to see The Famous Mrs. Fair."

It was, in its way, a historic choice, for in the lobby, between acts, they met Mrs. Newcomb and her son Scott, who was still in the navy. . . .

Fair looked her best tonight. She wore a new black gown, the skirt slit to relieve its tightness about the ankles. It made her appear unusually tall and straight. Her auburn hair had been beautifully coiffed. And if there was a strange glow in her amber eyes, it was a reflection of her pride in Frederick's achievement as a sculptor.

That was the way Scott Newcomb first saw her—walking with her arm in her father's, her head high, her eyes bright and proud.

He was a tall young man in the uniform of a naval lieutenant. So tall that when they shook hands Fair had to tilt back her head to look up into his humorous eyes—eyes that were keen and gray and searching. He had unruly dark hair like his mother's and the same kind of wide good-humored mouth.

"So this is Miss Antler," he said, still holding her hand. He suddenly grinned at his mother. "And I thought you were exaggerating."

"Good heavens, Scott!" laughed Mrs. Newcomb. "Is that the sort of thing you learn in the navy? I don't remember ever having described Miss Antler to you."

"You should have. You owed me that much."

There was an easy camaraderie between these two—the tall naval officer and his gracious gray-haired mother—which robbed his words of boldness. Like Frederick, Fair couldn't help smiling. She said:

"I'd have known *you* without a description, Lieutenant. You're that profile picture on your mother's desk."

"So you've seen it. I've been begging her to get rid of the thing. On the grounds that it doesn't do me justice, of course. Shows me as an ensign."

An usher interrupted with a curtain call. And then Lieutenant Newcomb said quickly: "We're going over to Murray's after the show. Mother's promised to dance with me on that revolving floor. Won't you and your father join us?"

So they went to the kaleidoscopic Murray's, where Fair learned that he was leaving the following day for winter maneuvers with the Atlantic Fleet.

"That means," he said ruefully while they danced to Rose of Washington Square, "that I'll be gone several months. . . . Incidentally, are you doing anything next summer? Or may I take you to lunch?"

"I did have an engagement," Fair said, eyes merry, "but I suppose it could be broken."

"Good! Shall we say some time in June or July?"

"I'll try to be ready."

"You know," he confessed, grinning, "I've always had a horror of militant feminists. They make me think of flat heels and umbrellas. Somehow I can't persuade myself to believe you're one of them. *Are* you really militant?"

"Violently," Fair gravely assured him.

"What are you fighting for now? You've *got* the vote."

"Now we want equality in other fields. In labor, for one. When women and men do exactly the same type of work in factories, we believe they should enjoy an equal scale of wages. And also we're fighting against child labor. We don't want to see our youngsters of eight and ten working in factories and mills."

"Just what," Scott Newcomb inquired, "are you personally doing about it?"

"I make speeches. The clubs are beginning to send me to factory towns over week-ends."

Scott Newcomb laughed. "If women were wise enough to send a couple of lovely representatives like you to Washington just to talk to congressmen, Congress would vote you anything you asked for. And speaking for the navy, I can assure you that women like you would be backed by the service to the last man."

"You manage the most involved compliments I've ever heard," said Fair.

From the table where he sat with the plump gray-haired Mrs. Newcomb, principal of the Arleigh Academy for Girls, Frederick smiled as he watched them dance. They were a superbly attractive couple, he mused; Fair at her loveliest and Lieutenant Scott Newcomb very handsome in his uniform. He noticed, from the corners of his eyes, that Mrs. Newcomb, too, was admiring them with a quiet smile.

Suddenly Frederick experienced one of his periodic pangs. He wondered if these people—or any of the many friends Fair was making through her work—would still be so gracious to her if ever they learned about Andrew.

LONG before Scott Newcomb returned to New York, Fair was established in her own law office on Madison Avenue.

When he finally arrived, in July, Lieutenant Newcomb had to wait almost a week before she was able to see him. Then they lunched together at Rector's. And as he smiled ruefully across the table he declared:

"You're the hardest person in town to see."

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant," she said with genuine regret. "But these have been frightfully crowded days. Andrea had the measles last week, and I tried to stay home with her as much as possible. It threw me far back in appointments."

"How is she?" he inquired solicitously. "Recovered?"

"Oh, quite, thanks."

"And your father? Mother told me he's been working like fury at war monuments."

Fair's eyes brightened. "He's doing marvelously well. Just got his second commission. A great Angel of Peace for the public square of a Vermont county seat."

Scott Newcomb nodded his commendation. Then he surveyed her with a smile while she tucked a few strands of hair under her hat. "Work," he observed, "doesn't seem to disagree with you a bit."

"It keeps me tense and excited, at any rate," she laughed.

"Just what are you doing besides practicing law? I mean, what's the thing that makes your eyes shine?"

"Campaigning for world peace and disarmament."

"Talking to street-corner crowds?"

"Oh, no!" She mimicked conceit. "Only in halls now. I'm a lecturer, with a manager and a fee."

"Well, well!" He grinned. "And I'm getting it free."

"You're looking pretty splendid yourself, Lieutenant. The sea does things to a man."

LISTEN." He bent across the table, his hand descending on hers, his eyes humorously reproving. "I notice you call me Lieutenant. You must realize that a word like lieutenant is ephemeral. Here today, gone tomorrow. It was the same with ensign. As soon as I got used to it, the government changed it. Some day they may change the lieutenant, too. The point I'm driving at is that it's silly to get used to names like ensign, lieutenant, or captain, which have no lasting value, when I have a perfectly good name guaranteed to stick through the years. I refer, of course, to Scott. My best friends call me Scott. Try it. I think you'll find it easy."

"Scott," she repeated tentatively, as if experimenting with the word. She nodded. "Yes, it *is* easy."

"And it sounds much better. Besides, Fair, it will be more pleasant to sign my letters from the Canal Zone 'Scott' than 'Lieutenant.'"

"The Canal Zone?"

"I leave in two weeks. I'm to be stationed there for an indefinite time. Heaven knows how long!"

She was surprised by the unexpected twinge of dismay the news caused her. She couldn't quite understand it.

"The reason I mention it, of course," he went on, his banter returning, "is to play upon your pity for a poor navy man. I'm hoping you'll lend brightness to my last couple of weeks by jotting my name on your engagement pad as often as possible—wherever there's a space, let's say."

Despite the sense of disappointment, she couldn't help laughing again. "You take me back to the office after lunch," she said, "and we'll work over the engagement pad together."

They languished over lunch for almost two hours before they started for the office. Fair had been forced to employ a stenographer, pretty red-haired Miss Conwell, and the girl looked up excitedly when Fair entered with the tall naval officer.

"Miss Antler," she said, rising, "I have a message that you're to telephone the Tombs as soon as you come in." Miss Conwell was tense. "There's a man being held on a murder charge. He—he wants to retain you to defend him."

Fair halted, eyes wide in astonishment.

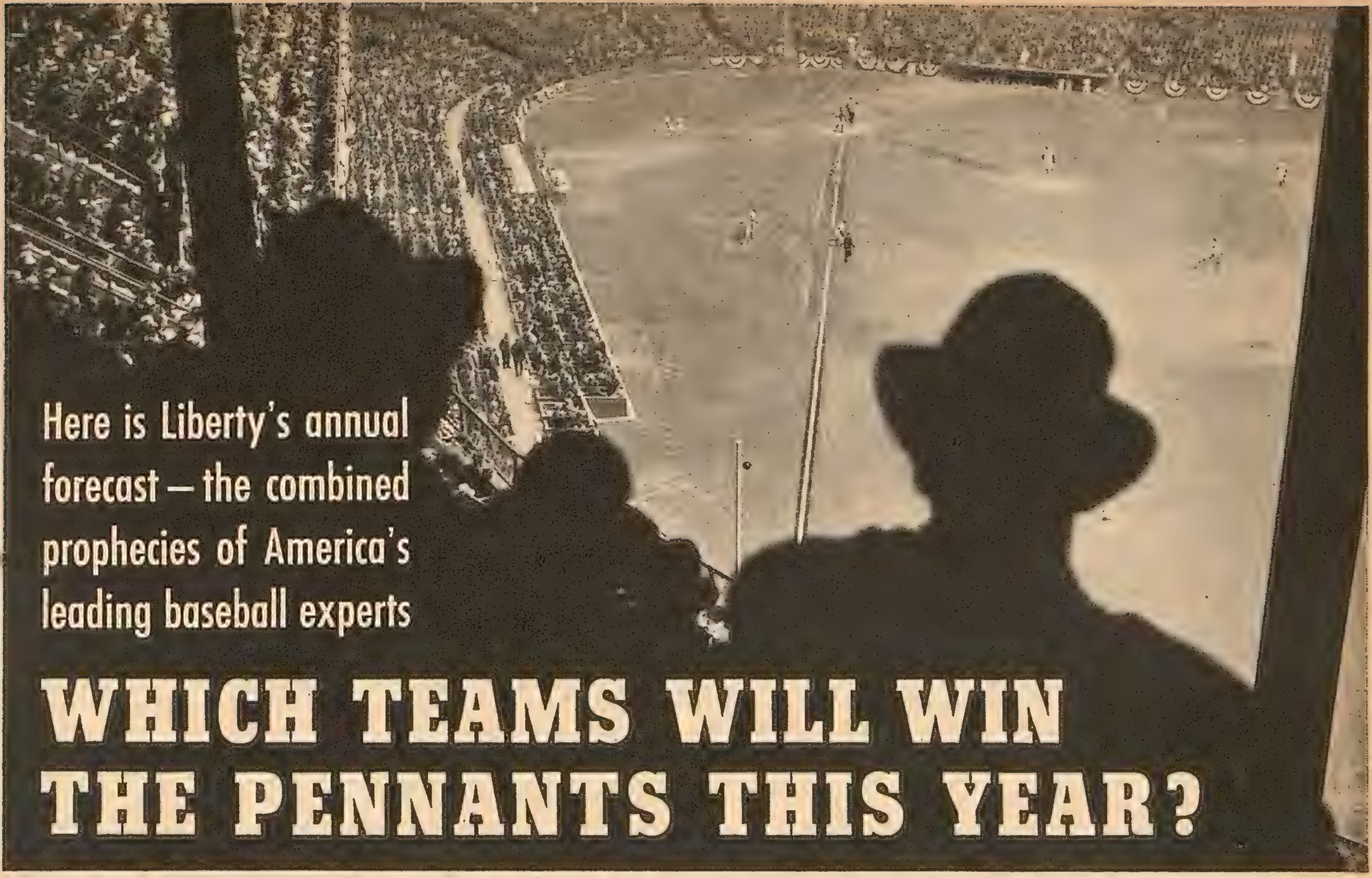
"A—a *murder* charge?" she repeated, incredulous. "He wants *me?*" . . .

"Yes, Miss Antler. I tried to tell them you didn't take criminal cases, but—"

"Who is the man?"

Miss Conwell glanced down at a slip of paper on her desk. She said: "His name is Joseph Cray."

Though the name of Joseph Cray means nothing to his daughter, will Fair be led to undertake the defense of a murderer? And should she discover their relationship, what will it do to her—to Frederick—to her career? In next week's Liberty you will be caught up in a whirlwind of thrills!



Here is Liberty's annual forecast – the combined prophecies of America's leading baseball experts

WHICH TEAMS WILL WIN THE PENNANTS THIS YEAR?

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE rookie was put into the regular line-up the first day he reported. The first batter hit a line drive over his head. Turning quickly, the rookie ran like a man possessed and made the almost impossible catch. Then he trotted in and sat down on the bench.

" It's only one out, you know," the manager yelled.

" Yeh, I know," the rookie answered glumly; " but I got a reputation to worry about now."

As the Clyde Beatty of this major-league prediction poll, your correspondent feels much the same way. Each year Liberty canvasses the sports writers of the country, and it is my privilege to collate their notes and votes. Last year the Liberty poll showed both pennant winners, the only major consensus to turn that trick.

Which teams will survive the exacting grind of this season's 154 game schedule? When all the votes were in, the writers' selections, in point of numbers, were: the New York Yankees to win their fourth consecutive American League pennant, and the Cincinnati Reds to gallop home victoriously in the National circuit.

In the corps which picked the amazing Cincinnati Reds were such experts as Pat Rosa, sports editor of the New York Post, Arthur Daley of the New York Times, Lawton Carver, sports editor of the International News Service, and the brilliant sports columnist of the New York Sun, Frank Graham.

The last-named wrote: " In 1938 Bill McKechnie took over a ball club which had finished the previous season in last place. Somehow, he got them to the finish line in fourth place, the highest the Reds have finished since 1926. This year, with added experience and confidence and a fair break in luck, I don't see how Cincinnati can be beaten.

" Their outfield of Wally Berger, Harry Craft, and Ival Goodman is fast enough to protect defensively, and handy with a bat. The infield starts with last year's star rookie, Frank McCormick, on first base, and continues with Junior Frey and Billy Myers around second, Billy Werber at third, and gives the Reds almost as good an infield as the Cubs. Behind the plate the Reds have Ernie Lombardi, 1938's most valuable performer.

" What really sold me on the Reds, though, is their all-star pitching staff. McKechnie has Bucky Walters, Lee Grissom, Gene Schott, Paul Derringer, Charlie Barrett, and Johnny Vander Meer. Grissom, who won only two games because of injuries last season, can easily be the wheel horse of the staff this semester. Charlie Barrett may knock the National League race into a cocked hat. In the International League last season, Charlie won sixteen games and lost three.

" Yes, add all the factors together, and the Reds have a shade the best of it."

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. CINCINNATI REDS
2. CHICAGO CUBS
3. NEW YORK GIANTS
4. PITTSBURGH PIRATES
5. ST. LOUIS CARDINALS
6. BOSTON BEES
7. BROOKLYN DODGERS
8. PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. NEW YORK YANKEES
2. BOSTON RED SOX
3. CLEVELAND INDIANS
4. DETROIT TIGERS
5. CHICAGO WHITE SOX
6. WASHINGTON SENATORS
7. PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS
8. ST. LOUIS BROWNS

The Chicago Cubs, 1938 champions, were selected by 30 per cent of the experts. The loudest voices among those whose handicap figures showed the Chicago entry repeating belong to the late Paul Shannon of the Boston Post, Wilbur Kinley of the Chattanooga News, Tommy Laird of the San Francisco News, Harry B. Smith of the San Francisco Chronicle, and Jack Smith of the New York Daily News.

In one of the last notes that came from his facile typewriter before his tragic death in Florida, Paul Shannon wrote: " The Chicago Cubs ought to win the National League pennant. The reason is simple. They won last year, and have strengthened themselves more since the last World Series than any of their rivals.

"That their outfield will be better goes without saying. Augie Galan was bothered all through 1938 by injuries, and lightning of that type does not usually strike twice in the same place in successive years. Hank Lieber, removed from what, in his own mind, were uncomfortable surroundings, should finally show Chicago fans the baseball he is capable of playing. The right-field post will be fought for by Joe Marty, Carl Reynolds, and Jimmy Gleeson, a newcomer.

"The Chicago infield is unquestionably the best in the league. With either Rip Russell or Phil Cavarretta on first, Billy Herman and Dick Bartell around the middle, and Stanley Hack at third, no team's first line comes close.

"Gabby Hartnett and Gus Mancuso can more than adequately handle the catching assignment. And no club in either league can present two such pitchers as General Bill Lee and Clay Bryant. Then there are Dizzy Dean, Larry French, Charlie Root, Jack Russell, Vance Page, and Gene Lillard. Yes, Gabby should be all set to face the Yankees again next October."

Sixteen per cent of the experts cast their National League ballots for the New York Giants. Among them were Harry Grayson, sports editor of NEA Service, John Drohan of the Boston Traveler, Henry F. Gruhler of the Atlantic City Press, John Oliver of the Richmond News Leader, Harry Forbes of the New York Daily News, and Waite Hoyt, the former Yankee pitching star, who is now a sports broadcaster in New York City.

Expert Gruhler, of Atlantic City, wrote: "You would have to pick the Cubs over the Giants in the National League if you knew that Dizzy Dean was going to be able to take any kind of a regular turn on the mound, but as a former ballplayer I know that when a pitcher's arm goes dead *in the shoulder,* he's all through. For that reason, I have to give the Giants the nod."

Waite Hoyt writes: "For one thing, a manager makes a difference in a pennant race, and Terry is the best manager in that league. His ballplayers like him, and he's smart. He's what the players call a 'winning' manager.

"The addition of Bonura gives the Polo Grounders what they needed most—a power hitter to team up with Mel Ott. Whitehead and Billy Jurges should be a sensation to New York fans around second base—*if* Burgess can play through the full season. At third base, George Myatt may turn into another Freddie Lindstrom.

"In the outfield, Jo-Jo Moore, Frank Demaree or Bob Seeds, and Mel Ott will form the best outfield in the league. That trio will hit and field better than any other. Behind home plate, Harry Danning will be the number one catcher in the National League this year.

"If Carl Hubbell and Hal Schumacher can come back and win with their accustomed regularity, then winning the 1939 pennant will be a mere formality for the Terrymen. In addition, Terry has Cliff Melton, Harry Gumbert, Bill Lohrman, and Clydell Castleman. It looks like another all New York World Series next fall."

Pittsburgh was chosen by 13 per cent of our voters. In the front ranks were Burris Jenkins, Jr., of the New York Journal-American, Tom Meany of the New York World-Telegram, and John Kieran of the New York Times and the radio program Information Please.

THE gist of all notes on Pittsburgh's victory is that the law of averages, unless repealed, will win this pennant for Pie Traynor's crew. They have a great outfield in the Waner brothers and Johnny Rizzo. Their infield is bolstered with Pep Young and Arky Vaughan at second and shortstop. Gus Suhr at first and Lee Handley at third round out the inner works.

Bauers, Blanton, Klinger, and Tobin are the nucleus of a better than fair pitching staff, and while their catching is under par, there is nothing seriously wrong with the Pirates that a little fighting spirit wouldn't remedy.

The second division of the National League is composed of the St. Louis Cardinals, the Boston Bees, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the inevitable Philadelphia Phillies. Three of those teams start the 1939 campaign with new managers. St. Louis has Ray Blades, Brooklyn has Leo Durocher, and Doc Protho inherits the heavy Philadelphia mantle previously worn by Jimmy Wilson.

That takes care of the situation over in Ford Frick's league, but in the American League we find an entirely different situation. Here the burning question seems to be: "Which team will finish second to the Yankees?"

Statistically, the Bronx Bombers corralled over 80 per cent of the first-place votes! Those whose voices rose above the general babble belonged to James Zerilli of the Detroit News, Howard Roberts of the Chicago Daily News, James M. Gould of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and Bob Considine of the New York Daily Mirror.

Their united opinions were that Gehrig, Joe Gordon, Frank Crosetti, and Red Rolfe are less worry to McCarthy than money in the bank.

IN the outfield, Tommy Henrich, who hit twenty-two homers last year, figures to do at least as well this season. Joe DiMaggio will continue to be the standout player in baseball. George Selkirk, Joe Gallagher, and Charlie Keller will battle for the left-field position. The last-named is tabbed by all who saw him in the International League as the next DiMaggio.

For catching, Joe McCarthy has Bill Dickey. Need any one say more? And in the mound department *poor* Joe has only Charlie Ruffing, Lefty Gomez, Monte Pearson, Wesley Ferrell, Johnny Murphy, Oral Hildebrand, and Steve Sundra. Plus the services of the injured Spurgeon Chandler, Atley Donald, and Jack Haley.

In spite of all this, some other clubs besides the Yankees have a small coterie of supporters. The Boston Red Sox, for instance, were selected by such outstanding word fashioners as Fred Lane of the Boston American, Harry Forbes and Gene Ward of the New York Daily News, and Harry Ferguson, sports editor of the United Press.

Gene Ward, one of those who picked both the Cubs and Yankees last year, wrote: "I'm hopping off the Yankee band wagon this season for a number of reasons. The Boston Red Sox, in 1938, *outhit* the New York Yankees, as a team, by *twenty-five points!* Obviously, the Boston deficiency was in the pitching department.

"Joe Cronin has strengthened his pitching staff by acquiring Eldon Auker and lefty Jake Wade from the Detroit Tigers, and Dinty Galehouse from the Cleveland Indians. In addition he still has, as leftovers from 1938, Lefty Grove, Jack Wilson, Joe Heving, and Jim Bagby. Auker, Wade, and Galehouse might blossom into big winners with a team that has hitters like Jimmy Foxx, Joe Cronin, Joe Vosmik, Ted Williams, and Doc Cramer. It looks like Joe Cronin has finally found the right combination for him."

The Cleveland Indians were third choice in the balloting. Bill Corum of the New York Journal-American writes: "Look at that pitching staff! Bobby Feller, Johnny Allen, Johnny Broaca, Mel Harder, Johnny Humphries, and lefty Al Milnar. In addition, there are sluggers like Ben Chapman, Earl Averill, Jeff Heath, and Hal Trosky. And, last but not least, there is Oscar Vitt, manager of the Indians, who is a good enough leader to figure in as a distinct asset. The Yankees can be knocked off, and my guess is that Cleveland will do it."

Del Baker's Detroit Tigers were nominated for fourth place. There were those, however, who liked the Motor City entry to win the jack pot. Among them were Dick Anderson of the Evansville (Indiana) Press, William F. Fox, Jr., of the Indianapolis News, and Burton Hawkins of the Washington Star.

The main reasons for their choice seemed to hinge on the return of Schoolboy Rowe and Tommy Bridges to their former peaks. Rowe's return could prove a tremendous factor, since he is one pitcher who seems to be able to beat the Yankees consistently. The Detroiters also are banking on the strong right arm of Freddy Hutchinson, young pitching ace from Seattle, of the Pacific Coast League. Home-run Hank Greenberg, Charlie Gehringer, and Billy Rogell are, of course, veterans who will stand up in the heat of a battle royal.

In the second division we see the Chicago White Sox, Washington Senators, Philadelphia Athletics, and the St. Louis Browns. O. K., Mr. Umpire, get your whisk broom, dust off home plate, and let's play ball!

THE END

BIOGRAPHY OF THE CENTURY!

EMIL LUDWIG

author of the famous biography of Napoleon without battles and the story of Franklin D. Roosevelt without taxes which you enjoyed recently in Liberty. You will want to read his newest triumph, Kings and Brothers, without fail.

On Assignment from Liberty

Emil Ludwig

has prepared for you perhaps the greatest achievement of his brilliant career as analyst of personalities and interpreter of human relationships.

KINGS AND BROTHERS

The Lives of George VI and Edward VIII

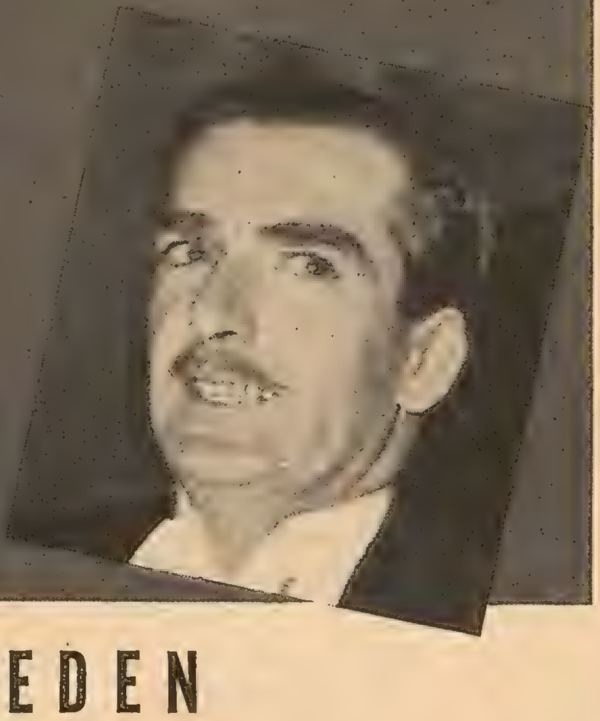
Here, for the first time, the amazing human drama behind the English throne is told in full with sympathy and knowledge. These brothers held the scepter of the world's greatest empire. They wore the richest crown in history. George VI and Edward VIII are not merely the symbol of royalty, they are human beings, sons of the same mother, attached by the ties of blood and memories. They are figures in a great play that Shakespeare would have written had he lived in our times.

Begin it in Liberty for May 20

IN THE GAME OF LOVE
A GIRL CAN'T WIN IF SHE LETS HERSELF GET DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
TAKE IT FROM ME—NO MAN WANTS A GIRL WITH "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
YES! BUT HOW CAN YOU REALLY GUARD AGAINST IT? I GIVE MY SKIN A LOT OF CARE, AND IT JUST SEEMS TO GET MORE DRY AND LIFELESS!
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I USE
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU OWE THAT LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" JUST TO PALMOLIVE? WHAT MAKES IT SO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SOAPS?
WELL, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE LOVE A CHANCE, AND START USING PALMOLIVE TODAY!
PALMOLIVE
IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

WHY ENGLAND MUST HELP FRANCE

An eminent Briton's candid survey of new, vital needs to meet new perils in Europe



BY ANTHONY EDEN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHATEVER view be taken of the immediate international outlook, there will be no dispute in Great Britain that two factors are of outstanding significance in the nation's efforts better to preserve peace. The first is the progress of England's own rearmament, and the second the solidarity and strength of her friendship with France. All sections of the British people will therefore welcome their Prime Minister's assurance, given in his speech in the House of Commons, that "Our relations with France are perhaps closer and more intimate than they have ever been in our recollection."

In present world conditions it will be useful to review recent developments in these relations and to consider what further steps may be needed to give them the widest practical effect. When, in the spring of 1936, the German government denounced the Locarno treaties and reoccupied the Rhineland, the British government, at the outcome of negotiations held in London, reaffirmed its own adherence to those treaties and its determination to fulfill the obligations which they contained toward France and Belgium. In addition it was agreed that staff conversations should be entered into in order to give effect to these same obligations should the need arise.

Later in the same year there occurred a further development the significance of which has not yet perhaps been fully recognized in Great Britain. Under the Locarno treaties England undertook certain obligations toward Belgium, France, and Germany. None of these Powers, however, undertook any obligation to her. Nor indeed did Britain ask them to do so. She gave but she did not receive. In 1936 M. Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, undertook on behalf of his government obligations toward Great Britain similar to those the latter had shouldered ten years earlier under the Locarno treaties. It needs to be emphasized that this French guaranty toward the United Kingdom has as much significance for Britain's safety as the British guaranty has for the safety of France.

In the light of these mutual obligations, which are in truth the expression of a mutual interest, let us review the strategic position that confronts the two countries. The events of last year altered the balance of power in Europe to the disadvantage of the western democracies. It is unprofitable to seek to minimize so self-evident a fact. On the other hand, it may be useful to consider what further steps should now be taken in the light of the changed circumstances that confront us.

France has three main land frontiers, behind which dwell nations with populations of approximately eighty, forty, and twenty millions respectively.

However high our hopes or those of the French government, it will probably be everywhere admitted that it is as yet too early to maintain that France could count with certainty on neutrality on even one of these three frontiers in the event of a conflict which involved western Europe. And in these matters it is certainty that counts.

In the light of these reflections, what is Great Britain's own military position and what should her contribution be? England is at present engaged upon a rearmament effort which has no parallel in her history in time of peace. Such rearmament can be considered as a deterrent and as ultimately providing, let us hope, a basis for negotiations on equal terms.

As a nation with island traditions, it is both natural and right that Britain's attention should have been mainly directed, in the first instance, to the need of sea and air defense. Yet we must now probe a little deeper than that. In the event of any future conflict, does England believe that she will be able to limit her participation to naval and aerial warfare only? Clearly not. Her present army program in itself shows that the eventuality of participation in a European conflict on land has not been overlooked.

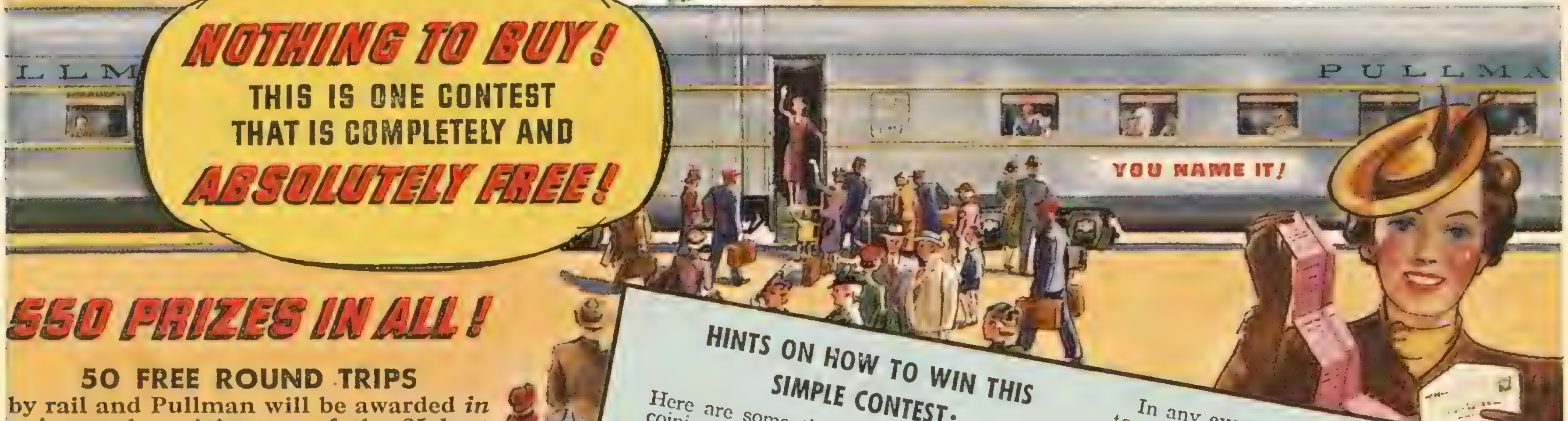
Recent events and consequent modifications in the balance of power in Europe pointed to a further conclusion which was indeed unescapable. It was that Great Britain must be able to give larger and more prompt support to France on land. It is no doubt true that problems of man power, apart from any other considerations, would preclude the participation by Great Britain on land in a world conflict upon a scale comparable with that she eventually realized in the Great War. But there were more than military issues to be considered, and at times the psychological effect of a nation's contribution may greatly exceed its worth in strictly military terms. Who can doubt the value to France of the conviction that the United Kingdom was deliberately making ready to meet the need to give help in this field at an early stage in any conflict, and of the knowledge that she was speeding up her preparations to that end?

Nor could we make a more useful contribution to European security at this time; for military Europe still thinks, in the main, in terms of armies rather than of navies or even of air power. For these reasons, then, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha's assurance that help from Great Britain on land would be speedily and effectively given should be of the greatest encouragement to the French government. It was all the more necessary to give such encouragement, since attempts have been made, and will no doubt continue to be made, to divide us. These attempts are clumsy and will not succeed, but they are persistent and could not be entirely ignored. In countering them, admirable as protestations of loyal friendship no doubt were, deeds are better. Were the Englishman so circumstanced as the Frenchman of the present day who has completed or is engaged upon his period of compulsory military service, he would be deeply grateful, no doubt, at the thought of the help that a British Navy and a British Air Force could bring. Yet exceeding these formidable factors in the creation of an actual sense of comradeship is not only the confident hope but the certainty that the whole of the effort on land would not be left to the unsupported valor of one nation.

THE END

Free 50 THRILLING TRIPS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR!

JUST FOR NAMING A NEW STREAMLINED PULLMAN CAR!



NOTHING TO BUY!

THIS IS ONE CONTEST THAT IS COMPLETELY AND

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

550 PRIZES IN ALL!

50 FREE ROUND TRIPS
by rail and Pullman will be awarded *in pairs* to the originators of the 25 best names submitted. Your choice of *either* the New York or San Francisco Fair.

$200 CASH SPENDING MONEY
An extra chance to win $200 cash if you will *also* answer the two simple questions at bottom of the free entry blank printed below.

500 CRISP NEW $1.00 BILLS
Honorable mention prizes of $1.00 each for the 500 "runners-up"! Get busy now!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO—

PURPOSE OF CONTEST—To acquaint more people with the amazing rail-travel accommodations and service that are being offered the American public by Pullman today!

Think of it! A chance to visit either the New York or San Francisco Fair without a penny's travel expense. A chance to go by rail and Pullman—and take a friend or member of your family with you, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

It's Easy! It's Fun! Just think up a name for the new "Roomette" Pullman car that's pictured on this page. (For added details, see "Hints on How to Win" given at the right.)

$200 Cash Spending Money, Too! Each of the 25 winners of a pair of rail and Pullman tickets to the World's Fair, will receive an *extra prize* of $200 cash spending money just for filling in the two blanks at the *bottom* of the free entry blank shown in the lower corner of this page.

To fill in these blanks, simply visit or phone the railroad ticket agent or Pullman agent—at any railroad station. Ask him the cost of first-class rail fare and Standard Pullman fare (lower berth) to whichever Fair you want to visit—San Francisco *or* New York. Then write this down in the blank space provided for it at the bottom of the coupon. Also important—get the *name* of the man who gives you this information—and write it on the coupon. He'll be glad to tell you, because if you win a free World's Fair trip, *he* also gets a prize!

Hurry! Enter Now! Don't miss this marvelous free-travel opportunity—get busy right away! And remember those prizes—550 of them in all! Fifty round-trip rail and Pullman tickets to either Fair—plus $200 cash prizes for trip winners—and honorable mention prizes of 500 crisp, one dollar bills!

This contest closes midnight, Thursday, June 15. Send your entry in today.

Copyright 1939, The Pullman Company

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN THIS SIMPLE CONTEST:

Here are some tips that may guide you in coining a winning name that will take you (and one of your family) absolutely free to *either* one of the great World's Fairs!

First, look at the drawing of the new Pullman car above. Observe how every line expresses up-to-dateness, comfort and *speed!* This may suggest some such name as "Grey Goose"—"Quick Streak"—or a combination name like "Modernage."

Or you might choose a name suggesting something about either of the two Fairs where Roomette accommodations will be on exhibit. For example, names like "Brooklyn Bridge"—"Perisphere"—or "Treasure Island."

Or you might favor a name that would honor some famous statesman or leader such as "Lincoln"—"Pershing"—or "Washington."

In any event, limit your name suggestion to not more than two words.

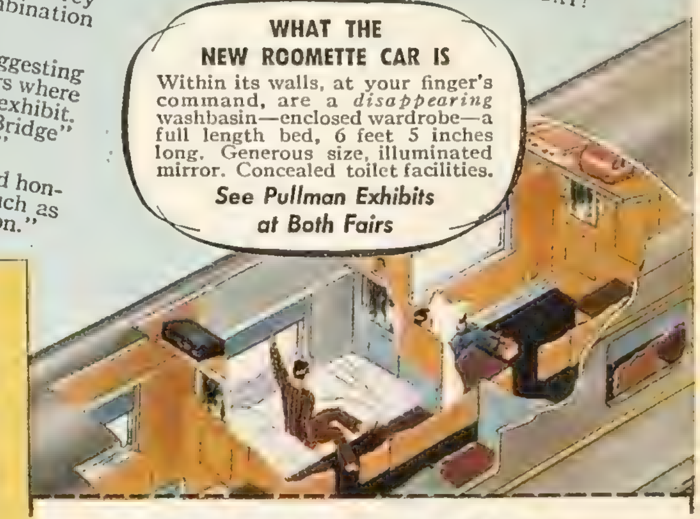
Of course the foregoing names are merely given as examples. Probably you have thought of half a dozen better ones already.

Remember the old saying:—"Nothing ventured, nothing gained." Send your entry in now! It costs you nothing—DO IT TODAY!

WHAT THE NEW ROOMETTE CAR IS

Within its walls, at your finger's command, are a *disappearing* washbasin—enclosed wardrobe—a full length bed, 6 feet 5 inches long. Generous size, illuminated mirror. Concealed toilet facilities.

See Pullman Exhibits at Both Fairs



FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Write plainly or print the name you enter. Print your name and address. Send no money or drawings with your entry.

2. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, Thursday, June 15, 1939.

3. Only one name should be submitted on this entry blank. To submit other names, secure additional free entry blanks from nearest railroad ticket office or from The Pullman Company, Chicago.

4. Winning names will be selected on the basis of originality, uniqueness and suitability. Limit name suggestion to not more than two words. The decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. All entries become the property of The Pullman Company.

5. Entrants whose names are among the 25 chosen as best by the judges will receive two first-class round-trip railroad tickets and two round-trip Standard Pullman lower berth tickets to the 1939 World's Fair of their choice, as described on this page. Tickets are non-transferable. *To win the additional $200, entry blanks must accurately show railroad and Pullman fare from where your railroad (or Pullman) journey will begin, to whichever Fair you prefer to visit—New York or San Francisco.* (See bottom of entry blank.)

This information may be secured by visiting or telephoning your nearest railroad ticket agent.

6. All prize winners will be notified by mail posted not later than July 1st, 1939. When winners have been announced, the details of date of trip; route of railroad (using Pullman service) and dating of tickets will be completed.

7. Prizes will be furnished in the form of railroad tickets and Pullman tickets or orders exchangeable for Standard first-class rail tickets together with Pullman transportation for Standard lower berths, from winner's starting point to *either* San Francisco or New York and return. Trip may be made at any time you select before Sunday, October 1st, 1939.

8. Anyone may enter this contest excepting employees of The Pullman Company and its advertising agency, and the families of these employees. This contest applies only to continental United States and Canada. And is subject to all Federal, State, and local laws and regulations.

FREE ENTRY BLANK

This Is One Contest That Costs Absolutely Nothing to Enter

L

The Pullman Company
208 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
(Write plainly or print the name which you want to enter here)
Above is my entry in your Car-naming Contest.

MY NAME IS..

ADDRESS..

CITY..........................**STATE**.............

NOTE:—$200 in cash spending money if your trip-winning entry has this part of the entry blank filled in correctly. This is not necessary to win a free trip—but it is the only way to get the trips AND the *$200 extra in cash* . . . You may secure this information by visiting or phoning your nearest railroad ticket agent.

I am especially interested in the ....World's Fair.
(Name of Fair here)

My local ticket agent tells me that the first-class rail and Standard Pullman fare (lower berth) from my home to this World's Fair is $....................

The name of the agent who gave me this information is..

The Future of Our Business Depends Upon Your Good-Will

THE VIEWPOINT OF "AMERICA'S FINEST" BARS AND STORES

[AS INTERPRETED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM]

YOU, AS CITIZENS of America, called us into existence because you wanted liquor sold and served in your community under conditions of law and order.

Most of us have learned in the past five years that we cannot exist as a permanent factor in our communities *without* your good-will.

We realize that the public is forming its opinion of the liquor business by the conduct of the bars and stores. In effect, we are the "public relations department" for the entire industry. It is a serious responsibility. The jobs of more than a million workers depend, directly or indirectly, upon the sound and stable future of the liquor industry.

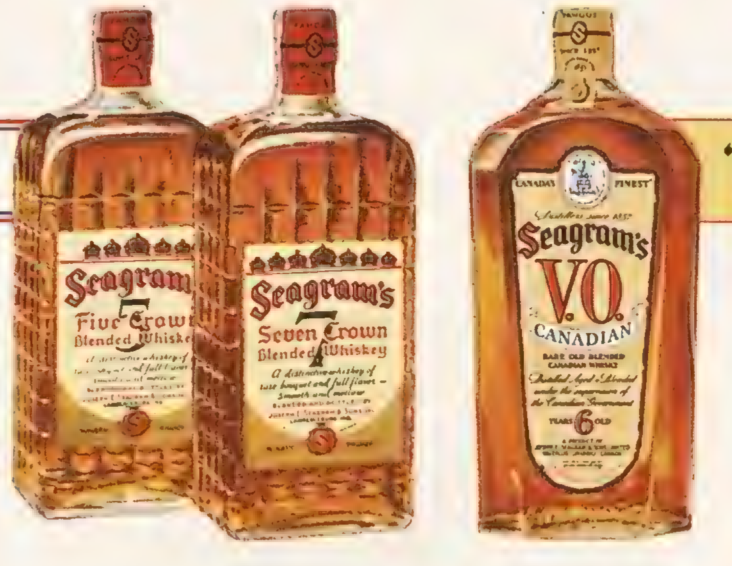
Most of us are striving to merit your confidence and your respect by conducting our establishments in a manner that will do credit to ourselves, our families and our communities. We know that the only way to win your good-will is *to earn it!*

* * *

The House of Seagram, one of America's largest distillers, is proud to sponsor this Good-Will Campaign for "America's Finest" Bars and Stores. Its objectives, we believe, are in keeping with the spirit of Seagram's policy of "Moderation", which we have advocated so persistently over the past five years.

Good-Will Campaign for Bars & Stores Sponsored by the House of Seagram

"AMERICA'S FINEST"



"Canada's Finest"

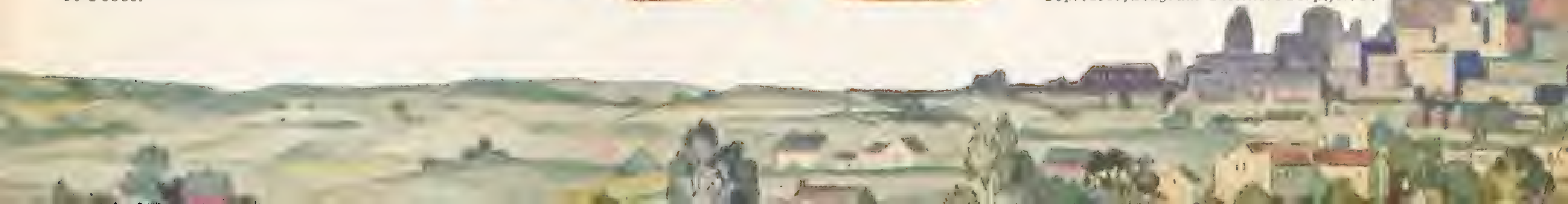
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey—"America's Finest"—A rich tasting whiskey without a trace of heaviness. Blended by master craftsmen. 60% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof.

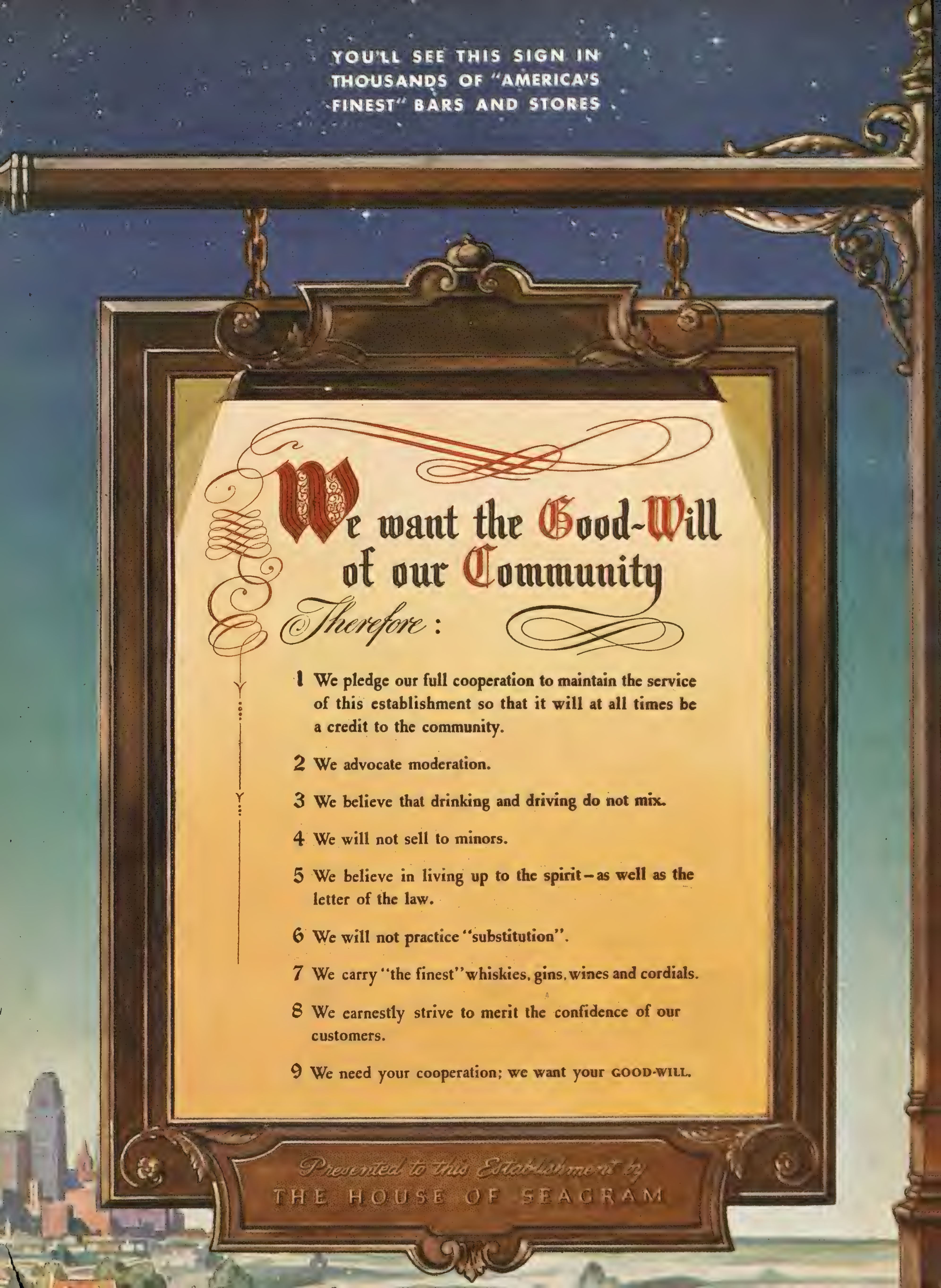
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey—"America's Finest"—A milder tasting whiskey with a superb fineness of bouquet. A national favorite. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grains. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Blended Canadian Whisky—"Canada's Finest"—deliciously delicate—yet deeply satisfying. A masterpiece of the blender's art. "Canada's Finest" Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. 6 years old.

You'll see the Good-Will sign on the opposite page in thousands of "America's Finest" Bars and Stores—except in states where signs are not permitted.

Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.





YOU'LL SEE THIS SIGN IN
THOUSANDS OF "AMERICA'S
FINEST" BARS AND STORES

We want the Good-Will of our Community

Therefore:

1 We pledge our full cooperation to maintain the service of this establishment so that it will at all times be a credit to the community.

2 We advocate moderation.

3 We believe that drinking and driving do not mix.

4 We will not sell to minors.

5 We believe in living up to the spirit—as well as the letter of the law.

6 We will not practice "substitution".

7 We carry "the finest" whiskies, gins, wines and cordials.

8 We earnestly strive to merit the confidence of our customers.

9 We need your cooperation; we want your GOOD-WILL.

Presented to this Establishment by
THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EARLIEST civilized women in America wore solid gold necklaces of birds and beasts around their throats, where the impulse of life was then supposed to dwell. . . . Wore golden images of frogs overpowering golden snakes—symbol of mankind's eternal combat against the lower forms of nature. . . . Wore golden nose ornaments exquisitely designed, and comfortable enough to be revived as a new style stunt by any café queen of today's society. . . . As pendants they wore double eagles—two heads, four wings, one body—curiously resembling our modern airplanes in miniature. . . .

To explain the above, I must tell you I've just been looking at Maurice de Sedle's collection of Inca and Mayan amulets from Colombia, Costa Rica, and Panama. No one can tell for sure how old they are—not even Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, Peabody Museum archaeologist at Harvard, who thinks they may date back two thousand years, perhaps much more. . . . Maurice de Sedle is an exploring jeweler. Treks to faraway places; brings home fabulous finery. Near a Colombian village he found local kids playing splash games with emeralds in a wayside brook. Local groceryman sold him a rough-cut emerald the size of your thumb. . . . It wasn't all as rosy as that, however. One day, while he was taking a sun bath, vultures figured him for dead and swooped down to pick him clean. "I ran like Glen Cunningham," says Mr. de Sedle. . . . Who wouldn't?

☆ How professional etiquette may wring the heart of a gem collector. . . . As Mr. de S. stood chatting with the owner of a pawnshop-jewelry store at Bogotá, in walked a newlywed pair, a wedding present under the boy's arm Timidly inquired if it would bring enough for a honeymoon trip—say about fifteen hundred dollars. The boy opened the box and Mr. de S. began to have palpitations. He saw antique earrings, necklace, bracelet, and brooch of massive gold, set with gigantic emeralds. Not even the proprietor of the place could resist a generous impulse. Paid the boy five thousand dollars, while Mr. de S. looked on and suffered in ethical silence. Soon as the young couple took their rapturous departure, Mr. de Sedle bid fifty thousand, cash down. But the other man knew better. That *wedding gift* was worth at least a hundred thousand!

NO PARKING
merrylen

"But it was right where we want to park!"

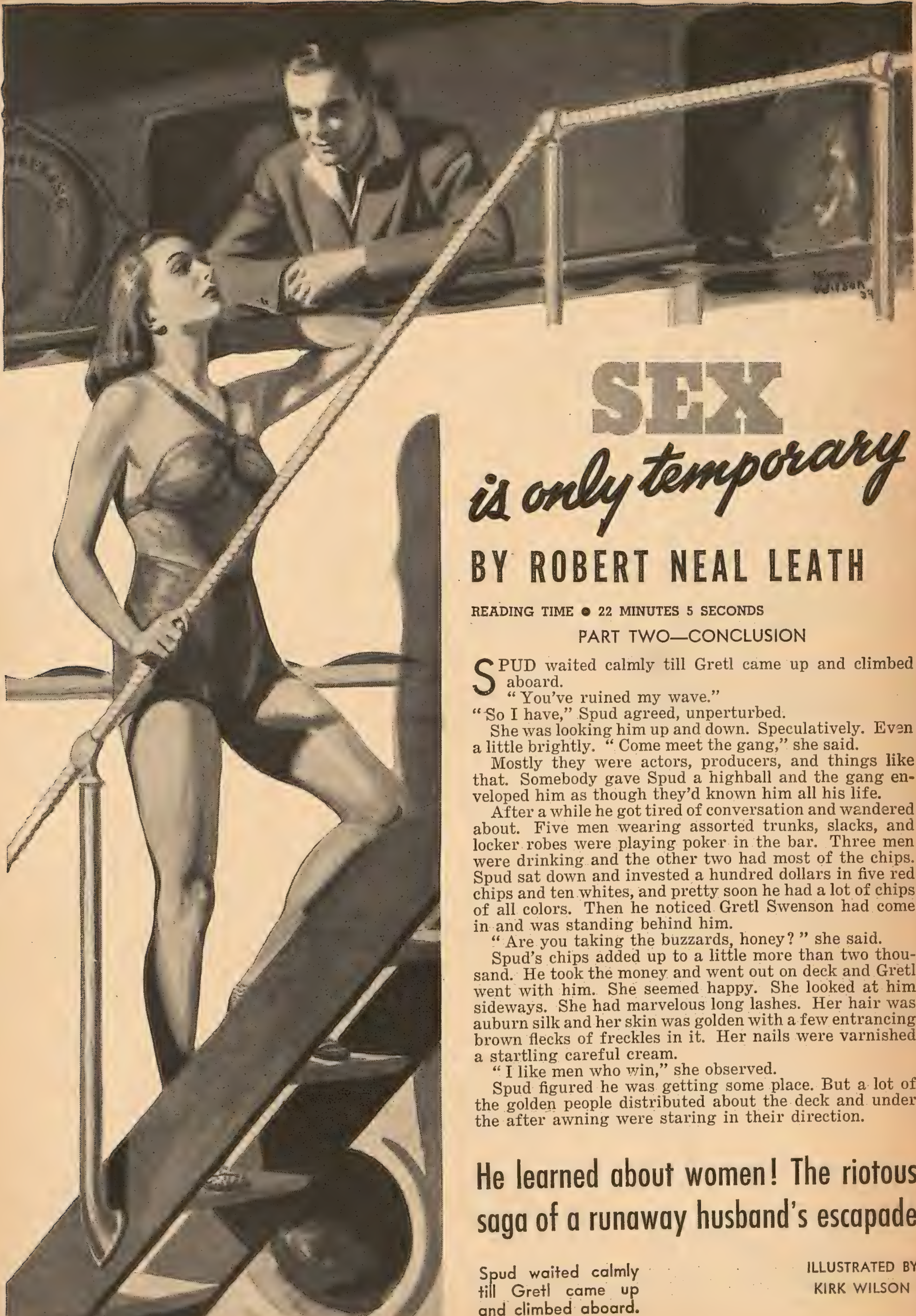
☆ "Is it polite," writes a Texas girl, "to make a fuss and disturb every one when I spill something on my dress at a party? Some girls do, and it seems to make them popular." . . . I know. But it depends on whether or not you can live up to the role of a disturber. Don't start anything you can't finish. After the spill has been fussed over, how are you going to keep the limelight?

☆ Now it's smart among junior hostesses to have guests etch their autographs on the glass top of a cocktail table. Here's the method, in case you're interested: . . . Paint the glass thinly with melted paraffin. Sign the name, digging through the wax with a sharp pencil or pointed orangewood stick. Apply a coating of etching cream (costs less than a dollar) over the signature. Leave the cream on for three minutes, then wash the glass clean. And there's your autograph, permanently etched.

☆ To women interested in doing radio work I recommend Ruth Adams Knight's new book, Stand by for the Ladies. (Published by Coward-McCann, Inc.)

☆ Secret passageways, perilous catwalks, lovely maidens villainously pursued! . . . Always a fan for melodrama, I like real-life thrillers best. Sat entranced at a recent party while Frederick Ecker, up-top Metropolitan Life Insurance executive, recalled true tales from the time when San Francisco's Chinatown was honeycombed with underground galleries and webbed with spidery bridges from house to house. . . . "One night during a tong war," he said, "an escaping clique carried a beautiful Chinese girl across a footbridge high above the street. The middle of the bridge collapsed and all fell to their death. Enemies had substituted paper panels for the floor boards." . . . Golly!

☆ Good old American ways of cooking chicken cannot be improved, but if you want to try something different for a change, I suggest this excellent Hungarian dish called *Chicken Magyar*. . . . Divide a 4-pound bird into small joints. Dredge with well seasoned flour and fry lightly in butter. Chop 2 large onions; brown slightly in frying pan; then put in 1 tablespoon mild paprika, 2 tablespoons tomato purée, 1 cup dry-pack canned corn, and 1 cup water. Combine with chicken in heavy pan, closely covered. Simmer very slowly for 2 hours, adding a little more water if necessary. Serve garnished with strips of pimento and quarters of hard-boiled egg. Buttered noodles go best with this.



SEX is only temporary

BY ROBERT NEAL LEATH

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

SPUD waited calmly till Gretl came up and climbed aboard.

"You've ruined my wave."

"So I have," Spud agreed, unperturbed.

She was looking him up and down. Speculatively. Even a little brightly. "Come meet the gang," she said.

Mostly they were actors, producers, and things like that. Somebody gave Spud a highball and the gang enveloped him as though they'd known him all his life.

After a while he got tired of conversation and wandered about. Five men wearing assorted trunks, slacks, and locker robes were playing poker in the bar. Three men were drinking and the other two had most of the chips. Spud sat down and invested a hundred dollars in five red chips and ten whites, and pretty soon he had a lot of chips of all colors. Then he noticed Gretl Swenson had come in and was standing behind him.

"Are you taking the buzzards, honey?" she said.

Spud's chips added up to a little more than two thousand. He took the money and went out on deck and Gretl went with him. She seemed happy. She looked at him sideways. She had marvelous long lashes. Her hair was auburn silk and her skin was golden with a few entrancing brown flecks of freckles in it. Her nails were varnished a startling careful cream.

"I like men who win," she observed.

Spud figured he was getting some place. But a lot of the golden people distributed about the deck and under the after awning were staring in their direction.

He learned about women! The riotous saga of a runaway husband's escapade

Spud waited calmly till Gretl came up and climbed aboard.

ILLUSTRATED BY
KIRK WILSON

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO ...USE COLGATE LATHER"

2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER... THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Joseph Malfa
Head Barber, Hotel Roosevelt, New York City.

1. QUICK
because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTH
because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. ECONOMICAL
You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

BARBERS KNOW from long experience that lather gives a smooth, easy shave, because it wilts whiskers soft and fast. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. For shaving at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube.

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

"Do you always have so many *people* hanging around?" he inquired irritably.

"Always!" Gretl stopped her sigh in its middle. Her lashes lifted. "You look tired, sweetheart," she said for no apparent reason. "Why don't you go below and take a nap?"

Spud realized he *was* tired. He'd had very few hours of sleep since leaving New York.

All the staterooms below were unlocked. He took the first which contained no baggage, and was sound asleep within three minutes after undressing.

When he waked, it was dark. The yacht throbbed steadily. Somebody was knocking. Spud fumbled for the light, put on his shorts, and opened the door.

A steward in a white jacket said, "Miss Swenson's compliments, sir, and will you join her for cocktails on the afterdeck?"

Spud dressed without delay. Attaining the deck, he saw nothing but the open sea. The comparative quiet, too, astonished him. There now seemed to be, and indeed it turned out there was, absolutely no other guest aboard except himself. Stationary glass Japanese lanterns bathed the area under the awning with soft colored light. Gretl was waiting there in the shadowed depths of a great divan which had been made fast to the deck. She wore a white evening gown and a long cape of pale blue velvet against the caressing chill of the salt breeze. The cocktails were Manhattans, strong. Then they went into the dining saloon. Gretl had one small trout and a little lettuce without anything on it. Spud was served a thick broiled filet, mushrooms, fresh peas, Burgundy, rolls, honey, butter, an avocado salad, plum pudding, coffee, and kümmel.

Afterward they returned to the divan and, wrapped in a huge steamer rug, watched the wake of the ship and talked, and Spud kissed her several times. She kissed back. Spud never remembered exactly what they'd talked about, but always believed it was something about how he was going to write her next picture. Anyway, after the last kiss she gasped and Spud found himself suddenly alone. He returned to the stateroom he'd picked out for himself and went back to sleep.

SOMEBODY was whistling. Spud pried one eye partly open. The Changeling had stopped. Sunlight was streaming through the porthole, and out of it a strange whistling towheaded guy was cheerfully tossing Spud's clothing. *Whoosh!* went Spud's coat. *Whish-whish!* went his shoes.

Completely awake on the instant, Spud somehow executed, from his bunk, a hurtling flying tackle. His pants, at least, were safe—and his wallet.

The towheaded guy remained sitting under the porthole.

"You're too impulsive, pal," he said, reproachful. "It was just a gag, see?"

Long muscles flowed under his striped jersey and he could have given quite an argument to Spud or any one else. But he just sat there rubbing his jaw till Spud had cooled down. Then he rose and went to the door.

"Breakfast must be ready," he said conversationally. "Are you coming?"

Spud put on his pants and went. He didn't like to get *too* rough before he knew the score. Maybe he'd been muscling in on somebody's territory.

Gretl Swenson looked up from her tea and Melba toast with a startled and none too pleased expression.

"Tex! Where did *you* come from?"

Two more guys were entering the dining saloon from the other side.

The long, bony, sunburned one said, "Tex came with us, darling. Naturally."

"Do you mind?" the chunky one said.

All of them sat down at the breakfast table, so Spud sat down too. Gretl's entrancing face had taken on a mottled look. She said distinctly, "You three rats get offa my boat this instant!"

THEY paid no attention. Therefore chivalry, Spud reflected, dictated he personally should come to the lady's aid and chuck them off. Discretion, however, advised a pause. The bony one he had recognized immediately as Rick O'Mara, swordsman and star in his own right. One of the towhead's names obviously was Tex. Spud had no idea who he might be, nor the chunky one.

The Chinese mess boy was hovering, grinning. Rick O'Mara said to him, "We'll have kidneys and fried eggs, Yeong."

"You'll have nothing of the kind!" Gretl said viciously. "You know I can't bear the smell of fried eggs in the morning!"

Rick just looked at her.

The chunky one purred with flat authority, "You heard Mr. O'Mara, Yeong. Scram!"

Gretl flung her napkin down and rose, angry color in her cheeks. Yeong had scrammed.

Spud said, "You might tell me who these mugs are."

Gretl paused, pointed. Her voice trembled. "*That* one is Charlie Weiss."

She stormed out. Chunky Charlie Weiss bowed. "The best gol-ding cameraman in the industry," he said.

Yeong brought some iced watermelon, then the kidneys and fried eggs.

"We got here as soon as we could," Tex apologized.

"Right after we saw it in the newspapers," Charlie agreed.

Spud Billings felt his gorge rising. He seemed to be a trifle behind current events.

"Saw what in what newspapers?" he said belligerently.

"About you and Gretl are gonna get married," Tex said. "Parsons and Fidler had it. Woofie's work, of course."

"Are you going crazy?" Spud inquired. "I met Miss Swenson only yesterday."

Tex slowly wagged his whitish mop. "And what did she give you for dinner last night?"

Spud told them.

Tex looked at Charlie and Charlie looked at Rick, and all of them burst into roars of laughter.

"Filet mignon!" Rick said weakly. "And he claims he's not engaged."

Blood was rising inside Spud's neck, so he threw his napkin down, too, and went on deck.

"Never mind, pal," Charlie roared after him. "We're the marines."

The yacht again was anchored in Avalon Bay and the people already had begun swarming back. Everybody in the world, it seemed, knew Gretl Swenson. Intimately.

There was swimming and gossip about picture making and flirting and drinking and pictures and sandwiches and legs and pictures and swing music on the radio and cocktails and pictures.

And subtly every one seemed to know Spud was Gretl Swenson's new boy friend. To his amazement he found himself important. Nearly as important as Rick O'Mara and Tex. Gorgeous lovelies hung on his words. Tex, he discovered, was the celebrated Texas O. A. Martin, who directed two smash hits and one flop each year.

BORROWING a canoe, Spud paddled to Avalon and, in the finest shop, selected everything in the way of apparel he could think of, from swimming trunks to white dinner jacket. These garments, he informed the gratified management, should be charged to Mr. Texas O. A. Martin and delivered to Miss Gretl Swenson's Changeling at once. Later, neatly intercepting the packages at the rail, Spud had solved his clothing problems.

Tonight Gretl didn't ask any one to leave. After dusk descended, her skipper upped anchor, a buffet supper appeared, and later a great searchlight was turned on.

It was a good season for flying fish. They burst from the dark surface, flashed in the beam in their brief moments of ecstasy, dropped again to the smothering waters.

At the rail, Spud Billings had his arm through Gretl's, but removed it and put it round her waist instead. Three men approached and paused, regarding Spud's arm.

"You'll regret that, pal," Charlie said.

They laughed and went on.

"Look," Spud said harshly. "I don't believe I've mentioned it. But I've got a wife."

Gretl stiffened. A long moment she was silent. But then she said quite casually, "Reno is simply loads of fun. We could start, say, day after tomorrow."

"*Reno!*" To date, Spud hadn't even thought of Reno.

Gretl turned in the circle of his arm. Regarded him quite calmly, even though her lower lip did slightly tremble.

SO THE HARDER A WIFE WORKS, THE CUTER SHE LOOKS!
1. GOSH, HONEY, YOU SEEM TO THRIVE ON COOKING, CLEANING AND DUSTING—AND I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT BY CLOSING TIME. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
VITAMINS, DARLING! I ALWAYS GET MY VITAMINS
2. REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU—YOU CAN'T HAVE PEP WITHOUT VITAMINS? WELL I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING—A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP, THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. AND I'VE ALREADY LAID IN A SUPPLY FOR OUR BREAKFASTS
3. HONEY, IF VITAMINS CAN GIVE ME EVEN A LITTLE OF YOUR ZIP AND SPARKLE, YOU'VE MADE THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU. AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST. IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!
Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN (B-D) ENRICHED
Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

*Pep contains only vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adults and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

Bear this in mind when choosing Gin:

Gordon's has the Advantage

OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF, 94.4

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

● You're missing something very important if you overlook Gordon's advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. For, that advantage means velvety smoothness. It means richer flavor. It means drinks that never taste thin! So, ask for Gordon's—next time you order gin by the bottle or the drink!

Drinks never taste thin with

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

TRY GORDON'S SLOE GIN, 60 PROOF

Copyright 1939, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

"You don't imagine," she asked, "that I could possibly have a c-c-clan*destine* affair, do you?"

"Of course not," Spud said hastily.

Yet his mind was whirling. Incredibly, she meant it. In the past, none of his other off-the-record peccadilloes had been more than just that, and in the past all the other lulus had understood perfectly. But now Mr. Spud Billings realized he had swum out beyond his depth.

"Listen!" he said hoarsely. "I only earn—"

"Don't be silly!" Lightly she touched his lips. "I'll get you a very good job indeed! A writer like *you!*"

Right then Spud remembered Louella as she'd been across the breakfast table—mulish; determined to whip him down. He remembered he'd left Louella forever.

"O. K.," he said.

LADY," said Captain Loomis, some three thousand miles distant, "relax. He ain't in the morgue. He ain't in no hospital and he ain't in jail. Therefore he is just out on a bender or something and he will come home soon as his dough runs out. He's got money in the bank, so he didn't bump his own self off from worry. And he don't have no affairs with other women! So—"

"There," Louella said, "you are wrong, officer. He falls for some new honey every three months."

Loomis gulped. "In that case, lady," he said finally, "you are out of luck. If a guy moves out on his wife and in on some other dame, with the other dame's permission, this may seem a very reprehensible procedure indeed from the wife's point of view, but the Missing Persons Bureau cannot collar said guy and return him kicking and screaming into his original wife's clutches, for the law does not instruct us in this manner. And therefore, lady, I will bid you good day."

"And you call this a police department!" Louella witheringly said.

"Did I?" inquired Captain Loomis with interest. "When?"

Louella went home and stewed. She located her maid Celestine and cut Celestine's vacation short. The home which Louella and Spud had built was rambling and white. A brook gurgled in back, and there were trees everywhere, and across the brook lay the clipped fine fairways of the country club. Every house along the brook had at least an acre, the children and dogs could play without fear, and it had been as excellent a place to live as you could find. With Spud. Without him, the house was suddenly nothing. If only she knew where he *was!*

Louella got out and tried golf. She played with three women, three other wives along the brook. They were, Louella thought, kind and viciously considerate, failing to inquire where Spud was. On the fourth fairway Louella burst into tears and went running home, splashing through the brook and squdging thereafter.

She didn't care how much mess she made. She hated these women with all her heart.

They stared after her in consternation. They hadn't even missed Spud Billings so far.

"Hello, there," an amused voice said in Louella's living room. "Your maid was good enough to give me a Scotch-and-soda while I waited—Why, what's the *matter?*"

Vilma Drake. The voluptuous widowed viper who had started everything. Now a vision in white. A schoolgirl white silk dress. A crazy, sophisticated white hat. Gloves. That infuriating, perfect auburn hair.

Vilma had been cool, languid, feminine. Now she showed a startled concern.

"None of your business what's the matter!" Louella said.

"Oh. . ." Vilma shrugged slightly. "You got mud all over you, dear," she said dulcetly. "Did you fall in something?"

"Yes, I did!" Louella's voice dripped venom. "Do you wanna make something of it?" She was very, very aware of the mud. Also her nose probably was red.

Vilma assembled her gloves, bag. The air was a trifle too chilly. "Not at all, dear. I just called to say goodby. Every one hereabouts has been so lovely to me. I'm leaving tomorrow, you know, to be married again."

BEFORE Louella weakly sat down, she jingled a little bell on the mantel. Celestine waddled in.

Louella said, "Two more Scotch-and-sodas." Then she turned to Vilma. "Did you mention a wedding?" she inquired.

"The most gorgeous millionaire," Vilma said. "I'm expensive."

"You—" Louella said, and then she was crying again, her head on her knees—"you're a h-h-home wrecker!"

"I?" gasped the astonished Vilma.

"Spud has *l-l-left* me and I don't know where he's *g-g-gone!*" Louella wailed.

Vilma put her bag and gloves down again. She went to Louella and gently touched her hair. Within minutes she had extracted the details. Then she was silent. Somehow a pattern seemed to be forming in her mind. Suddenly she demanded, "Where do you keep your newspapers?"

"Over th-there."

All the papers for several days past lay in a heap on a table. Rapidly Vilma searched them.

"Ah!"

She pointed to a particular place on the theatrical page. Under a Hollywood date line and beside a large black question mark Louella read: "What dashing young Eastern writer, a runaway from his wife, today snared one of our most glamorous Titians for wedding bells his very first day in town?"

Stopped now were Louella's tears.

"D-do you actually think—it could be my little Spuddie?"

"If it's *not* your little Spuddie,"

Vilma said briskly, "I'll munch a spider. Get going, darling! I'll be glad to help you pack."

MR. SPUD BILLINGS trudged along the shore, trying to accustom his mind to the astonishing changes in his own existence. He hardly recognized himself. Just a few days ago he'd been a suburbanite, settled—not very calmly, but settled—with a wife, two children, and a dog. And now here he was on a moonlit island beach beyond the opposite side of the continent, apparently pledged to an entirely different life and an entirely different woman.

In the bay the lights of the Changeling were readily identifiable among those of lesser craft. Later tonight, Spud knew, he was expected to take Gretl dancing. Santa Barbara, in a plane. And expected tomorrow to head for Reno. But meantime he'd felt this need to walk alone a little while and put his thoughts in order.

He wasn't very successful. Mainly he realized merely that he'd stepped up to a faster plane of living, where the ordinary techniques and cautions of emotion were pulled out of shape, changed around, and given different relative values by speed. He saw, too, that these standards were not necessarily altered for the worse. They were just different.

Spud had turned back now, and was returning to the town, when three figures rose from the sand.

"We're having some drinks, pal, with you," Tex said.

"No, thanks."

Charlie said, "Shall we use force?"

"We'd just as soon," Rick O'Mara said politely.

They went to a place called the Leilani. It was a nice, well ventilated place with cane booths and, behind the bartenders, an artificial thunderstorm, complete with lightning and rain.

"What's this for?" Spud said.

Tex told him, "Your own good."

Spud was thinking, If I sock him—He said, "You stevedores lay offa me, or there's going to be trouble."

"With us?" Towheaded Tex was aggrieved. "When we're only doing you a favor? We've decided," he added, "that you're going to run right on home and forget all about Miss Gretl Swenson."

"Yah!" Spud snorted. "So's one of you can grab her for himself."

His three hosts leaned back, to a man, and regarded Spud with complete incredulity.

"Sweetheart," Charlie said at last, "don't you know who we are?"

"He couldn't," Tex said, "and still talk to us so rough."

"Tell him," Rick O'Mara suggested.

Tex said, "We are the Benevolent and Protective Society for the Prevention of Marriages Between Miss Gretl Swenson and Any Poor Sap Whatsoever."

Spud thought this over. "Why?"

Previously Spud Billings had suspected they were crazy. Now he was becoming sure of it.

PSORIASIS Sufferers

DO YOU KNOW THAT SIROIL HAS BECOME INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS?

During the past five years the beneficial effects of Siroil on external psoriasis lesions have been enthusiastically acclaimed by victims of this disease in the United States, Canada, Mexico—in several countries of Europe and South America, and in South Africa. This fact is mentioned to show that the merit of Siroil is sufficiently great to have given it world-wide prestige.

ARE YOU *neglecting* TO AVAIL YOURSELF OF ITS BENEFITS?

Siroil tends to remove those crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and are located on the outer layer of the skin. Should such external lesions recur, light applications of Siroil will help to keep them under control. All of this is an accomplishment above price to psoriasis sufferers. Thousands of men and women in all walks of life have written to the Siroil Laboratories expressing their thankfulness. Many of these letters are amazing in frankness and pathetic in gratitude.

Do PSORIASIS BLEMISHES ROB YOU OF—

● BUSINESS SUCCESS

It is difficult for any man or woman to make headway in business if always embarrassed or self-conscious because of external psoriasis lesions. And, besides that, these disfiguring blemishes are always a bar to employment or advancement. Do you face this problem?

● SOCIAL CAREER

If you are a woman you want to wear the sheer garments which add so much to a woman's charm. But with external psoriasis lesions you tend to dress for concealment instead of for adornment. Naturally you avoid social activities because of your sensitiveness. Do you face this problem?

● SUMMER PLEASURES

No one wants to go in swimming or to appear in beach attire if external psoriasis crusts and scales make them an object of unfavorable attention. Embarrassed and self-conscious, they naturally avoid these delightful summer enjoyments. Do you face this problem?

THEN TRY SIROIL . . . IT IS OFFERED TO YOU ON A *strict* SATISFACTION-OR-MONEY-REFUNDED BASIS

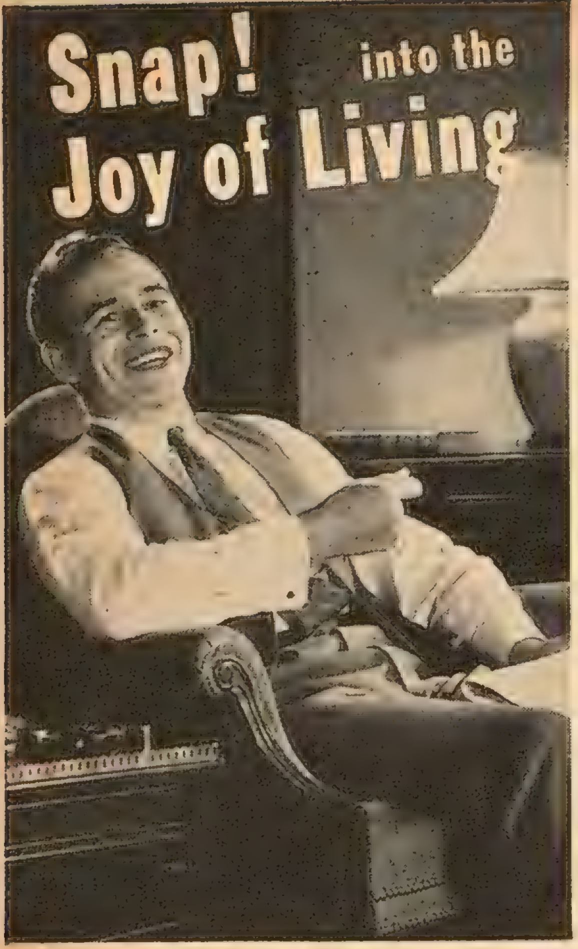
If, after two weeks, Siroil fails to benefit your psoriasis lesions to your satisfaction, merely return bottle with the remaining contents and the purchase price will be refunded. Siroil is applied externally, does not stain clothing or bed linen, and does not interfere with your daily routine. Avoid imitations—try Siroil.

FEATURED BY the AMERICAN DRUGGIST IN COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

If Your Druggist Cannot Supply You Write Direct to

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC. • DETROIT, MICHIGAN
SIROIL LABORATORIES OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

SIROIL ON SALE — AT ALL DRUG STORES


Snap! into the Joy of Living

MISTER MAN, you cannot afford to let so-called "spring fever" *slow you down . . .* or *let you down!*

S.S.S. Tonic may be just the "lift" you need *this Spring* to make you *feel better* and *look better.*

when that tired-let-down feeling

begins to take hold and you slow-down in your work and thinking as the day wears on, it is well to remember your precious red-blood-cells may have been reduced in number and strength.

what causes this change?

Wear and strain of worry, overwork, colds, and sickness often reduce one's blood strength. But you may rebuild this strength by restoring your blood to normal, in the absence of an organic trouble, with the famous S.S.S. Tonic.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

Thousands have been benefited by S.S.S. Tonic. You, too, will want to take it to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired *natural* glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence and we believe you, like others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

interesting booklet *free*

Send name and address on post card to S.S.S. Co., Atlanta, Ga., Dept. M-3, for helpful illustrated booklet on The Joy of Living.

.. In the Spring take

S.S.S. TONIC

"Because," Charlie told him, "we have all been married to her ourselves. One at a time, of course."

Rick O'Mara leaned on the table. His actor's voice was precise and distinct. "And we can assure you—it is a most harrowing experience."

That loosed the flood. They weren't smiling. They were bitterly and deadly serious, Spud saw.

"You've never been married to a movie star. Listen!"

"Her figure's a matter of professional life or death, of course."

"That means no babies."

"Not unless you adopt 'em."

"It also means she can't eat."

"Which means you can't eat, either, once the honeymoon is over. Not at home anyway."

"Gretl will see to that."

"Oh, *boy!* Will she!"

"And she must work all day and gad all night."

"Openings. Parties. Personal appearances."

"But *you* must work too."

"And maybe your hours fit with hers, but mostly they don't."

"But when you *do* get together, you can quarrel just as quickly as any other two people."

"Quicker. There's always the guys hanging around, the pinch hitters."

"Yet you never have time to make up like an ordinary husband and wife. Not properly."

"And every time you do something she doesn't like, she walks out on you and goes to a hotel. Or New York. Or Hawaii."

"Because she loves being chased and brought back."

"And that goes on a year or two, and then—wham!—you're divorced."

"And furthermore," Charlie said through his teeth, "she uses your razor!"

GOOD evening, gentlemen." Spud started to rise.

"Sit still!" Rick O'Mara said sharply. "We haven't finished."

"Oh, nuts!" Tex put in disgustedly. "Why do we bother with this numskull?"

But Rick was patient. He ordered another round, then leaned toward Spud.

"We're bothering, fellow, because you're just like us. Nervous and cocky. That's why Gretl fell for you so quickly. And you fell for her probably because she's just exactly like that wife you've got already, only worse. You see, we know by experience. Whenever a man marries, he marries the same woman over again, whether he thinks so at the time or not—only worse."

"Only worse," Charlie repeated.

Spud snorted. "Oh, tommyrot!"

"All right, pal," Tex snorted back. "You'll find out!"

Somebody said in an ugly way, "So *there* you are!"

Rick O'Mara started, and Spud saw that arrived in front of their tables were three young, lovely but extremely irate young women.

"Running after that woman again!" the brunette flashed, eying Tex.

Rick had risen. "Our wives," he wearily explained to Spud, waving a hand.

The wives, having delivered a Frigidaire silence, sat down in it. Rick ordered some drinks for them.

After a while Rick's wife announced in a sweet flat way that boded no good for anybody: "We have come to take you boys home." This one resembled Lamour slightly.

"I guess I'll be going," Spud said.

"Don't let us stop you," Mrs. O'Mara acidly observed.

But at that moment there was a little break in the continual buzz of the Leilani. A small silence such as always applauds the entrance of a celebrity; and then Gretl Swenson was with them. A Gretl gorgeous in evening gown, ermine, and towering temper.

"I waited for you," she icily informed Spud, "exactly one hour!"

Taken aback, he said lamely, "I was just going."

"Well!" Her right slipper was tapping.

AWKWARDLY Spud managed to extricate himself from the booth. But he didn't want to feel obligated to these hoodlums. He wanted to pay his share of the check. So he pulled out a handful of money—and then it happened.

"Don't bother with that," Gretl commanded, and delicately but firmly tapped his hand upward.

At first Spud couldn't believe it had happened. But it had. And the coins were bouncing and scattering and merrily rolling to hide. And maybe the three wives of Tex and Charlie and Rick O'Mara imagined how funny Spud would look, picking up the coins; maybe they thought he looked funny already, with that frozen, blotched, unbelieving look on his face. But anyway they giggled.

Gretl was giggling too.

In that moment Spud saw that the three-man society had been completely right. Each of them was, indeed, exactly like the others inside—and exactly like himself. No wonder they'd seemed strangely familiar to him from the first. And all of these wives, different though they might be in appearance, probably inside were very much alike too, and very similar to Gretl Swenson in character, only worse. And Gretl practically was Louella—only a very great *deal* worse, for marriage purposes, than Louella.

Slowly Spud turned. Gently he put his hands on Gretl's ermine and found her arms and put her firmly down into a chair. Then he took her bag from her hands. He took the three wives' bags off the table. He took the coin purses out of the bags and opened them and deliberately dropped all the money on the floor. Then he took the bags themselves, one by one, and turned them upside down and shook them. Lipsticks and combs and mirrors and everything went all over the floor. He dropped the bags on the floor too. Then he turned and walked out of there and kept on walking till he came to the airplanes for the mainland.

In Hollywood, he bought some magazines at the Knickerbocker newsstand, and then, since he still had his key in his pocket, went directly up to his room.

The lights were on. A feminine smell of powder immediately tickled his nostrils. Feminine stockings, clothing were everywhere. Then he saw Louella.

She was sitting in a big chair. Wide-eyed. Uncertain. Some knitting in her lap. Finding Spud's headquarters had been child's play, since he hadn't bothered to assume a different name. The second hotel she'd called had been the right one. She was wearing her honeymoon negligee, Spud saw; the one she saved.

"H-h-hello, dear," she said in a small voice.

"Hello."

"Honey—I won't ever do the coin trick again," Louella meekly said.

"That's good." Spud inspected her sharply. Warmth suffused him. She looked so completely delectable and wifely. So all softened up. Maybe she'd stay that way. But Spud doubted it. He took a hot bath and decided to read a while. But Louella turned the lights off and climbed upon his lap and nuzzled against his neck contentedly.

"Honey—"

There was an undertone, a tiny scratching sharpness.

"What?"

"Have you been having a nice time?"

THEN, at that and at last, Spud realized that truly, though sex might be only temporary, marriage was permanent indeed. And that somehow he personally had gotten himself permanently married. He'd be married all his life to Louella, and she'd never let him forget it, and she'd always make him pay when he stepped out of line. He started to laugh, and he laughed and laughed.

"Spud!" Louella whispered in urgent alarm. "Don't laugh l-like *that!*"

Spud stopped gradually. Relaxed, he drew her head closer. Later he was to discover his trip to Hollywood had accomplished one thing at least: Louella never again would run home to mama. She'd be too scared. And right now, Spud thought, under the circumstances, he might as well kiss her.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **DELIVER US FROM EVIL** by Achmed Abdullah. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A magnificent synthesis of the doubts and hopes of humanity today, rich with a message of a way out. A book that will bless all who read it.

"A mighty good sign, Son ...your liking Union Leader!"

IT'S A TRIBUTE to any young man's judgment, when he selects Union Leader as his steady brand of tobacco. For Union Leader has been giving men the biggest tobacco value a dime can buy, for more than 30 years.

The rich hill-grown Kentucky Burley that goes into Union Leader is specially aged to add greater mellowness, specially processed to increase mildness and freedom from bite.

Yes, sir! When a young man chooses Union Leader for either pipe or cigarette, he's wise beyond his years! And this kindly flavorful tobacco will repay his choice by making his bad times good and his good times better!

UNION LEADER 10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co.

FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO

ROMANCE Deferred

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN the summer of the year 1910, Fanny Foster fell in love with Elisha Atwood. To the year-round citizens of Dorset it seemed a thoroughly natural and appropriate thing for her to do. The Fosters and the Atwoods had become "summer people"—if closing their family homesteads in September and moving to Boston for the winter months could make a Foster or an Atwood any the less a Cape Codder—but, wherever they wintered, Fanny and Lisha came from the same stock, belonged together. So the town thought, so Fanny and Lisha, so thought every one but Fanny's mother.

"You're too young," she objected, when Fanny told her.

"Oh, mama, how silly!" Fanny said. It was true that she still wore a crisp taffeta hair ribbon tied in a large bow at the nape of her neck, but actually her brown hair was up. Out of her mother's sight, she always removed the ribbon and tucked it away in her pocket. Beneath her starched linen Peter Thomson suit, her slender body was held in a real corset instead of the Ferris waists of childhood, and she no longer needed an extra ruffle sewn into her corset cover to give her a bosom. "I'm eighteen! Besides, Lisha has two more years at medical school before we can be married."

"And then land knows how many more years of struggling and penny-pinching," added Mrs. Foster. "No, Fanny; I won't hear of it. We will not discuss it further." She set her lips firmly. Elisha Atwood, indeed! One of Dr. Atwood's five children, and scarcely enough money to educate them, let alone give them a proper start in life. Fanny was too pretty to be wasted in that sort of marriage.

When he came around to the house after supper, proudly driving his father's red Pope-Hartford, Mrs. Foster eyed Lisha grimly. There was no denying that the boy was handsome. His eyes were as deeply blue as the stripes in his flannel blazer, and his fair hair was thick and curly, just the sort of hair which invariably makes women make fools of themselves.

"I want Fanny should stay at home tonight," she greeted him.

"Oh, mama!" Fanny's cheeks were pink. "Mama, you can't—"

"I *can't?*" Mrs. Foster echoed incredulously.

Lisha smiled his charming smile. "I'll bring her back in an hour, Mrs. Foster. We've got some new gramophone records, and I wanted Fanny to hear them."

"More of this ragtime, I presume." Fanny's mother sniffed. "I have absolutely forbidden Fanny to play any of those vulgar pieces on my piano."

"Couldn't she come for half an hour, Mrs. Foster?"

"There's no use in teasing, Lisha." He was twenty-one years old, but she addressed him as a child.

When the touring car roared away up the road, Fanny swung about and faced her mother, the Windsor tie rising and falling tumultuously on her breast.

"You're not fair, mama! You haven't any right—" Her voice faltered and died away beneath her mother's gaze. With a last gesture of defiance, she flounced to the piano and banged out the opening bars of Too Much Mustard, but before her mother could protest she burst into tears and fled to her room.

It was the year 1911, and most well brought up young girls obeyed their parents. When Mrs. Foster relentlessly closed the Dorset house and took her daughter to the Adirondacks for the summer, Fanny had no choice but to go. The next winter they made the grand tour together—London and Paris, Rome and the Bay of Naples. Fanny came home feeling completely a woman of the world—and saw Lisha and knew that she was more desperately in love with him than ever.

The summer of 1912 was one of secret meetings for her and Lisha, of stolen hours.

"It's only one more year," he said. "Oh, Fanny, will you wait for me?"

"I'd wait forever," she promised him. "Until I was an ugly old woman, Lisha."

On the 8th of June, 1913, she was married to Paul Spencer, in Boston's Trinity Church.

Even as she walked down the aisle on her Uncle Edward's arm, she was wondering how it had come about. As she said her vows, her brown eyes were hazy with bewilderment that she was saying them to this tall successful young lawyer instead of to Lisha. It was Lisha whom she loved; she had told Paul that.

"First love is very sweet, Fanny darling," he had answered gently. "And you're very sweet yourself, you know."

Her mother had assumed the same baffling attitude. "*Dear* Lisha," she would say. "It's such a pity that he can't be here for the festivities."

Fanny felt as though she were trying to speak in a world of deaf people. "Mama, you must know that I can't marry Paul when I love Lisha!" she cried.

"Pet!" said her mother indulgently. "Of course you'll always love Lisha, in a way. Paul understands that. But Paul will be your *husband*. You'll respect him and be proud of him. He's a man, darling, and Lisha's only a boy."

A boy of twenty-four, serving his first year of interneship in a New York hospital. . . . "I hope you'll be very happy," he wrote to her. "I'm sure you'll never be hungry, and perhaps that's the same thing."

She took his letter to bed with her, and cried nearly all the night. He thought that she was marrying Paul Spencer for his money; and how could he think anything else? Certainly Lisha Atwood knew whom she loved.

Paul Spencer became her husband, and, as her mother had prophesied, Fanny respected him and was proud of him. He bought her a lovely pale-brick Georgian house on the Parkway, and Fanny learned to drive her own car, and how to entertain at dinner such people as the senior senator

As fine a story as this well-beloved author has ever written . . A searching chronicle of heartbreak and happiness, and the strange ways of life and love

ILLUSTRATED BY

FRANK LEMON

from Washington and even the governor of Massachusetts.

In 1914 Lisha married some one named Diana Blake. She came from California, and Fanny looked at her photograph in a newspaper and was sick with pain and jealousy. Everything about her was different from Fanny. She was tall and athletic; Fanny could imagine her astride a horse or winning silver cups at golf or tennis. Her hair was short, a Dutch cut like Mrs. Vernon Castle's, and some one had told Mrs. Foster that she smoked cigarettes.

Fanny sent them a silver coffee service, and read Mrs. Elisha Atwood's acknowledgment with her lips curling. A penciled letter, written on hospital paper, too long—and too familiar.

"Dear Fanny — because I can't possibly call you anything else, when you and Lisha are such old friends . . ." Blah and blah and blah. And then: "I want so much to know you. We're going to the Cape in August for Lisha's vacation, and I hope you and your husband will be there then too. It would be such fun . . ."

Fanny tore the letter into small pieces, her eyes hard, her knuckles white from the fierceness of her tearing.

Fanny and Paul did not go to Dorset in August of 1914, and neither did Elisha Atwood. Mrs. Foster, who, with her daughter safely and successfully married, had reverted contentedly to her heritage as a Cape Codder and was again living the calendar around on the Cape, wrote the news:

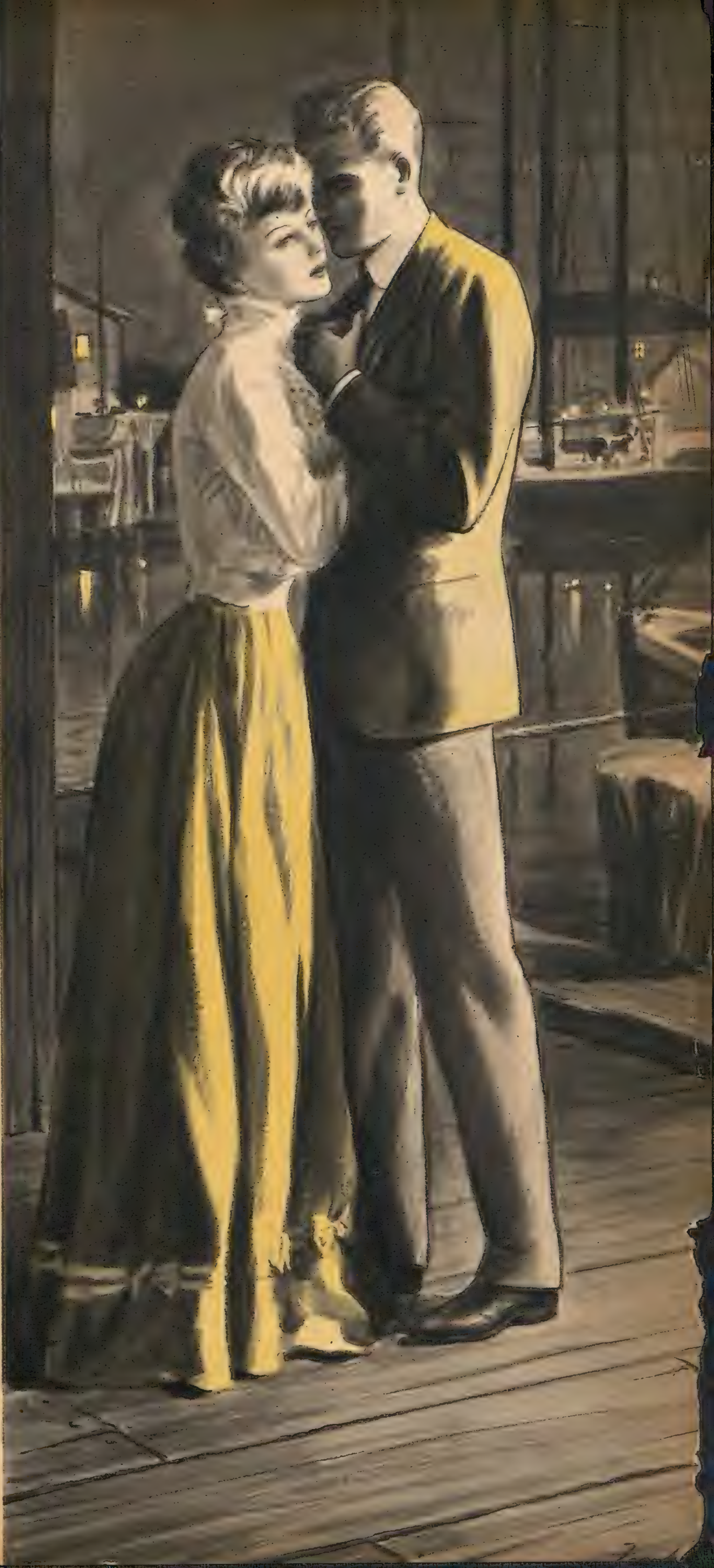
"Lisha has gone to France to take care of the wounded soldiers. His wife is here in Dorset with Dr. and Mrs. Atwood, and she is going to have a baby. Oh, Fanny, when I think that it might have been you—deserted after three months of marriage—left alone to bear the hardest burden of a woman's life—"

Fanny stopped reading, because her mother's familiar writing had blurred; the words swam across the paper.

Lisha was going to have a baby. She was not yet accustomed to his having a wife; and now a baby, a bond so close, so intimate, between that tall girl from California and himself.

The following winter, the Paul Spencers moved. Paul was no longer a rising young lawyer. At thirty-two he was already an established and respected member of the bar, with more clients than he could handle. They bought a house in Louisburg Square, on the Hill, and remodeled it.

In February Elisha Atwood's son was born.



"Oh, Fanny, will you wait for me?"
"I'd wait forever," she promised.
"Until I was an ugly old woman."

"It's almost indecent," Mrs. Foster reported, "to have a first baby in less than an hour. He's a beautiful child, nine pounds, and the spit and image of his father. I'm knitting him some little bootees."

Fanny and Paul had been married for nearly two years, and they both liked children. Fanny had thought about having a baby of her own ever since she was a little girl, and she had always pictured a fat blonde one with unwinking blue eyes.

Joan Spencer was born on Christmas Day of 1916. She was a tiny brunette baby, fragile and ethereal, yet her advent was not easy for Fanny. Often, in the six weeks during which she remained in bed, Fanny's eyes hardened and narrowed as she thought of that Californian Diana bearing a nine-pound son in less than an hour. The girl must be a peasant, thought Fanny contemptuously.

In the winter of 1916 Mrs. Foster wrote: "Little Lisha is walking, and he really is a darling boy. Diana brings him to see me quite often, and yesterday I found some of your old toys in the attic and brought them down for him."

Fanny drew in her breath sharply. Her heart hammered. Lisha's son playing with her toys! Lisha's son undoubtedly being cuddled and hugged by her mother! That Diana, running in and out of her house nearly every day, was getting around her mother! She had everything —Lisha, a sturdy son, and now she and her child were worming their way into the Foster household, usurping the place which belonged to Fanny and little Joan. . . .

IN April of 1917 the United States declared war on Germany, and Paul Spencer went to Washington. As strongly as she had opposed the idea for four years, Fanny insisted now upon going to the Cape for the summer. Washington was hot and overcrowded and she knew no one there; Paul would be busy; and besides, she wanted to see her mother, to show off her baby to her old friends.

Fanny had intended to invite Mrs. Elisha Atwood over for tea, formally and properly; but Diana did not wait to be invited. On Fanny's first evening at home, she appeared, opening the front door without knocking.

"Hello, Maria!" she addressed Fanny's mother familiarly, and she advanced toward Fanny, holding out a hard brown hand. "Hello, Fanny. It's grand to meet you at last!"

Fanny knew that her smile was forced, that her face was stiff, but she could not help it. This wife of Lisha's must be about her own age, twenty-five; yet she looked eighteen—a lanky long-legged girl in a white duck skirt and blue cotton blouse, with dirty sneakers on feet which were decidedly not small. Her hair was short and curly; she wore a narrow blue ribbon, crossed like a fillet and tied in a bow over her forehead.

"I brought over Lisha's last letter," she said. "The idiot has been trying to join the army; but thank heaven they've convinced him that he's more valuable as a doctor." Her eyes were brilliantly blue against her tanned face, and there was no guile in them as she added, "Fanny, do you know how lucky you are to have your husband in Washington?"

"Paul would prefer to go overseas," Fanny said stiffly, and wondered, as she said it, if it were true. Paul was in uniform and looked well in it; he was serving his country without danger or discomfort . . . and he was a most logical man.

"Could we tiptoe up and see your baby?" Diana was asking. "I adore little girls. I hope my next—"

"The nurse is with her," Fanny said. "I'm afraid—" She let her voice dwindle.

"I forgot you had a nurse." Diana grinned. "I believe I'm honestly glad we can't afford one. It makes the baby all mine."

Fanny tried to be fair; yet it seemed to her on that first meeting, and on all their subsequent meetings, that Diana seldom made a remark which did not sharpen and point out the superiority of her life over Fanny's. She was so outrageously happy . . .

"Fanny, why don't you let that woman go, and take care of Joan yourself?" her mother asked one day.

"Paul wouldn't like it, for one thing," Fanny answered. "Miss Hanson knows all about her formulas and everything, and you know she's a delicate baby, mama."

"Sometimes I think nurses like to keep 'em delicate, to hold their jobs," Mrs. Foster retorted.

"That's a very silly remark," Fanny said coldly.

Her mother looked at her. "So I'm silly, am I?"

Fanny flushed. "About that—yes," she declared. And, because she had never defied her mother before, she suddenly lost all control. "If you'd let me marry Lisha in the first place, maybe I would be taking care of my own baby!" she flared.

Maria Foster's face was enigmatic, quiet and secret. "I thought I was doing my duty, Fanny," she said at last, very softly, and the undisguised pity in her eyes made Fanny burst into swift tears.

"I always loved him! I never loved Paul! I don't even love his baby!" she sobbed.

"*Fanny!*" This was her own mother again, sharp, authoritative.

"I don't care! It's true! And I wish that hateful Diana and her child were dead! I—" Her mother's hand slapped her, once, fiercely, across the mouth.

"Stop that, Fanny Foster! You ought to be ashamed of yourself—you don't know what you're saying!"

Her voice was indignant, but suddenly it sounded thin and old, and Fanny looked up quickly at her mother. Maria Foster had not been a young woman when she married; now she was approaching sixty. But sixty is not really old, Fanny told herself . . .

"I'm sorry, mama. I didn't mean it, of course. Maybe—" Her lips smiled, below her stark eyes. "Maybe it's because I miss Paul. Perhaps I'd better go to Washington and get an apartment and be with him."

"Perhaps you had," her mother agreed expressionlessly.

Fanny left Dorset with a sense of utter defeat. Diana had come over to say good-by, and Fanny's last sight of home was of Diana, holding little Lisha by the hand, standing beside her mother at the gate.

SHE never saw her mother again. Perhaps Mrs. Foster, too, felt a sense of defeat, of mistake. Diana wrote that after Fanny had gone she seemed run down, increasingly listless and disinterested in life. The telegram announcing her death came when Paul Spencer was sick with influenza in Washington, and in less than a week Fanny had lost both her husband and her mother.

November 11, 1918. Armistice. Peace. Victory. Fanny was back in the Louisburg Square house, and Joan was almost two years old. Outside, cutouts and tin horns made pandemonium; people crowded the streets, crying and laughing. Fanny stood by the window, holding Joan tightly against her, while tears streamed down her cheeks.

"The war is over, baby. No more fighting. No more dying." Paul was dead; her mother was dead; but Elisha Atwood, after four years of it, was still alive. "Oh, my baby!" Fanny cried out. "You're all I have in the world!"

Joan began to cry too, frightened at her mother's behavior, frightened at the strange noises outside. Miss Hanson appeared in the doorway.

"I'll take Joan, Mrs. Spencer."

Fanny lifted eyes swollen and red with weeping, and her arm tightened about the struggling child. "You won't take Joan," she said. "You won't ever take her again. You're fired!" Miss Hanson gasped, standing rooted. "Get out!" cried Fanny brutally, and Miss Hanson disappeared. "My darling!" exclaimed Fanny, and began to laugh. "What silly things we are, both to be crying!" She lifted Joan high in the air and crossed the room, set her down on the tall mantelpiece. "Let's look at you. Two eyes—and a nose—is that really a nose, Miss Spencer?"

Joan giggled, her brown eyes still starry with tears.

"And a chin!" Fanny continued, her eyes devouring the little girl. So tiny and delicate and exquisite, so sweet of feature; her skin was like apple blossoms and her dark hair was as soft as spun silk.

"I'm going to be a good mother, my baby," she promised softly.

Joan giggled again, and kicked her heels against the white paneling.

"Darling, darling!" cried Fanny, and suddenly she felt happier than she had ever felt in all her life.

At first it was sheer adventure, waking in the morning to Joan's clamor and sociability, dressing her and coming downstairs to the breakfast room and sitting across the maple table from her daughter. Watching her play, bathing her, brushing her fine dark hair into tendrils, reading her fairy tales and seeing her brown eyes widen and quiver with excitement. . . .

Diana had written her a warmly sympathetic letter after Paul's death. She wrote again in January, to say that Lisha had returned and they were going to California. "He's not really sick, Fanny, but his nerves are shot, and he's had a bad attack of flu. My parents have a ranch, and we'll stay with them for a while."

California—the whole breadth of the continent lay between them.

In April Fanny closed the Boston house and took Joan to Dorset. That was the beginning of a pattern, a pattern much like her own girlhood with her own mother. Long happy summers on the Cape, long lazy afternoons on sunny beaches, while Joan learned to swim and to sail a boat, learned where the first Mayflowers blossomed on the southern slopes of the hills in early spring, where the plumpest, sweetest beach plums hung purple on the bushes in the early fall.

Until Joan was ten years old they returned each spring to the Foster homestead, and remained late into the autumn. In 1926 Fanny entered her daughter as a day pupil in an exclusive private school; there were extra riding lessons and dancing lessons, piano and swimming instruction, to fill the days for them both.

In the fall of 1927 Fanny's lawyers began to talk about money. She tightened here, economized there, and spent nine tenths of the money her budget allowed for clothes upon Joan. Fanny herself was a little shabby, a little faded; but Joan was beautiful, smart, with an air of breeding which delighted her mother's heart. One of her dearest dreams was of Joan's debut, and Fanny began manipulating stocks, gambling desperately, to try to save their dwindling capital.

"You poor darling sap!" the sixteen-year-old Joan addressed her mother one morning at breakfast. "Are you still talking about my coming out?" She tossed her wind-blown bob of dark hair away from her long black eyelashes and grinned. "Darling, you couldn't *give* me Boston society! For one thing, we don't belong, and you know it. Cape Codders—that's what we are. Sturdy merchant-marine stock—the backbone of the nation—"

"Your father's people moved in the most exclusive circles," Fanny interrupted indignantly. "And my mother's mother was a—"

"Precious!" cried Joan. "I'm going to college and I'm going to learn a useful trade and become a wage earner. By 1937, when I graduate, we'll need one in this family!"

Joan was ready to enter college in September of 1933, three months before her seventeenth birthday.

"We have to be smart these days," she told old Dr. Atwood, Lisha's father, when he complimented her on her scholarship. "Gotta move fast before money's no good any more."

"You youngsters!" he said. "You sound like my oldest grandson. He's a sophomore in the State University in California, and personally I think he's a dangerous Red."

"Maybe it'll be dangerous *not* to be one soon," Joan suggested.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Dr. Atwood. "I reckon this country can get on being a democracy."

Joan kissed his cheek. "We Cape Codders needn't worry, anyway. We can live on clams and turnips and thumb our noses at the rest of 'em."

"We Cape Codders." . . . Fanny, sitting in a rocker knitting another sweater for Joan, remembered how happily her mother had renounced Boston and city life to return to Dorset. . . .

She sold the Boston house that fall. Joan, home from

Engineers Spent Years on the Trail of this

Mystery Spark

In a More Effective Spark, leaping across the tiny gap of a new type spark plug, is found an amazing secret of improved motorcar performance.

—and produced a revolutionary spark plug that is amazing car owners by putting new pickup and power into sluggish, spark-weary motors

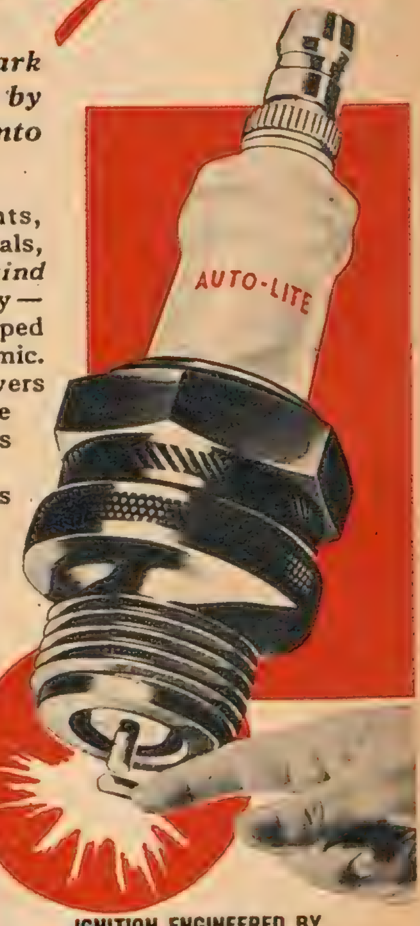
CONDUCTING countless experiments, combing the world for special materials, Auto-Lite engineers produced a *new kind* of spark plug. They created a new alloy—called Konium—for the electrode, developed a new insulating compound called Ziramic. The result? A spark plug of amazing powers that gives sluggish engines sure starting, instant pickup, prevents gasoline waste.

Nearly a million motorists changed to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs last year. Why not begin at once to enjoy the great advantages they offer—all at no extra cost? Ask your service man to install a set of Auto-Lites today!

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO.
Merchandising Division
TOLEDO, OHIO

One Out of Every 4 new cars is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Car manufacturers, users of conventional type plugs for years, adopted Auto-Lites after the most exhaustive tests.

MY CAR NEVER TOOK HILLS LIKE THIS BEFORE!
Today, And Every Day, thousands of car drivers everywhere are replacing ordinary plugs with revolutionary new Auto-Lites.



AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IGNITION ENGINEERED BY IGNITION ENGINEERS

college over Thanksgiving, said, "I like to think of you here on the Cape, mother. It seems so safe and—oh, right. After all, I'll not be home much any more. Three more years of college and then I'll be working and—"

"Maybe you'll marry," Fanny put in quickly.

"Might be. But even married I won't be with you."

Fanny blinked. She had never faced it before, but it was true. Some mothers lived with their married children, but she had her own home, sufficient income—and Joan, like Paul Spencer, was a logical person. She did not believe in mixing the generations, she had told her mother, and a hundred times she had urged Fanny to build up a life of her own.

"But *you*'re my life," Fanny had insisted. "I don't want any more."

"That's wrong," Joan told her gravely. "And it's not fair to me. I can't be any one's life but my own!"

It was the same old story. Fanny had given up all her years, and now she was going to be left with them, empty-handed. She could not face it yet, need not face it until 1937. Joan was still in school, still her dependent. Something might happen . . .

Something did happen—something so horrible, so unbearable to Fanny that it seemed as though all the evil fates in the universe must have combined to plan it.

Joan graduated from college, and because Fanny, at forty-five, looked so old, so forlorn and wretched, she gave up a chance for an immediate job in New York and stayed at home in Dorset.

After all, it will be my last summer of freedom, she told herself. Come September, I'll go conquer New York.

FANNY, refusing to look beyond September, was happy. And a few houses up the street the elder Atwoods were happy too, because Lisha and Diana and their four children were coming home for the summer. Fanny received the news of their visit with complete composure. She had not seen Lisha Atwood in nearly a quarter of a century. Now they were merely two middle-aged people who had known one another long ago.

It was a series of shocks, swift, implacable, one following the other like machine-gun bullets.

"Come on and walk to the post office with me today," Joan said that morning. "You don't take enough exercise, mother."

Fanny unwillingly pulled her brown straw hat over graying hair, and Joan yanked it off and set it more properly upon her head. "You don't need a sweater—oh, mother, not that thing!" But Fanny stubbornly slipped into the loose brown garment which her daughter despised. They walked together along the road under the hot early July sun, Joan slender and tall, in white flannel slacks and a short-sleeved white sweat shirt, and Fanny a dumpy brown wren of a Cape Cod woman.

Joan whistled. "Wouldn't I like a car like that!" she exclaimed, her eyes admiring a low-hung open touring car parked before the post office. "Attractive girl, too."

Fanny followed her eyes, and blinked. The girl behind the wheel had short brown hair bound with a blue ribbon, and a blue shirt carelessly open over her brown throat. She was leaning back, laughing at a little boy in the rear seat of the car, and she looked so like Diana Atwood . . . Her blue eyes saw Fanny and stopped short. For a long moment they stared, each incredulous; and then she opened the car door, swung out long legs in gray slacks, and strode toward them.

"Fanny!" she cried, and flung her arms about her. There were streaks of gray in the brown curls, and her skin was not quite the skin of a young girl; but Fanny knew perfectly well that she could have introduced her, unchallenged, as her daughter. "Is this Joan? I'm Diana Atwood. Heavens, you're pretty!" The same warm voice, the same throaty chuckle. Fanny watched Joan respond and glow to the woman's charm. "And here's Lisha."

Two men came out of the post office, both tall, both fair, both blue-eyed. The elder of the two glanced at them, half smiled, and turned toward the car.

"Lisha!" his wife called. "It's Fanny Spencer!"

Whatever Diana may have felt about Fanny's appearance, she had shown nothing. Lisha Atwood's face was openly shocked.

"Why, Fanny!" he said weakly. "Why, Fanny!"

The younger Lisha was behind him, and his blue eyes were staring, his lips parted in a smile. Fanny turned sharply and saw Joan, her gaze apparently caught, hypnotized, by that bright blue stare. Diana was saying something, but Fanny could not distinguish the words. She saw Joan and the young Elisha move toward one another; then Joan's laughter rang out.

"I know a lot about you!" her voice declared, vibrant, singing as Fanny had never heard it. "Your grandpappy says you're a dangerous radical!"

"Joan," said Fanny faintly.

"And you're the girl who's going to live on clams and turnips and thumb your nose at the world, come the revolution!" he retorted.

"You've been spying on me!" Joan declared.

Elisha Atwood, Jr., smiled. "Just beginning," he said. "From now on I don't intend to let you out of my sight."

"Joan!" said Fanny desperately.

"Oh, I don't want any lunch, mother," Joan murmured vaguely, and Fanny and Diana and Elisha Atwood all stared as their two first-born sauntered across the road together like people in a dream.

". . . So that's what happens when a girl tries to plan her future life!" Joan told Fanny happily not two weeks later. "Four years of college, preparing myself for a career—why didn't I learn to cook and take care of babies instead?"

"Joan," Fanny said desperately, "I think you must be crazy! You don't even know this boy."

"Angel-face," retorted Joan, "if I'm crazy, I hope I stay that way the rest of my life. I never imagined I could be so happy!"

"Joan," said Fanny, "there are reasons—" She choked. "I forbid you to see Lisha Atwood again."

HER daughter stared at her. "You *what?*" she demanded incredulously. "Well, listen to the medieval momma!" Her laughter rang out, clear and light and unaffected. "What's its reasons?" she inquired indulgently.

"I have very good reasons," Fanny said, "for disliking that entire family."

Joan's dark brows were arched; her lips twitched. "Not the old romance, darling? Li's father was a suitor of yours, wasn't he?"

"It is too painful for me to discuss," Fanny told her flatly. "If you want to choose between me and the Atwoods—"

"Do you really think a choice is necessary?" asked Joan, and the laughter had gone from her voice and eyes.

"If you marry that man, I never want to set eyes on you again," said Fanny.

Joan's gaze was level and cool. "You're doing this, mother, not I," she said. "I love you dearly. But I love Li too, and I'm going to marry him." She watched, with a strange, almost impersonal interest, while her mother dissolved in tears. "I'm sorry, darling. I hate hurting you." She kissed Fanny's cheek, put her arm about Fanny's unresponsive shoulders. "But, you see, I *know*. And I can't let you ruin my life."

Diana called on Fanny, and it was only because she pushed open the door and came in that Fanny received her.

"What do you think about our children?" she demanded in her rich, happy voice. "I think it's the most romantic thing—" Her smile was radiant. "You know, Fanny, Lisha told me that if you would have had him, he'd never have bothered with me! I used to be so jealous of you, when we were first married."

Used to be. No one could be jealous of Fanny now.

Abruptly Diana crossed to Fanny's chair and knelt beside her. "Fanny dear, don't be bitter about it," she pleaded. "Li is a good boy. He has a job, you know, teaching at the university. They won't be rich, but he can take care of your girl. And they're so in love!"

Fanny jerked away from the comforting arm. "There's no use in pretending," she said coldly. "Nothing could be more distasteful to me."

Diana said, "But *why*, Fanny?" Fanny held a stubborn silence. "We're old enough to be honest," she persisted. "I know that it was your mother who broke up things between you and Lisha. How *can* you—"

Fanny stood up, her face working. "I will not discuss it. With you least of all. Please go away."

Joan was ruthlessly unemotional about everything.

"Naturally, I'd like to be married in my own home, mother. Would you prefer the wedding to be at the Atwoods'?"

Fanny took refuge in silence.

"If you don't forbid it, we'll have it here," said Joan.

Fanny said nothing.

"Mother dear," Joan pleaded, "I'd like you to come to California, too, this winter. You could get a little apartment near us. Li says that—"

Fanny left the room, and Joan watched her sadly but did not follow.

It was only with Li, and only occasionally, that Joan broke down. "I can't let her ruin our happiness, darling, but it's nearly killing me. If she had any *reason*—" She wept, quietly, against his shoulder.

"Do you suppose she always loved dad?" Li asked. "Gosh, it's queer, isn't it?"

"It's tragic," Joan said solemnly. "Oh, maybe I'd be like that, too—if I lost you, Li. Saw you happy with some other woman. That's why I know I have to be hard and cruel now. I can't let her spoil my life as grandmother spoiled hers."

THEY were married in the Foster homestead the first week in September, and went immediately to California. Lisha senior and his family followed them in a few days, and Fanny was left in a loneliness such as she had never imagined.

Joan wrote to her regularly, and Fanny read the letters, put them away in a drawer, and did not answer them.

In January, 1938, Joan wrote that she was going to have a baby. "Didn't we time it well, mother? It means that he can be born on the Cape—sometime in August. In spite of having been brought up out here, Li is as passionate a Cape Codder as I am, and he's trying to get a job in the East. He's working like a crazy man for his Ph. D., and then he can be a full professor. Oh, mother, can't you be happy about even *this?*"

Fanny could not. So now the Atwoods would have a grandchild, she thought. Her own daughter's baby would belong to them, like everything else. . . .

They came trooping back to Dorset the end of June, Lisha and Diana and the three younger children in the big touring car, Joan and Li in a second-hand roadster. Joan and Li rented a cottage on the beach. Except for the knowledge of Fanny grim and unyielding, they were happy there, with the tides sweeping out over the flats, creeping in again until the warm bay water almost lapped their doorsill.

The third Elisha Atwood was born there, beside the waters which his ancestors had known better than the land. Li had promised Joan to get Fanny as soon as the baby arrived, and, still white and shaken by the wonder and horror of birth, he drove to the Foster homestead.

Fanny eyed him grimly.

"You have a grandson, Mrs. Spencer. And Joan wants to see you." There was a moment of hesitation, and Li's blue eyes blazed in his pale face. "Get into the car!" he shouted, and Fanny got in.

He dropped her at the head of the path. "I have some errands," he said briefly, and Fanny plodded slowly through the deep white sand.

The nurse was sitting on the veranda. "She's asleep, Mrs. Spencer—I'll get the baby."

The nurse was a Dorset woman; but whatever she knew or thought, her eyes were veiled, her voice matter-of-fact. She returned bearing a basket, pulled away the soft blankets.

FANNY looked into the basket. Small red face and a patch of corn-colored hair. He opened his eyes, blue as the bay beyond, and gazed, unfocusing, enigmatically, at nothing.

Tears came into Fanny's eyes and rolled down her cheeks. She stood, her arms limp at her sides, and stared down. This was the baby she had always wanted; this was the blond blue-eyed boy with Foster blood and Atwood blood intermingled in his veins.

"Could I hold him?" she asked meekly.

"Don't see why not." He was only a few hours old, but he was a husky baby, and the nurse knew that some things were more important than rules in books.

Fanny lifted him out and cradled him in her arms. She heard a car stop, but she did not look up from the baby's face. She heard footsteps on the wooden porch, knew that some one was looking over her shoulder.

"Well, Fanny," said Dr. Elisha Atwood gruffly, "it seems we have a grandchild."

Fanny turned her head, and her wet brown eyes met Lisha's blue ones squarely; her mouth quivered into a smile. She saw Diana standing just beyond her husband, and she seemed to be holding her breath.

"We have a grandchild," Fanny echoed faintly.

"He's got the Atwood eyes, all right," said the nurse, "but if that isn't the Foster nose—!"

Fanny looked down at the Foster nose and nodded. She looked up and smiled at Lisha, looked beyond and smiled at Diana, her eyes at once proud and amused and marveling.

"It's real romantic, isn't it?" she murmured. And suddenly Diana was beside her, crying, and their grandchild opened his mouth and let out a long wail of protest.

"Here, you take him, Diana," Fanny said. "I want to go in and see Joan."

THE END

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"HOW DOES MARY STAY SO RESTED? SHE'S ALREADY DRIVEN OVER 400 MILES!"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING

One of America's GOOD habits

Beech-Nut

Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14						▨	15			16				
17		▨	18			19	▨	20				▨	21	
	22	23	▨	24			25	▨	26			27	▨	
28			29	▨	30			31	▨	32			33	
34				35	▨	36			37	▨	38			
	▨	39			40	▨	41			42	▨	43		
44	45	▨	46			47	▨	48			49	▨	50	
51		52	▨	53			54	▨	55			56	▨	
57			58	▨	59			60	▨	61			62	
63				64	▨	65			66	▨	67			
	▨	68			69	▨	70			71	▨	72		73
74	75	▨	76			77	▨	78			79	▨	80	
81		82					83	▨	84			85		
86					87									

HORIZONTAL

1 The man all Europe is watching (two words)
10 Where dogs suffer breakdowns
14 The dictator's grab bag
15 Rover's nickname for a lapdog
17 State with chatty governor (abbr.)
18 Neck
20 A snappy-looking glass eye
21 Simple Delirium (abbr.)
22 It starts things humming
24 Do this for supper
26 Where the lady nudist dimples prettily
28 Small American sleeping quarters
30 Round things on pushovers (cockney)
32 Higher-up, created by a big war boom.
34 Satan's bells
36 Street lined with gold and suckers
38 Roman sheet
39 Tibetan taxis
41 A backward mood
43 Everybody's Uncle
44 State of unbelieving
46 Henry Lillis, the singing cheese salesman & flicker fiend
48 This is collected by nitwits
50 Useful in the home and sat on by everybody
51 The Colossus of Roads
53 Ancient yes-man
55 Should be a wart tax on him
57 They say it doesn't dare talk back to dictators
59 This comes with a woof
61 Wal, I swan!
63 Outskirts of the U. S. A., according to one report
65 Raspberries, usually served with hams
67 Part goat, part female
68 They're pips and are they peachy!
70 Real-estate marbles
72 It's partly returnable
74 Narrow dogs (measure them yourself)
76 Gasoline for Seabiscuit
78 Time to call one on Germany
80 Not you
81 Iron-pantied Scott hero (pl.)
84 You can scrape up a living on this
86 The worst thing in newspapers these days
87 It's always leap year for this guy

VERTICAL

1 Where Dan spent his circus days
2 Bowery poker
3 This'll give you the old streamlined run-around (abbr.)
4 Horse with clothes
5 Poison tree
6 Goofy
7 Where you'll find a Yankee fly catcher (abbr.)
8 It's on the house and cockneys raise it
9 Advertise an aroma
10 Not all there
11 Midget Texas (abbr.)
12 Smallest coppers found on the force (abbr.)
13 Recent cause of heart trouble among American males—cured by marriage (two words)
16 Woman like banana
19 Kenned korrectly
23 Kind of boid that gets the woim
25 What we'll be when Santa Claus drops in
27 Germany's present inflation (pl.)
28 The Umbrella Man
29 Peach
31 Orange light
33 You'll have to turn this page or read it backward
35 Winter slippers
37 Burglars' end
40 Precipitated frozen rain (dial.)
42 Lactic lullabies
45 Barber College yell
47 A rough take
49 Where dogs love to scratch
52 She's feminine and a friend of sailors
54 It thinks nothing of giving its legs that man may live
56 Call of the honeymoon and price of the marriage
58 Vegetables with halitosis
60 Winnie the Whimsical Belittler
62 What the Thin Man suffers from
64 Love in reverse
66 Adolf's future worries
69 Kind of sign the Reds may put up for Germany
71 What fielders should carry to catch flies
73 Hillbilly's corral (abbr.)
75 Italian hail
77 Question of intelligence
79 Bump on Mother Nature's puss
82 It comes before gee
83 Shane's Delirium (abbr.)
85 The weigh of China

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

B	A	L	D		U	T	T	E	R		S	L	E	D
A	L	O	E		P	I	E	C	E		M	I	L	E
S	T	I	R		S	L	A	T	E		E	A	S	E
T	O	N	E		I	T	S	■	N	E	A	R	E	D
			L	A	D	S	■	S	T	A	R			
S	A	B	I	N	E	■	B	L	E	S	S	I	N	G
T	R	A	C	T	■	A	L	E	R	T	■	M	A	R
E	R	S	T	■	S	P	I	E	S	■	P	A	R	I
P	O	T	■	B	E	A	S	T	■	C	A	G	E	S
S	W	E	A	R	E	R	S	■	B	A	R	E	S	T
			R	A	P	T	■	P	O	S	E			
C	O	R	O	N	A	■	P	A	T	E	N	T	E	D
O	V	U	M		G	L	I	N	T		T	I	R	E
M	E	S	A		E	A	S	E	L		A	N	I	L
A	R	E	S		S	W	A	L	E		L	E	N	E

Last week's answer

CAN YOU SWIM 2¼ MILES?

Swimming is great fun, great exercise. But it is a strenuous drain on body energy. Baby Ruth candy, so popular among candy lovers for its purity and goodness, is a source of real food energy—which all active people need. Baby Ruth is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. So for enjoyment and food energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. Millions do.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL.
OTTO SCHNERING, President

ENERGY TESTS *with* BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, a good swimmer, weighing 120 lbs., can swim for 2¼ miles (average speed 3 miles per hour) on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth.

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—*Remember* BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY!

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD
ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
5¢
Streamlined With Goodness and Food Energy
Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth

A Dog, an Elephant, and a Mule

A trio of animals inhabits a trio of pictures—and a new Sherlock Holmes emerges to revive some old-time thrills

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Basil Rathbone, Hollywood's latest Sherlock Holmes, featured with . . .

★ ★ ★ THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

THE PLAYERS: Richard Greene, Basil Rathbone, Wendy Barrie, Nigel Bruce, Lionel Atwill, John Carradine, Barlowe Borland, Beryl Mercer, Morton Lowry, Ralph Forbes, E. E. Clive, Eily Malyon, Nigel de Brulier, Mary Gordon, Peter Willes, Ivan Simpson, Ian MacLaren, John Burton, Dennis Green, Evan Thomas. Screen play by Ernest Pascal adapted from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 80 minutes.

THE stars of this week's films are, respectively, a dog, an elephant, and a mule. The dog, whose howls o' nights echo across the wild fog-swept Devonshire moors, harbingers of murder in the dark, is no mere everyday canine but the nightmare creation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

The mystery of sudden death in the desolate stretches of rock and fen, in the treacherous Dartmoor bogs, and the creaky old ancestral home of the Baskervilles has been vividly recreated for the films. This time Basil Rathbone makes an effective Sherlock Holmes, tall, spare, hawklike, in the familiar peaked cap and checkered cape of the master sleuth who set Scotland Yard on its ears, who tossed off baffling deductions based on a fleck of mud on a visitor's left heel. Nigel Bruce's clumsy, honest Dr. Watson is real, and Wendy Barrie is a pretty, baffled lady in distress, loved by the young and handsome head of the house of Baskerville who has just inherited the desolate murder-haunted manse amid the moors.

Things move swiftly, everybody looks sufficiently murderous to draw your suspicions, the fog never lifts. It is all tense, damp, taut, until the tired Mr. Holmes solves the crimes by sheer power of observation.

The only disappointing member of the cast is the dog. But, after all, no canine could measure up to expectations.

VITAL STATISTICS: There were 143 dogs tested for the title role. Chief, 140-pound Great Dane, got the part. The owner is Henry East, who operates a San Fernando Valley kennel, supplies movie canines. . . . Basil Rathbone shaved off his mustache for the role of Sherlock. There's sacrifice for art! Basil, by the way, appeared at the studio with his new station wagon, equipped with a dressing room, make-up table, racks for clothes. . . . Robert Day, studio art director, designed the barren desolate Dartmoor moors with the Druid stone ruins and the treacherous bogs. Built 'em 300 feet long, 200 feet across, on a sort of cyclorama vista. Tarpaulin covers provided protection from bad weather. The fog was studio-manufactured. . . . Oddly enough, Richard Greene was born at Plymouth, England, a short distance from the moors. Once broke a leg riding across gorse and heather on a bike. . . . Nigel Bruce is the son of a British baronet. Jolly, what? . . . Sherlock Holmes' fictional address was 221B Baker Street, London. Hundreds of letters still hit the London post office, addressed to Holmes.

★ ★ ½ ZENOBIA

Wendy Barrie, the lovely lady in distress in The Hound of the Baskervilles.

THE PLAYERS: Oliver Hardy, Harry Langdon, Billie Burke, Alice Brady, James Ellison, Jean Parker, June Lang, Olin Howland, J. Farrell MacDonald, Stepin Fetchit, Hattie McDaniels, Philip Hurlic, Hobart Cavanaugh, Clem Bevar Chester Conklin, Tommy Mack, Robert Dudl Screen play by Corey Ford from a story by Walt De Leon and Arnold Belgard, based on H. Bunner's Zenobia's Infidelity. Directed by Gord Douglas. Produced by Hal Roach-United Artist. Running time, 74 minutes.

H. C. BUNNER is a well-nigh for gotten writer of the turn of th century. This is an ingenious tale i a typically fantastic Bunner vein— a country doctor in the old South o the '70s who cures an ailing carniva elephant, thereby arousing the undy ing love of the pachyderm. Zenobi the elephant, takes over the physician's troubled affairs, as well as the romance of the medicine man's daughter and the son of the uppity town aristocrat. In no time at all the little Dixie town becomes a gargantuan bedlam.

As the harassed Dr. Tibbett, Oliver Hardy steps from slapstick to a more detailed characterization. Harry Langdon is less successful in migrating from buffoonery to a real portrayal as the elephant's owner.

This is whimsical; it sort of lazes along, sometimes amusing in a genial way, frequently thin and dull.

VITAL STATISTICS: Zenobia is played by an elephant named Queenie, hile another pachyderm, Sally, was Queenie's stand-in. . . . The ani- ls are the property of Frank Whitbeck, an advertising man who goes for odd pets. Keeps the elephants on his San Fernando Valley ranch, ts 'em at $450 a week. . . . This is Harry Langdon's first feature ling in years. . . . Stepin Fetchit was at the Hal Roach studios be- re, years ago. Worked with the Our Gang Comedies, arriving at the same ime that sound did. Note the horseshoe-pitching interlude outside the courthouse. The whole company took it up seriously between scenes. . . . Alice Brady is Hollywood's No. 1 recluse. Alice never goes to parties or night clubs, has little social life. . . . Director Gordon Douglas used to be a writer, directed the Our Gang two-reelers.

★ ★ I'M FROM MISSOURI

THE PLAYERS: Bob Burns, Gladys George, Gene Lockhart, Judith Barrett, William Henry, Patricia Morison, E. E. Clive, Melville Cooper, William Collier, Sr., Lawrence Grossmith, George P. Huntley, Doris Lloyd, Tom Dugan, Dennie Moore, James Burke, Ethel Griffies. Screen play by John C. Moffitt and Duke Atteberry, based on stories by Homer Croy and Julian Street. Directed by Theodore Reed. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 77 minutes.

THIS stars a mule, plus Bob Burns. The plot? Missouri farmers are having a tough time, what with conditions and such. Sweeney Bliss—otherwise Bob Burns—thinks he can sell Missouri mules in gross lots to the English army. So he goes over with a sample mule—and his society-mad wife. In no time at all the upper set has taken up Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney Bliss, and the Missourian gets his order. Missouri is saved.

The yarn is studded with hokum, moves slowly, is Bob Burns' worst comedy to date. The radio comic is in need of better yarns.

VITAL STATISTICS: The little brayer who plays opposite Bob Burns carries the power cognomen of Samson. . . . The romantic interest, golden-haired Judith Barrett, is said to have the most beautiful knees in Hollywood. Authority: Artist Russell Patterson. Judith made her debut at the Dallas, Texas, Palace, toddling on the stage. Later, at fifteen, she toured the Southwest for a motor firm as a descendant of Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac. Then into Billy Vernon two-reelers. Came the awkward age, stage jobs—and now here she is again, plus pulchritudinous pins! . . . Burns has installed 500 feet of pipe to protect his Coldwater Canyon house from forest fires, plus 500 feet of trenches for flood-water control. Says he intends to keep his house, come what may.

Short Comment

★ ★

Sergeant Madden (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). An average melodrama of police methods and men, with Wallace Beery as the veteran pavement pounder. A pretty newcomer, Loraine Day, steals the picture.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age, The Sisters.

★★★½—The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King, The Great Waltz, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

★★★—The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy, Brother Rat, Suez, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe.

New Easy Way to Use Simoniz Kleener!

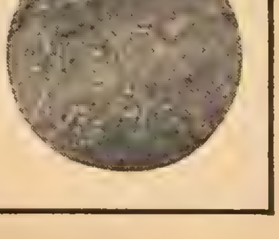
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
ON WET... OFF DRY!

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CAR LOOK JUST LIKE NEW AGAIN:

Simoniz Kleener comes to you in the most economical form—as a paste. But, it's used like a liquid! Put a little Kleener on a wet cloth. Clean with easy strokes as in washing. Just let the Kleener dry white on the finish, and then wipe off with a dry cloth. Immaculately clean, bright, rich with color, your car looks NEW again! And now, to keep this sparkling splendor, apply Simoniz the easy, correct way (see directions in can). Simoniz protects and preserves the finish. Gives cars lifetime beauty!
THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

What Happens to the Finish of Any Car
... IF NOT SIMONIZED

Weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays break down the lacquer or enamel. Soon your car is dull, looks old. And washing will not correct this condition.



SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE · SIMONIZ

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

Not made under any other name. Nothing like them! World-famous! Get them at hardware, drug, department, and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere. Insist!

BEST GAGS OF THE SEASON

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

A famed raconteur who hears them all reports the cream of the crop

BY HARRY HERSHFIELD

CARTOONS BY PAKI

WHERE do you get your material for compilation?" is asked of me hourly. Forgetting that, hourly, the questioner himself leaves me with some gag, observation, or "nifty." Much is gleaned from the banquet hall, luncheons where the same group meet daily (and vie for superiority in humor), and the "private" home party—the latter being the snooper's paradise.

The best source of supply is the theater—or, rather, the lobby, where both sexes of sophisticates grab my ear during intermission—to impart the latest gag, or a supposed original viewpoint, or some wisecrack that they heard some notable pull a moment before.

Once you are known as a gatherer of jokes, your home life is no more. The phone rings incessantly, and at all hours of the night I have been awakened—especially by some friend who just came out of a cabaret with something he heard that I can use.

Knowing most of the taxicab drivers in New York, I get plenty of material from these "hackers." They love to relay the jokes they hear told by passengers. I find myself now the clearinghouse for thoughts good, bad, or indifferent. Yes, I take my fun where I find it—except that I do not really have to hunt for it. Here are some of the best that have come to me within the year:

"America is the only country where they lock up the jury every night and allow the prisoner to go home."

"Hitler's Reichstag speech is over and the world is back to abnormal."

"We Californians never heard of the depression. If there is a depression lurking around, we haven't felt it. We will admit, though, that California's last 'boom' was the worst in years."

"To stay in business, Sam Gordon Bloomburg had to have all his checks dated ahead. Even with that advantage he died. On his tombstone it read, 'Here lies the body of Sam Gordon Bloomburg — died April fifteenth as of May first.'"

NOW I'LL TELL ONE

Not four but a thousand and one shafts of humor or barbed satire bombard us every day in this land of free speech. No country in history had so many of its citizens or slaves speaking or whispering their minds as we do now in America.

If their ambitious sallies are ignored, no matter—there is a tomorrow and another try at a *bon mot.* Opportunities are infinite in this land of the gullible as well as self-appointed spokesmen for the rabble.

The immortal Will Rogers, maestro of masters of wit, feared himself more than he did his audience. When "clicking" at his best he became panicky, he confided—because of an almost uncontrollable urge to say what was really on his mind.

In his dressing room one matinee, we watched him going through a few practice twirls with his famous lariat. Rogers stopped short and, with that inimitable chuckle of his and rubbing his sleeve over his nose, he drawled:

"I dunno—give a man enough rope and he'll not only hang himself but do a monologue with it as well."

That observation forcing many a toastmaster, in self-defense, immediately to announce, "Ladies and gentlemen, remember that I simply introduce the speakers—I do not guarantee them."

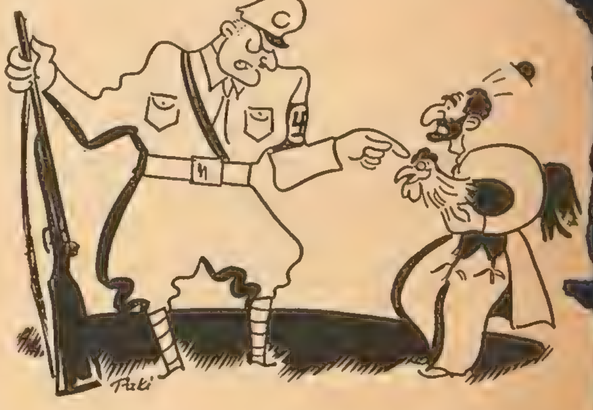
Or, as the renowned Willie Collier said, after following a list of long-winded orators of the War Department, "I know now what they mean when they say 'The Army and Navy forever.'"

Like the bee, then, let us flit from one eavesdrop to another—hoping to gather the "honeys" only.

COLLECTING THEIR THOUGHTS

Two anarchists in ambush—waiting to bomb a certain dictator who passed that specified spot every day at noon. The hour also passed and the intended victim didn't show up. To which one of the anarchists whispered, "I can't understand this. He should be here—I hope nothing happened to him."

A much publicized gag tells of Premier Chamberlain at Munich. Of how the "appeasing" British statesman gave the totalitarian leaders whatever they asked for in Central Europe. Finally one of the beneficiaries said, "Chamberlain, in memo of your many gifts of territory us, and as a souvenir, I'd like to h your umbrella." "No, no!" shou Chamberlain. "I'll give you anything but that—the umbrella is *mine.*"



Yet the root of that prevalent "nifty" is really a Communist story of a few years back. About the radically inclined gent who wanted to join the Red party. He was asked questions such as these on examination: "If you had a thousand horses, five hundred acres of land, and a million dollars—and if the Communist Party wanted half of that, would you give it?" "Gladly," came the quick response. "Now, if you had two shirts and the Communists wanted one of those shirts, would you give it?" "No, I wouldn't." "Why not?" came the angry query. "Because I *got* two shirts," replied the applicant.

Never has a world been so politically and internationally minded. It is apparent by the predominance o related humor. As in the yarn tol by Eddie Cantor concerning the sam "certain" dictator—who called hi leading chemists and physicians together and said:

"For my country's sake I mus remain young to carry on my work It is up to you scientists to discove some elixir to keep me young." Afte exhaustive research and experimentation they admitted failure. The dictator then heard of a chemist in the opposition ranks and summoned him as a last resort. To the commandeered one he thundered, "You've got to find a way to keep me young!" "I'm sorry," smilingly answered the medicine man, "there is nothing I kno of that will keep you young—but certainly can fix it so you won't g any older."

Followed by the differently to "goofy" type story. Concernin Pincus, who walked through th streets of Berlin. Stopped by a Stor

HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE *You* ON THE BEACH?

ry
to
ave
ted
ARE YOU LIKE THIS?
OR THIS?
Posed by professional models

SKINNY?
HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS GAIN NATURALLY ALLURING CURVES

Thin, Tired, Nervous People Often Gain 10 to 25 Pounds, NEW PEP—*QUICK*

HERE'S the best news ever told for thousands of skinny, tired, washed-out men and women who are almost ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit—people who can hardly eat, sleep or work—people who are so weak and weedy-looking, so nervous and cranky they've almost lost all friends.

Now they can easily gain naturally attractive pounds, new health, pep and popularity often in just a few weeks—by simply taking these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

And it's easy to understand. Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin, run-down and nervous simply because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you can get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And the improvement they make in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally good-looking flesh in just a few weeks. Their tired feeling and nervousness seem to have just flown away. They're full of pep, look like new persons, and are more popular and happy in every way.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior substitutes often offered which do not give the same results. Look for the letters Y" stamped on each tablet. No other is genuine.

Special offer!

start thousands building up their health right away, make this special offer. Purchase a package of nized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the and mail it to s with a clipping of this paragraph. will send you a fascinating new book on health, ew Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. nized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 25, Atlanta, Ga.

NE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday ening. See your local paper for time and station.

Trooper, who asked Pincus what he was feeding the chicken he was carrying. When informed that he was getting corn every day, the trooper knocked him down, crying, "You give him corn, when we are starving here?"

Down the street went Pincus and was again accosted—this time by a member of the Elite Guards, asking what he fed the chicken, and when he received the answer, "Bread," the guard let him have it with the butt of his gun. Assembling himself for another walk, Pincus was halted once more. When questioned as to what he fed the chicken, he nonchalantly replied, "I just give him a penny every morning and let him buy whatever he likes."

LISTENING TIME, TWO MINUTES

The short-range rapier thrusts have the most editorial value.

"Britannia rules the waves and waives the rules."

"The leaders of Europe want peace—piece by piece."

"Mussolini let Haile Selassie keep his umbrella, and then kept the weather reports away from him."

"Il Duce says he has no designs against America. He feels that it is no more the 'land of opportunity.' Forgetting, as Mussolini does, that the only foreigner who didn't make any money over here was Christopher Columbus."

After the knockout of John Henry Lewis in one half minute by Champion Joe Louis, a lobbygow remarked: "All John Henry did in this fight tonight was to keep the appointment."

A member of a British military commission crossed the Atlantic on his first trip to the United States. On the ship he asked a passenger, "Tell me, old chap, who discovered America?" "Christopher Columbus," came the information.

When the English officer arrived in New York, he immediately boarded a train for the Pacific Coast. On the same train was the aforementioned passenger. After three days of fast riding and seeing himself still in the United States, the Englishman questioned again: "Tell me, old chap, but who did you say discovered America?" "Christopher Columbus, I told you." "Yes, yes," hemmed the Britisher; "how could he miss the bloomin' place?"

A statesman's warning to the warmongers: "The survival of the fittest is going to make some fellow very lonesome some day."

Putting European humorists into concentration camps reminds us of a famous comedian now incarcerated over there. He had the clear insight but bad judgment publicly to say: "Ninety-eight per cent of the people of our country are for our present form of government; but—it's a funny thing—I only keep running into the other two per cent."

In other words, this comedian was like the fellow with the blackened eyes saying, "I can't understand it—I was standing on a street corner minding my own business at the top of my voice."

GOOD, BAD, OR INDIFFERENT

"I am on my way to the track to play the races. I hope I break even—God, how I need the money!"

"Mussolini's fine Italian hand: all thumbs—and down."

At the Newspaper Publishers convention: "Tell me, boy, where can we see all the news in this town that isn't fit to print?"

"That Dale Carnegie guy has given me an idea. I'm going to start a school for gambling—how to influence people and win from friends."

"He's the kind of a man who asks you a question, answers it for you, and then says you're wrong."

"Every place you go you hear 'Hitler—Hitler.' I always say 'Mister Hitler'—I don't want to get too friendly."

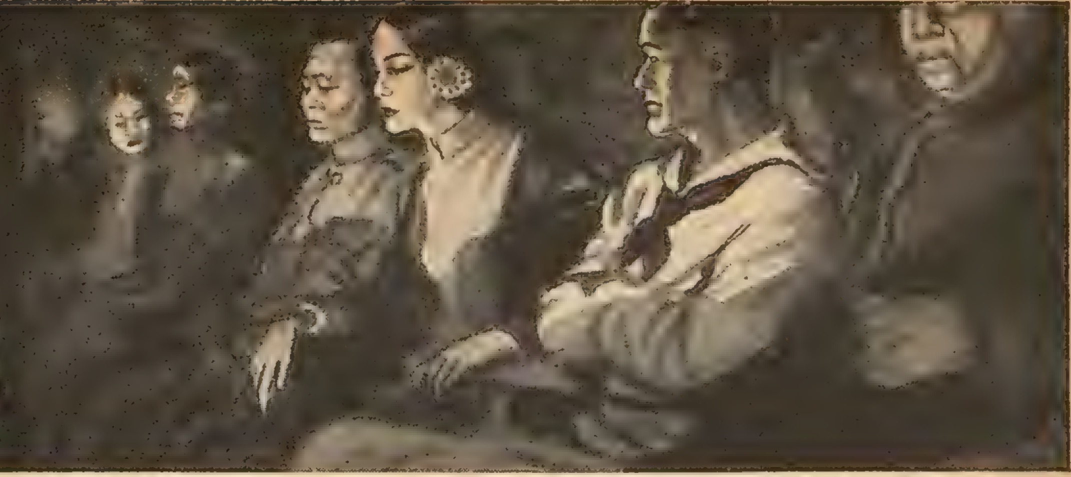
The present world's philosophy: "We have absolutely no purpose in life—everything that happens to us now is 'velvet.'"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

1—George McManus.
2—Pope.
3—August 15, 1914.
4—North Dakota.
5—Of sheep's milk; in France.
6—Elsie Janis.
7—Because there are no income, inheritance, or real-estate taxes.
8—The flower.
9—My Battle.
10—9,400,000.
11—Charles Perrault.
12—Ten.
13—Checkers.
14—John N. Garner. John J. Pershing.
15—Charlottetown.
16—"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."
17—Tungsten.
18—James H. R. Cromwell, stepson of the late Edward Stotesbury.
19—As a violinist.
20— Oliver Wendell Holmes

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Liberty's Short Short

BY EDWIN ANTHONY

TIM BURKE was fed up with Shanghai.

He stood on the bund and looked out across the murky water of the Whangpoo River. His ship, the U. S. S. Marblehead, swung lazily at anchor in the muddy current.

"Remember, Burke," the ensign had said, "one more brawl, one more false move out of you while you're ashore, and you'll be thrown in the brig and bounced out of the service when we get back to Los Angeles."

Off to the right from where Tim now stood, the Garden Bridge arched gracefully across Soochow Creek. The Japs were masters here now. Tim's blood boiled to see the soldiers make even their own countrymen bow and scrape before allowing them to cross this bridge. He had heard things, too —about the Jap soldiers' treatment of women.

Fear and ruin everywhere. And nothing to do. . . .

The bright lights of the Paradise Bar beckoned to him from across the street. Automatically he stepped into the road to cross over to one of his favorite haunts. A brace of naval police standing at the entrance eyed him coldly as he approached.

The ensign's words buzzed through his mind again: *"Remember, Burke, one more brawl . . ."*

Sadly he hailed a passing rickshaw and soon was on his way to the Palace Theater. Lost Horizon was playing.

He was soon lost in the beauty and mystery of this strange picture. When some one slipped into the empty seat at his right, he was only dimly aware that the newcomer was a lady. He hoped she was as beautiful as she was fragrant. Vaguely he was glad she was not a Japanese soldier. And then the picture claimed his rapt attention.

Suddenly in the stillness: *Crack! Crack!*

Tim yelled and leaped to his feet.

Lights went up; attendants and ushers came running. Tim stood in confusion, rubbing his slowly reddening face with the palm of his right hand. The lady beside him had soundly slapped his face. She was beautiful—a Chinese lady of obvious quality; but now hatred and anger flashed from her slanted eyes.

Pointing an accusing finger at Tim, she cried: "That man insulted me! I demand his arrest."

Two burly policemen bore down on him.

Despair filled Tim's heart as he was being hustled toward the red police van in front of the theater.

Near the back of the van stood the two naval police. They leered at him, then one turned to Tim's captor.

"We'll ride along to the station with you, officer. When you get through with Mr. Timothy Burke, formerly of the U. S. Navy, the captain of the Marblehead will want to see him, I'm sure."

At the Louza station, Tim listened with sinking heart to the report of the arresting officers. Of course he knew the cops hadn't actually seen anything; but he could tell they were guessing plenty.

When the clerk had scratched down the policemen's report, the desk sergeant turned a cold eye on Tim.

Tim drew himself up. He looked over and caught the mocking glance of the naval police . . . waiting for him. He faced the sergeant and cleared his throat.

Just then his beautiful accuser spoke —soft-voiced, in perfect English.

"Honorable officer," she began, then paused and drew a little nearer the desk. "Tonight," she went on, "when I came into the theater, I was shown to a seat beside this man. I took my seat quickly, for I was late. Soon I was thoroughly enjoying the show.

"Suddenly, however, I felt something pressed against my side. A voice whispered in my ear:

"'Come. Come outside. Now!'

"I was afraid. Then something pressed against me again, harder. I realized it was the point of a dagger. Immediately I thought of the Chinese women and the fate that was said to await them in the Japanese-occupied section of Shanghai. Many girls have been killed for refusing to become slaves to these men. I sat, rigid with fear."

Tim stood with his mouth open. The naval police looked coldly at him. The lady continued:

"I didn't know what to do. I was afraid of that dagger's silent plunge if I refused to go, and yet I feared and hated the other still worse. And then an inspiration seized me. I thought if I could create a scene and get the lights turned on, I would be safe."

The sergeant behind the desk looked grim.

"Your Honor," Tim cried desperately. "It isn't true. I went to the movies tonight to stay out of trouble. Look! I have no dagger. I didn't . . ."

The lady smiled at Tim. "That," she went on calmly, "is when I slapped you once and again, and you screeched so wonderfully and the lights were put on, and afterward I had to say that you had insulted me. Of course you have no dagger. It was the man sitting on my other side—a Japanese soldier. You saved me from him. Even though you didn't know I was a damsel in distress, you are a gentleman and a credit to the great United States Navy."

Tim could have kissed her — especially when he saw the naval police nod their heads.

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.25 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Twilight CHEATS

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

A woman fights to keep her own; love runs away. A brilliant novel sweeps to a tense, dramatic crisis.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

WHILE his wife and children are quarantined with mumps at their home in Rye, Andrew Lane, a successful business man nearing forty, has an affair with Perry Snow, a beautiful woman photographer. When the quarantine is lifted, he plans to give her up and devote himself to his family.

His good intentions are frustrated, however, when Martha, his wife, tells him that she is very tired and is going to visit her sister in Florida for several weeks. Andy, never suspecting that she is leaving because she knows about Perry, is elated that his affair need not end just yet.

In Florida, Martha sets out to make a new woman of herself so that she can charm Andy all over again and make him forget the lovely Perry Snow. She diets, has beauty treatments, and with Windy, a young aviator as her teacher, takes up flying. Then, without Andy's knowledge, she returns to New York and goes through a course of treatments to renew her youth.

But when she gets home she discovers that even a younger, more attractive Martha is helpless against the spell Perry Snow has cast. Andy fails to respond to his made-over wife.

Still Martha refuses to give up. Impulsively she goes to Perry's apartment to talk with her. Perry is out when she arrives, but the maid lets her in. Waiting in the living room, with pictures of Andy gazing at her, Martha becomes disgusted with herself for having come and is about to leave when she hears a key turn in the lock. The door opens and Andy walks in.

PART SEVEN—ESCAPE . . AND AN ULTIMATUM

MARTHA swayed slightly and put her hand on the back of a chair. Her husband's lips flickered into a grimace that showed part of his teeth. He spoke harshly, with swift command:

“Take your things and come.”

He turned and walked deliberately out into the hall. Martha followed him, forcing one foot in front of the other. She stood watching him get into his coat. He opened the door. And she went out before him.

They stood, faces averted, in wretched silence after he had rung for the elevator. There were two babbling women in the car going down. Talking of the march into Austria. Andy and Martha stood, listening, both thinking much the same things: It was in an elevator like this that it all started—would they get out of the building without running into Perry Snow?

On the street, Andy took his wife's arm, and they both seemed to breathe normally for the first time. They walked vigorously, almost hurriedly. Quite as if they had a goal. Where does one go in New York for privacy? Where can a man and his wife be alone to face tragedy?

“Please,” she murmured angrily. “You're going too fast. I have a pain.”

He nodded. In another few steps he steered her impulsively into a side-street restaurant. They went to the back, and Andy ordered a Scotch.

“Coffee,” said Martha.

He did not look at her. They both lit cigarettes, and Andrew concentrated on breaking up a match. Martha laid her cigarette case, with its M. L. L., on the table, and shuddered.

“How long have you known?” he asked.

“Ever since it started, I guess.”

“God!” He gave an angry noiseless laugh.

His drink came and he tossed it off. Martha concentrated on keeping her hand still as she poured coffee. She did not want to look at him. Not till he had more control of his features. She had enough horrors to forget. She drank an unmercifully hot mouthful of coffee, and was grateful for that excuse for scalding tears.

“Martha!” His hand moved toward hers, and instantly, abjectly, withdrew. “I'm the lowest . . . I'd give anything if . . . not to hurt you. . . .”

“Don't!” she said sharply, eyes lowered.

“I should have known, of course, that you knew. That that was why you went away, stayed away. Martha—what are you going to do?”

“I can't talk, Andy.”

“You must. I've got to—have things square with you. Martha, don't leave me.”

“I don't intend to.” She raised her eyes to his mistily. “I don't know if I ever want you back, Andy. It isn't infidelity, really. It's all the lies and deceit, the loss of faith and the loss of love. No, don't interrupt. I warn you I won't be able to talk long. I'm going to dash from here any minute. . . . But I just want you to get it straight. She can't have you. Because she's wrecking you.”

Her heart sank at the flash of anger that washed his face instantly of all soft contrition.

“That's neurotic slops! You don't have to save me from any wicked adventuress. She has higher standards than . . .”

“Nevertheless,” Martha snapped, her firm fist coming down on the table, “I'm going to break it up. Get that clear.”

“And what if you can't?”

“I can—I can, if I do it with a gun. Think that over, *Drew!*”

She stood up so abruptly that she almost tipped the table. Her face was deathly white and strained under her make-up. Swiftly, almost blindly, she hurried through the restaurant and out onto the street.

ANDY ordered a bottle and poured a quick succession of drinks. He wanted to go after Martha. He wanted to phone Perry. But he could not move. He could not summon reality. His blood pounded and he felt like some one screaming in a nightmare but making no sound. It was safer to sit still and take drink after drink which he did not feel. When he felt them, he would know he was all right again.

A man's world exploded in his face and all the orderly years evaporated. Martha, blazing, flinging the word “gun” in his face. Martha, her face distorted with venom!

And what if the day ever came she tried to carry out her threat? Martha had guts. Martha was capable of anything she fixed as a purpose. . . . What if she had a gun in her purse right now? Was it completely impossible she had gone into Perry's apartment with a trigger cocked? And that he had fortunately walked in? Nonsense! And don't pretend to yourself you ought to go rush and warn Perry. Because you just want to see her, hear her voice, feel her palm scrubbing your cheek, roughly affectionate.

Andrew Lane gazed at the empty bottle before him. He picked it up and turned it around affectionately. Funny, how small a quart was. A quart you called a fifth anyway. He snapped a finger against the bottle, enjoying the ping of his nail on the empty glass.

He scowled at a waiter who broodingly observed him and who seemed to move into the line of his attention. The waiter reminded him the lunch hour was long past, that he had been among the first in the restaurant noon crowd, and was now the sole remaining customer. . . . Reminded him that he should get back to his office and the day's duties . . . or go find Martha and prevent her murderous threats, calm her, plead with her for forgiveness and understanding. . . . But maybe he didn't want to be forgiven!

"Bring me another bottle," he ordered.

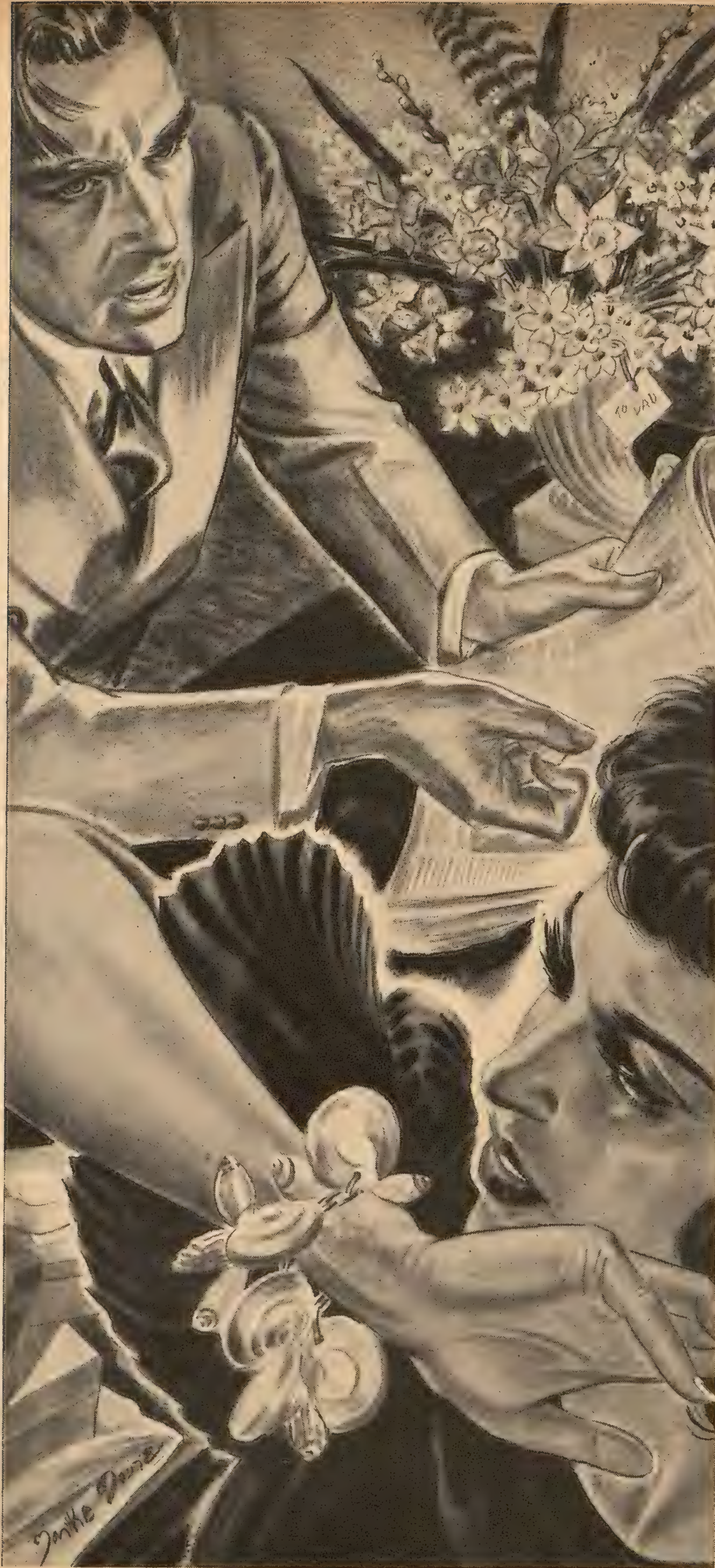
IN spite of being mentally disturbed, Perry had worked hard and well all afternoon and straight through supper. Azalea brought her sandwiches and peppermint tea and Perry sent her home early. She herself settled down to a night's steady work. She kept her mind concentrated, because she had not heard from Drew all day. Not even a phone call. She had not heard a word from him since the previous Thursday, when she had returned from doing this jewel collection, and had realized that his wife must have come home earlier than she had been expected. Last Thursday before dinner until now on Monday, past cocktail hour, past dinner hour, and not even a phone call, a flower, or a wire. . . . That did not bear thinking about, and Perry was very busy not thinking.

It was almost nine o'clock when she heard her name being called. She straightened up, frowning. But it wasn't just her imagination. It was Drew's voice, right in the apartment, calling her in a tone that filled her with foreboding.

She went out of her darkroom to the balcony, squinting against the light and absent-mindedly rubbing her hands against her slacks to dry them off.

"You wouldn't scare me to death?" she demanded, half irritably, yet smiling. She resented her gladness in seeing him. Because she felt cheapened that he would walk in intoxicated like this.

Always, before, he had exercised ad-



"Don't tell me you didn't put it there for me to see. Couldn't wait to pull your snide trick, could you?"

WHEN UPSET STOMACHS THREATEN TO BREAK IN ON MY DAY, I TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER AND ON THE JOB I STAY.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO SUFFER FROM HEADACHES ANY MORE, WITH ALKA-SELTZER HANDY AT EVERY DRUGGIST'S STORE.
OH BOY! WAS IT SOME PARTY! AT FOUR, I HIT THE HAY, BUT THANKS TO ALKA-SELTZER, I FEEL O.K. TODAY.
Be Wise—Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps overcome excess acid condition so often associated with these troubles.

30¢ & 60¢ PKGS. OR BY THE GLASS AT DRUG STORE SODA FOUNTAINS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC · NETWORK

ROLL DEVELOPED Eight Guaranteed Prints Two Beautiful Professional Enlargements, all for only 25¢. Very quick service! Expert workmanship! PEERLESS PHOTO SHOP, Dept. 15, LaCrosse, Wis.

Quickly Relieve ATHLETE'S FOOT
Dr Scholl's SOLVEX
LIQUID OR OINTMENT
Dr Scholl's Solvex

Relieves itching at once; kills fungi upon contact; promotes healing of red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between the toes or on the feet; prevents spreading. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment) today at your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store.

mirable and endearing courtesy in the use of his key privileges.

"Come down here, Perry. I want to talk to you."

She frowned, and leaned over the balcony to study him. His feet wide apart, he seemed to have planted himself to keep from swaying. His eyes were bloodshot, his face curiously pale.

Perry closed her eyes briefly. Then she walked down the stairs, absent-mindedly pulling down the sweater sleeves from above her elbows.

She faced him, much as his wife had faced him earlier that day in the same room. Just as stricken, just as grieved and shocked in her own way. And she thought, with deadening clarity: "I know when a thing is over. I know when dreams are done. I'd rather wake up in hell than have nightmares in heaven." But she stood, stiffened with anger, her blue eyes cold and contemptuous. A slender figure in work-stained slacks, hair tied out of the way with a black velvet bow, her pale face smudged with some brownish powder.

"You only have to show up here drunk once," she said bitterly. "I want you to get out, Drew."

He smiled unhappily. "I'm getting out," he nodded, "for good. I just came—to tell you."

SHE suddenly understood. The defeat in his shoulders, the haggard shadows under his fogged eyes. She crossed to him swiftly and put her arms around him. She drew his head down, stroking it. He was shaking. Presently he beat against her shoulder with one balled fist. It was the helpless beating of something caged, but it hurt so that she cried out.

He regained himself instantly, straightened, and turned away. She lit a cigarette, giving him time to recover his poise.

"Tell me about it," she said softly.

He threw himself into the double-sized chaise longue and wiped his face with one hand.

"I couldn't. Why go into it?"

Perry cleared her throat and stared at the tip of her cigarette.

"Azalea told me of a woman who came here around noon today. I don't know why—but the description . . . I had seen those movies, you know."

He nodded, eyes averted.

"Yes, she was here. Can you imagine, Perry, I walked in and found her here!"

"You— Good Lord!"

"I got her out, fortunately, before you came. After that—I can't begin to tell you. We talked briefly, and she read the riot act to me. Threatened us. I just sat where she left me and drank. Then I walked. Must have walked for hours. Then I called her at home and told her—I told her she—she needn't worry."

He broke off, spent. And Perry, glancing covertly at him, discounted her natural distaste for his abject surrender. It was no time to judge the man. At noon he had walked into high drama, probably hysteria, threats. . . . She shivered. Why do wives act that way? Why can't they exit decently when the show is over?

She pushed back her hair with a gesture of fury.

"Needn't worry. Needn't worry!" she repeated with high scorn. "Well! Let me tell you nothing is settled as easily as that. Nothing burns me like these women who won't face facts—have never had to face facts. Does she think anything will ever be the same? Does she? . . ."

"For heaven's sake, Perry!"

"Well! You don't think so—in your heart, do you, Drew? You know better, don't you? None of us can call the shots on emotions, you know. And our dice are loaded now. Loaded with memories, with happy, happy hours together, and with more . . ."

"Please, Perry. What's the use?"

"Perhaps a lot of use, Drew."

"No, no. Don't you think I've thought all day? You're the one who won't face facts, Perry. You have a lot of brave ideals, fine rules, but they only work when you're free—with only yourself to think of. They don't consider the rest of the world. You knew that instinctively, when you refused even the mention of my wife and my children. They were not to exist as far as we were concerned. But they do exist, Perry. And a man's home is sacred. He has no right to abandon it."

Perry cringed imperceptibly. A line in Doug's letter kept ringing in her ears: "he's at heart a home man—and he has a home."

She shook her head insistently, refusing his words.

YOU'RE not thinking straight, Drew," she murmured. "You're just in the throes of remorse, self-abnegation. You've just—just worked yourself up to a state of renunciation. I tell you a part of you will die. I *know*. I know I've given you the only full happiness that . . ."

"Perry!"

"I can't help it, Drew." She threw back her head boldly. "What if I feel that there is nothing shameful between us? More than that: What if I feel that you and I found fulfillment together, and that we have something so rare, so exalted, that it's worth fighting for?"

"You wouldn't do that!" He frowned thickly.

She beat her hands together. "What are you going back to, Drew? What are you giving up?"

He turned away perversely. She took a deep breath and spoke timidly, fearful that she was to offer her ultimate dreams and that they would be despised.

"Perhaps—darling—we'll fight her together."

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" He waved at her irritably, and her heart fainted under her old pink sweater. "Don't *you* complicate things."

But Perry still couldn't admit defeat. She couldn't believe that he understood or realized all she meant.

"I—I can't see you suffer, Drew."

"That's my funeral. I have it coming to me."

She tossed her cigarette into the fireplace, clasped her hands behind her, and faced him as she might a firing squad.

"But what about me?"

The soft frantic cry filled the big room, draining off into the shadows of the balcony above. Andrew looked up at her with baffled scrutiny.

"You?" he repeated, and wet his lips feebly. "What about you? Why—you have everything . . ."

He made a vague gesture around the place.

"I love you, Drew," she said quietly.

He started toward her. Swaying. Her eyes filled with tears, and he turned away resolutely.

"You're young," he said harshly. "You'll get over it."

"Why should I?" she cried, wounded. "And why should I suffer? Why should we both suffer?"

There was pain in her voice, and it made Andrew Lane wince. It was more than he could stand. He had crossed the room, putting its width between them, and now he turned suddenly and pounded the piano with his fist, knocking over his own picture in his violence.

"Don't *you* make a scene!" he stormed. "I thought *you* were different. I thought you had your standards and I could count on them. Are you just like every other woman, after all?"

She stepped back as if to dodge a blow. Her eyes glittered with unshed tears. But she did not speak.

"You laid down the rules, didn't you?" he demanded fiercely, his fist emphasizing certain words. "Or was it just a fine act? Maybe you don't remember. You spoke of children being the only people who were happy, and you said you'd never hurt them, didn't you? You said you'd never interfere in any way, or rob them—my family. Didn't you? You said I could go at any time, and that you would feel free to go. . . . You even said . . ." He broke off, swallowed, and added harshly: "You even said that we would part friends."

"Yes," she said, "I even said that."

"Didn't you mean it, Perry?"

"Yes. I meant it. I meant every word I said."

"Of course, Perry, of course. We mustn't let our emotions run away with us. We wouldn't want to do anything we would be sorry for."

Perry laughed silently.

LONG after he had gone she sat in the big chaise longue, her head heavy against the pillows. Champ came and pawed her trouser cuff, but she seemed not to notice. He turned three restless circles before curling up on the floor beside her. The parrot gnawed at a crust, chattering like an idiot: "Hello, hello. Come again. Pretty bird, pretty bird. Hello. Scratch my head." Outside the wind rose, whistling against the big win-

Among my Souvenirs

CAREY THE CUE BALL was a good egg—but! I felt like a gold-digger when he took me out. What a pity he didn't use Kreml for dandruff scales and thinning hair before it was too late.

SANDY THE SOAK soaked his hair with water every time he combed it. Water is bad for hair. Dries it out, so it won't stay combed. Looks messy. Sheds ugly dandruff scales. I often wanted to tell him to use Kreml.

GEORGIE THE GIGOLO went to the other extreme. The greasy goo he used plastered down his hair okeh, but the stuff came off on my hands. He needed Kreml—as a dressing and to check excessive falling hair.

HARRY THE HEAD MAN led me to the altar. His hair is always neat as a pin. Never sticky or greasy. Never a speck of dandruff scales. No excessive loss of hair. He uses Kreml, the wonderful tonic dressing that I like so much for my own hair, too.

Try Kreml Shampoo too, a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It is made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL "HEADS" YOU FOR SUCCESS

LOOK THE PART

Use Lucky Tiger (4) Action With Oil. Folks with Dry, Unruly hair are "Crazy" about it. Brisk massage three times weekly with it makes whole families happy.

Lucky Tiger Made from Our Own Perfected Formula— To aid you in getting rid of loose, unsightly dandruff, a menace to normal hair and scalp. Also—To allay that annoying itching—To relieve scalp irritations and therefore aid in checking excessive falling hair.

Get a bottle at your Druggist, Barber or Ten Cent Store.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

FREE! *Our New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL* is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ stamps to pay packing and postage. LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 40, Kansas City, Mo.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT if you are cross, listless and tired, men won't be interested. Men don't like "quiet" girls. When they go to parties they want girls along who are full of pep.

So in case you need a good general tonic, remember for three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps build up more physical resistance and thus aids in giving you more pep and lessens distress from female functional disorders.

For over sixty years MILLIONS of grateful women have depended upon this beneficial tonic. Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying!

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

dows. From out in the world beyond came deep moans of foghorns on the river. The telephone rang again and again. Perry sat forward and stared at it. Its patient persistence seemed endless, but it stopped. The room seemed enormous and full of brooding shadows.

After a while Perry got up. She moved stiffly about, stacking together all of Drew's pictures. A chill seized her. She shivered and her teeth chattered as she moved about. Champ had roused himself and heeled her every move.

She found it difficult to manage the tantalus, and when she poured a drink, she spilled some and the bottle clinked on the glass. She swallowed the liquid in one gulp, and pouring more, managed to carry it upstairs and into her room. Champ followed her in and sat over by the unlighted fireplace, his eyes watching Perry, his tongue hanging out speculatively.

He saw her pick up the charm bracelet, hold it in one palm and finger the little souvenirs. She crumpled on the bench of her dressing table suddenly, put her head down among the perfume bottles, and sobbed with despairing sounds. Champ bounded over to her, rubbed his head against her knee, and tugged gently with a fold of her slacks between his teeth.

Presently her hand reached out and found his head. It was hot, her hand, and Champ whimpered. She looked up, slid to the floor beside him, and put her arms around him. Tenderly, busily, he licked away her tears.

"Dear Champ, sweet dog," she mumbled. "We'll go away, you and I. We'll find a home for the others, and we'll go away. I'll finish up these jobs. They're almost done. Zalie can close up, because we never want to come back here, do we? We'll be gone a long while and go far, Champ. We've got to stay away until I forget him. Just you stay beside me, old dog."

ANDREW LANE went direct to a Turkish bath. They had taken one good look at him and given him the works. He had steamed and sweated and drunk hot liquids. He had sniffed ammonia and felt his mind rip. He had lain under strong hands that found infinite aches, and had given way to tears.

"Go ahead, buddy," the rubber urged in his raveled whisky voice. "You ain't the only one. They come in here and bawl like babies, some of them, regular."

He had been barbered, and in the station he took time for coffee. On the train out to Rye, he sat with arms folded and his eyes closed. He was glad his house was dark when he reached home. An overpowering sense of fatigue hit him as he entered the hall. But he put away his coat and hat with infinite care. Upstairs, he went directly, deliberately, into the guest room he had appropriated while Martha was away. He looked in at Martha, asleep, and closed the door between them quietly but with haste. He could hardly hurry enough to undress and settle in bed. He slept almost instantly, with profound exhaustion.

HE was late for breakfast the next morning, and the children were just leaving for school. He was roundly and roughly kissed between secretive hints about his birthday, which vaguely pained him.

Martha saw them off and joined him at the table with sunny good humor.

"I'll have a second cup of coffee, Annie," she decided brightly. "Andy, can I do you a hot waffle here at the table? We have the fresh honey that you like."

He glanced at her gratefully. It pleased him that she struck the keynote of companionship, ignoring yesterday's crisis. Until she addressed him, he had dreaded facing her.

"Very nice," he agreed.

She was looking remarkably well in a new house coat with a silver thread running through gay stripes. Her hair was soft and brushed. Her body was freshly tubbed and fragrant. But he noted the shadows under her eyes, and felt a twinge of compunction.

"Did you know we had a date tonight?" She glanced over at him as she poured batter from an old silver pitcher on to the waffle iron. "Ned O'Keefe offered us his opera tickets, knowing his wife wouldn't be out of the hospital in time. Remember?"

"Oh, yes. Die Meistersinger, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh. Of course we don't have to go. We both need to make up some back sleep. It might be nice just to have a quiet evening."

"No. Let's go, Martha." He smiled as he accepted his first waffle. "Do us good, and you love Die Meistersinger. I've been led to believe that you have a collection of new duds. Will you dress up for me?"

She nodded, her underlip trembling.

"Andy," she said after a moment, "I want you to know that I think you're very sweet."

"That goes double," he smiled shyly.

Across the table their eyes met with the old warmth of affection. "We can do it," their looks told each other. "If we are careful—and gentle with each other—we can pull through without too deep a scar."

She bent her head slightly, almost like a fleeting gesture of prayer, over the waffle iron. Then looked up again, smiling, her tone light:

"I don't know if you realize, dear, that your father is due in town very soon." Her tone was casual and intimate. "The Flower Show isn't far off, you know, and he'll be up early, to prepare his display. Will you remember to write him today, Andy?"

"Sure thing. It will be nice to see the old boy again."

"I'll write him, too. I'll drive you

to town this morning, if you like. I have to go in myself."

It was pleasant driving through the spring-blessed towns, noting the promise of green in the parkways, the glad color of the forsythia. Martha lit his cigarettes, as in the old days, and talked lightly on; she had evidently prepared herself well with topics. At the curb before his office building, they could kiss casually in public—a kiss unburdened by intimacy but still a kiss. It left them feeling on safe ground again.

Andy walked into his office with the peace of a man who had successfully cast forth devils. He faced his work and suddenly realized that he felt as if he were returning from a long journey far away. He saw his secretary for the first time in weeks, uneasily realizing that he had been avoiding her eyes and dodging her efficient schedules, which had interfered with his privacy. He beamed at her now with a broad impish smile that asked forgiveness.

" My dress clothes are in that bag," he told her. " Will you have them pressed and back by five? I'm going to dress in the office. Mrs. Lane and I are going to the opera. And by the way, Miss Singer, I'm not going out to lunch today. I'm working straight through."

He thought he heard her murmur " Thank heaven! " but he wasn't sure, and it seemed incredible.

MARTHA drove to the flying field and took a lesson. Whatever happened, she was determined to pursue this oddly vitalizing prop to her alter ego. Though she still fought physical fear, doubled now without the friendly presence of Windy, yet she found in flying that all the rest of the world for her ceased to exist, and that she was steeped with an exhilaration that she could carry back to the world with her.

Driving away from the field, she was charged with some secret spring of confidence and strength. She could drive back to town and pick up the heartaches again. She could lunch with her mother, call for the children at school. She could dress and drive back to town for the first date with her husband that she had had in over a half year.

He was in a splendid mood, still keyed by high resolutions. They drank cocktails together and dined de luxe. He kept awake at the opera and they drove home chattering, almost at ease. Even after they were in their separate rooms, Martha was clever enough to call out snatches of normal conversation, quite as if she were used to talking with a door, however opened, between them.

Daddy's birthday dinner a few nights later was a success too. He accepted all the children's gifts, listened to their piano playing and their recitations, roughhoused with them over how many spanks and how many kisses he could bear. Martha gave him a cigarette case on which there was etched a picture of a lane. . . .

And all was well until, alone in the living room, while Martha went up to quiet the children in their party mood, Andy picked up an evening newspaper. He had seen Perry's picture before he reached out his hand for the paper; he thought he must have seen it the moment he entered the room. Perry and Champ on a boat deck. He stared at it, the blood thundering through him, before he could read the caption. Who had dared to open the newspaper and pointedly leave this picture face up on the table?

His vision cleared and his eyes fed on every detail of that lean arrogant face. " Sailing for an extended trip through Europe and North Africa. . . ." His fist clenched, mangling the paper. For four solid days and nights he had lived the hours through without calling her, without going near her building, without seizing the mail or the telephone receiver. Each day his satisfaction with himself had increased—but so had his desire.

Yet Perry's silence filled him with respect, with a sense of standards that he could cling to to bolster his dignity. A Perry within easy reach who, like himself, was suffering but who played out the rules, was a comforting thought, a mainstay and lodestar in his own bleak road. But a Perry no longer in that apartment, a Perry off to another world, another life, fresh interest, and new ad-

BUCK UP, BOSS! I'M STILL FOR YOU!
STOP MOONING AROUND, BILL--PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU CAN--IF--WELL--WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY--BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

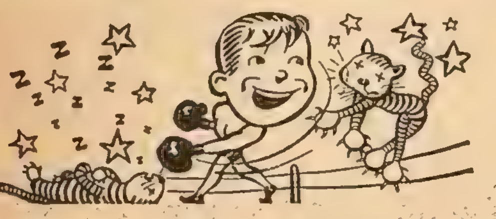
"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

WHAT MADE THEIR HAIR GROW?

Thousands recommend KOTALKO, because it is a valuable aid to scalp energy which remains the only source of hair growth and the sole resistant against preventable baldness.

If your hair falls out excessively; if you have flaky dandruff; or if there are signs of approaching baldness, act without delay. Do not allow your hair roots to remain dormant, nor let scalp fatigue dull your hair, dim your popularity, or interfere with your charm. Safeguard your hair! Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere. Write for FREE sample.

Kotalko Co., B-34, General P. O. New York


WE don't say you'll lick your weight in wildcats, BUT—if constipation has you down—try FEEN-A-MINT, that delicious chewing gum way to relief. Easy. Pleasant. Different. *So* effective! All you do is *chew* it to get its wonderful benefits. No wonder folks exclaim: "It seems just like magic!" Used by millions, young and old. Why not try FEEN-A-MINT in *your* family?

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

MEET THE

Liberty Girl

Patricia Murray—the Liberty Girl—appears in person and on the screen in

I'LL TELL THE WORLD

a real-life, comedy-drama that's got Laughs and Romance, with Jed Prouty, the Mauch Twins, Frank Albertson, Marilyn Knowlden, Betty Ross Clarke, Ethelreda Leopold—a cast of well-known Hollywood stars.

ADMISSION FREE at the Air-Conditioned

MACFADDEN THEATRE

Communications Bldg. • New York World's Fair

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 17,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 531-H, Chicago

A Correspondence Institution

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

YOU CAN influence others with your thinking! Learn to impress others favorably—*get across your ideas.* Let the Rosicrucians show you how to use the power of mind. For *free book* write Scribe M.H.K.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

ventures, new friends, was unbearable. He felt stripped. Deserted. Shortchanged.

He ground the paper between his hands with a gesture of anguish. Remembering how she had told him she loved him. Standing, work-stained, before her fireplace, telling him she loved him and that their love too had its rights and was worth fighting for. What a fool he had been! . . . He had driven her away. He had put her aside without consideration of any kind. . . .

Martha laughed softly as she entered the room, full of some remark of the children's. But the laughter choked on her lips as Andy turned on her, blazing:

"This is your doing, I suppose?" He waved the crumpled newspaper wildly before her. "Your little triumph!"

"*Andy!* I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do. Don't tell me you didn't see her picture. Don't tell me you didn't put it there on the table for me to see. And how come you maul my paper before I read it in the first place? Couldn't wait to pull your snide little trick, could you?"

MARTHA stepped back, aghast.

"I did nothing—of the kind, Andy," she said stonily. "Your paper is still out in the hall. Tonight—with the birthday—things were a little upset. Yes, I saw her picture. That's a paper I bought on the way home from the village. If I left it on the table it was not with a purpose. When I came in . . ."

"Cripes!" he broke in, quite beyond reason. "Do you want to drive me crazy? Don't look at me like that—it doesn't register with me any more. How do I know what you've done, or what you've intended? You sneaked into her apartment once, didn't you? How do I know you haven't been to see her again—or that you didn't manage it so that she went abroad?"

"Andy, you're being . . ."

"Never mind what I'm being. I'm sick of your always being in the right. Standing looking at me, meek and mild. Knowing about Perry for months and then, instead of having it out with me, skulking into her apartment. Yes, and pretending you were still at your sister's all the time you were in New York. I've had enough, you hear? I've tried to play your sticky middle-class little game, and it doesn't go down. I've had one too many. I'm through. I'm finished!"

His rage shocked her, frightened her. She leaned weakly against the casing of the living-room door and the tears rolled unchecked down her face, smudging mascara under her eyes.

"Andy, you don't know what you're doing. Things have been going along so well. . . . Just give yourself a little time. . . . You've been wonderful. Andy, but you're not yourself, dear. . . . The last thing I would want in the world is for you to see that picture. Anyway, I thought you knew, of course, that she was going. I thought you had both arranged . . ."

He stalked past her into the hallway, and she turned, following him with her breathy barrage—with mounting fear that thwarted clear thought, realizing that he intended to leave the house—quit her. But she talked on like some one hypnotized.

"Don't let it happen, Andy, on your birthday. Don't, please, let us remember this with horror. . . . We can find each other again, with a little time. I know you want to, because you've been so grand these few days. . . . I haven't seen her, nor tried to, Andy. She decided herself, as far as I'm concerned, to go abroad. And it was a good decision. You'll know in a few months. I don't expect—well, I didn't expect even this much, these last few days—until you have had time to . . ."

He turned on her so fiercely that all words in her expired. He had on his overcoat, and in his hand he held his new derby which she despised but which she knew was becoming to him. He was leaving . . .

He had barely heard her rampage, not wishing to listen. Her abject helplessness filled him with a perverse urge to be ruthless. He had the advantage of action; putting on his hat filled him with a sense of finality. He thrust his hands in his overcoat pockets and stared bitterly at Martha.

She wasn't as clever as he had convinced himself. Whatever the pleading story she was babbling, she might have realized that Perry's sailing couldn't leave him unmoved.

"Martha, get this!" He spoke with great deliberation. "It is over between us. I'll do anything for you. For the children. You know that. But I want a divorce."

SHE drew in her breath noisily.

"No, you don't." She shook her head, wildly determined. "You don't, Andy. You asked me the other day in that awful little restaurant—don't you remember?—you asked me not to leave you."

"You heard me, Martha. I want my freedom. In all decency I demand it."

She wanted to shriek and pull her hair with its thirty-dollar dye job and its eight-dollar monthly treatments. She wanted to make horrible faces and do quite a lot of breast beating. . . . But she only stood beating one fist behind her on the door casing, as she spoke.

"Try and get it!" she said harshly. "I'll never give it to you. You will never get a divorce from me. I have enough on you, Drew. Wherever you go, I'll follow you and fight you. So go ahead—just let me see you get a divorce!"

Is this the end? Will Andy follow Perry and dare his wife to do her worst? In next week's eventful chapter Andy, goaded by passion, takes a momentous step, and Martha plays a waiting game.

Insure an Ideal Vacation with a Liberty Travel Prize

YOU still have time to enter Liberty's annual contest and win a travel prize to make your 1939 vacation the best ever. You can start direct from this page if you have missed the first five coupons. Read the Rules carefully and work out the solutions as directed. Perhaps you can solve some or many of the jumbles without reference to a map. If you find that your atlas helps you, by all means use it. Perhaps you have travel and vacation-resort literature available as supplied by the railway, highway, and airway transportation companies. Refer to it if you wish. If you want a better vacation this year, do not fail to try for one of Liberty's prizes.

When you have the solutions for Coupon 6, if you need any or all of the first five coupons, write for them to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. When you receive this material you can solve the jumbles you require to bring your entry up to date. In the meantime watch for Coupon 7 next week in Liberty.

(Santa Fe Railway photo.)
Old mission church, New Mexico.

Lost Lake, near Mount Hood.

(Northern Pacific Railway photos.)
Action on a dude ranch.

(Washington State Adv. Agcy. photo.)
Spirit Lake, Washington.

(Penna. State Publicity Comm. photo.)
A Bald Eagle Valley view.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

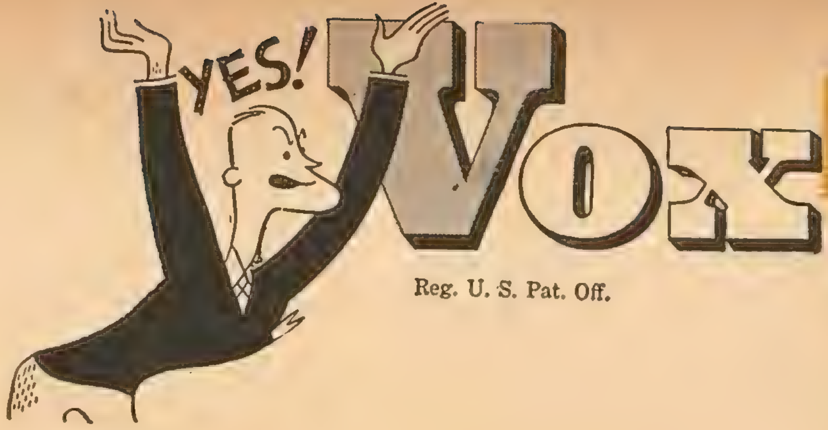
(Burlington Route photo.)
Cody Road to Yellowstone.

No. 6 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

JUMBLE **SOLUTION**

1. ITUMHICIOC ....
2. CHEERBEAVER ....
3. SADTIMTERNSLED ....
4. ELANORMAKOKNOK ....
5. LAGERVISHARLA ....
6. CHARADEHORBCOLD ....
7. RIPENTARTSARENGA ....
8. ACODERULEAKNEEL ....
9. LATHEKELDAFA ....
10. UNKTALEQUAIL ....

(New England Council photo.)
Beach scene, Nantucket, Massachusetts.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SENATOR REYNOLDS GIVES AIMS OF THE VINDICATORS

WASHINGTON, D. C. — In view of the fact that I have been grossly misrepresented in some quarters in connection with the Vindicators movement which I started, I respectfully request that, in all fairness to me, you publish the contents of this letter.

I wish to briefly state the aims of this program:

1. Keep America Out of War by enacting strict neutrality laws; staying clear of foreign political entanglements and embroilments; and stop meddling in the internal affairs of other nations.

2. Banish All Foreign "Isms" (Nazism, Fascism, and Communism.)

3. Stop All Immigration for the Next Ten Years, or until such time as all of our idle are re-employed.

4. Register and Fingerprint All Aliens, in order that we may ascertain the number of aliens in the United States and where located.

5. Deport All Criminal and Undesirable Aliens and expel those here illegally or those who arrived legally and have remained illegally.

The word Vindicators merely designates those who are participating in this nationwide patriotic movement to bring about the enactment of legislation to carry out the objectives stated above. Any American citizen, regardless of race, political affiliation, or religious creed, may become a member of the Vindicators. There is no initiation fee, nor are there any dues.

Those who have bitterly condemned this movement have done so without having learned the facts. If there are any opponents to the above program I would appreciate their advising me of their objections, and I would likewise appreciate those in sympathy with the program writing me so that I may have the benefit of their co-operation and encouragement.

Those endorsing this movement are striving to glorify Americanism and patriotism. We are endeavoring to arouse the American people to the realization of the dangers of these foreign "isms," Communism, Nazism, and Fascism, that now infest our country and threaten to undermine the foundation of our Republic. The time has arrived when we must rekindle the flame of true American democracy — when we must rally and unite to preserve and strengthen the ideals, the doctrines, and the institutions that have made our nation the world's greatest citadel of freedom and liberty. I do not conceive how any real American would object to these principles and objectives.

With the interest of all Americans in mind, we have adopted the slogan, Our Citizens, Our Country, First.—*Robert R. Reynolds, United States Senate.*

NEGRO GHOST

DENVER, COLO. — Those of us who suffer from eyestrain have no business trying this Psychic Detective work, so Mr. Horace Leaf can have it.

On a moonless, starless night, in a windowless room with the lights extinguished, he claims to have seen, among other spirit phenomena, a Negro ghost! Most of us cannot find the light switch till we've fallen over two chairs and stepped on the cat.—*Ex-Missourian.*

BOOKIES' ODDS

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—The old lady in The Thirteenth Dollar gets paid forty-one dollars for her one dollar given in supposed charity (March 11 Liberty).

Your Short Story editor should know that *no bookie* pays more than *twenty to one* on any single horse. On parlays (more than one horse) they pay fifty to one.

Liberty's Short Short Stories are very good and I enjoyed this one very much. —*Dan Higgins.*

TWO BREEDERS OF CRIME

UVALDE, TEX. — You are striving for crime prevention, but has your periodical the fortitude to attack two leading contributing factors in the breeding of crime?

These two offenders are moron braille (the comic-strip nuisance) and the movies.

The former, claiming that "Crime Does Not Pay," really depicts it in such a lurid and fantastic way as to produce, more often than not, the exactly opposite results. The theme song of practically all comics is to make some form of violent "bopping" contain an element of humor.

And there is no disputing that many of the moving pictures contribute to the making of crime.

It would take the courage of a Bernarr Macfadden to attack them, but it should be done.—*J. A. Simpson.*

WHY NOT ANNEX D. C.?

VAN NUYS, CALIF.—I have been wondering why the United States does not annex Washington, D. C., and take it away from the foreigners. Washington, D. C., is the only spot in this country that does not close on Washington's Birthday. I'm sure they would close if some British duke or French nobleman croaked.—*Just a Fool Taxpayer.*

IS A TERMITE BLOND?

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—The Twenty Questions editor made a slight error in his answer to Question 9 of March 18 Liberty. The question is: "Is a termite blond or brunet?" The answer given is: "Blond, since a termite is a white ant."

The true answer should be, "Either blond or brunet." A termite is an insect of the order *Isoptera,* whereas an ant is of the order *Hymenoptera.* Therefore a termite is not an ant. Besides that, the king and queen termites are usually dark in color. Only the soldiers and workers are always white. Check and double check. — *Edward B. Trovillion.*

AMBROSE TELLS 'EM!

ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—During our act people are beginning to ask me questions. Here's two from last night, and my answers.

How about Baby Bonds? pipes up one old gent. Well, I says, they're like any other baby, ain't they? They look O. K. when they're young, but how much will they be worth when they grow up?

What do you think of guverment in bizness? inquires another party. It might take a try at bizness, I replies, why not? The guverment isn't doin' very good in guverment, so I guess it couldn't do no worse in bizness!

The audience yelled, "He's Presidential timber!"—*Ambrose.*

SUCH A DEMOCRATIC WAY

LAWRENCE, MASS. — Who says there's no freedom of the press? After reading that splendid article (February 25 Liberty) in which Attorney Frank Murphy replied to editorial attacks by Mr. Macfadden, I'm convinced Mr. Ickes is all wrong.

It's no wonder Liberty enters my house every Wednes-

day, when disputes are settled in such a democratic way.—*R. A. Collins.*

TWILIGHT CHEATS

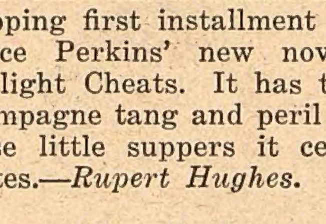
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—If the second installment of Twilight Cheats has the life of Part One, I shall demand the rest of the installments in advance! Its zing knocked me for a goal. It's dangerous for Grace Perkins to have her readers like all the triangulars, because when the smash-up comes, somebody is gonna get hurt.—*S. O. S.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — I have read the brilliant and gripping first installment of Grace Perkins' new novel, Twilight Cheats. It has the champagne tang and peril of those little suppers it celebrates.—*Rupert Hughes.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Grace Perkins' new novel, Twilight Cheats, is terrific. I attend the next installment.—*John R. Franchey.*

INCOMPARABLE TEAM

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — I like Mr. Oursler's observations on the last page of Liberty. I especially liked his advice to the young man seeking employment in the March 25 issue. I wish he'd give us similar articles each week.



With Mr. Oursler and Mr. Macfadden both writing each week, Liberty has an incomparable team. You can't beat them! Liberty has improved wonderfully under the Macfadden management.—*G. W. Walker.*

LADIES' NATIONAL GUARD

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—Please do not laugh! Why couldn't the women (or ladies) of the United States with your help form a National Guard organization (like the men)? We women (over forty) would make good soldiers.—*Teresa Arnold.*

BRALEY POEM IN DEMAND

TRENTON, N. J.—In March 11 Liberty you published a poem by Berton Braley, entitled Well, Aren't You? which in my opinion is one of the finest examples of patriotic expression that it has been my pleasure to read.

Conditions being what they are in the lands of dictators, this poem comes at a very opportune time and explains, in language understood by any one who can read, the advantages we in America enjoy under our form of government.

It will be greatly appreciated if you will permit the publishing of the poem in our Post paper, the J. W. V. Poster, a copy of which I am enclosing, this being our official organ, a monthly publication. — *Harry W. Stanley, Adjutant, Jewish War Veterans of the United States.*

[Permission is also granted to Julian Rosenfield of the Loud Speaker of Empire State Lodge 460, I. O. O. F., and to the Boston Newspapermen's Benevolent Association, Inc., to reprint this poem.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

CHALLENGES SIDNEY LENZ

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sidney S. Lenz was " kidding the boys " when he wrote High Stakes (March 11 Liberty).

The bridge hand he describes in such detail he calls " one of the rarest plays in bridge." The team of four assume without question that the opponents could not possibly have been brilliant enough to also make six no trump, even had they bid it. This in spite of the fact that all players involved were the best in their respective countries.

Well! I'm hardly more than average in contract-bridge ability, but even I can readily see that the hand can be made by a simple end play, without any squeeze play at all. So, Sidney, why introduce expert complications? Are you being ironic at international politicians who make a simple matter look complicated? Is the article just a grand sarcasm?—*S. A. Levitan, M. D.*

[And Dr. Levitan included his analysis and play of the hand.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

POTATOES ARE ANDEAN

CHICAGO, ILL.—A. McKay of Akron, Ohio, says the common potato is a native of North America (March 25 Vox Pop). He is wrong. The common potato was brought to this country from the Andean region of South America.

Look in Webster's Twentieth Century Dictionary for proof.—*C. L. Gibson.*

POE'S TWO " SPECTACLES "

WATERBURY, CONN.—May I reassure Edna L. Sloner (March 25 Vox Pop)? Edna, there were two Spectacle stories by Poe—the one published in Liberty, and the one in your battered old red book. I believe this was mentioned in the September 24, 1938 Liberty article.

Also, the name is Roge not Rouget. Correct me i I'm wrong.—*W. M. Wooding*

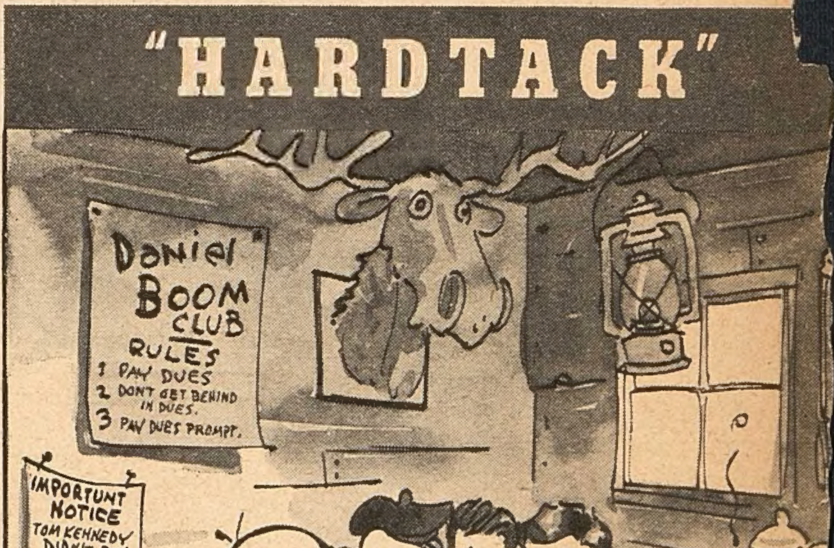
TIN-CAN HUMOR

CLEVELAND, OHIO — I am surprised! Not so much at the peculiar sense of " hu-

mor " displayed by the Akron lady as by the fact that th editor of Vox Pop (Februar 25) also thought it funny f a woman to throw an unrinse food can into a cellar when some poor scavenging ca could be trapped by it.

Gee! That was funny— see a cat butting herself a over the basement, her he imprisoned in a can f which she had hoped to a bit of salmon! Ju funny as tying tin can dog's tail!

Guess my sense of wh funny must be at least years out of date.—*B.*



" We may as well eat slow, fellers—
I forgot about paintin' the chairs
an' we're stuck until they dry."

Is the President a Well Man Today?

ULTON OURSLER

WE ARE ALL living in a world of rumor. As pointed out before, Americans hear so many weird stories—some of them, unfortunately, true—that it is hard to keep either a sense of perspective or a sense of humor.
. . Of no one are more stories told
in of President Roosevelt. A book
ild be written for posterity com-
ed entirely of the wild rumors
ut F. D. R., not one of them true.
a book would be a fabulous cata-
, an anthology of incredibilities.
ory, frequently repeated, is that
esident's health is giving way
the strain of office. We on
ty have a particular interest in
ne.

BEFORE MR. ROOSEVELT
ominated for the Presidency in
opponents in his own party had
culated the story: "Roosevelt is
physically fit to be President. We
't want a cripple in the White
ise." At that time we addressed
question to Mr. Roosevelt: "Are
se stories true? Are you physically
to be President of the United
tes?" With his co-operation, we
anged for a physical examination
had a writer remain with him for
s, watching him at work. The re-
was a story that made first-page
vs throughout the United States:
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
YSICALLY FIT TO BE PRESI-
NT? . . . Today such rumors
go around, and so we have again
n cognizance of the question. In
week's Liberty, Walter Karig,
hington correspondent, gives you
rticle that is an answer to the
tion, IS THE PRESIDENT A
L MAN TODAY? . . . We
x you will like this article. In fact
hink you will like the whole issue.
ng the short stories that we rec-
end are FORGOTTEN LULLA-
y one of your old favorites, Rita
nan; MOTHERS CAN'T HELP
y E. G. Morris; and A FOOL
HIS MONEY, another bridge
analogue by Sidney S. Lenz. The mother of Priscilla Lane writes a moving article called FIVE HOLLYWOOD DAUGHTERS AND A PRAYER; Earl Reeves gives the other side of the railroad question; Tom Sharkey looks over our prizefighters and says WE NEED RED-BLOODED MEN; Fred Allhoff brings you the story of the Wilkes-Barre rabbi that I promised you some weeks ago; and Frederick L. Collins has another exciting true detective story from the files of the G-men. These, with many other features, make a good issue.

HAVE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE been insulted? J. H. Miller of Jacksonville, Illinois, writes as follows:

"I am a consistent reader of Liberty and would like to see an article on just what constitutes treason to the United States. If the Nazi meeting in Madison Square Garden and leading the parade with a Nazi flag in front of the Stars and Stripes and wearing storm troop uniforms in this country is not treason, then what is? This meeting is an insult to all American people. We are the laughing stock of other nations for permitting it."

Well, Article III of the Constitution of the United States provides that the crime of "treason . . . shall consist only in levying war against them [United States], or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." . . . Manifestly, then, this meeting in Madison Square Garden cannot be described as treason. We are not at war with Germany, but at peace with her. We are not at war with any country. Therefore, technically, we have no enemies. . . . This does not mean that the meeting was any less obnoxious to all true patriots. It is a stench in the nostrils of any good American citizen.

WE DO NOT NEED indictments for treason to meet these eruptions on the beautiful face of Freedom. We need only to keep the blood stream of our patriotism pure. Nothing can destroy Americanism except a lack of good citizenship. We have only to be good Americans, and the pressure of popular sentiment will soon make such movements die for lack of followers. There may have been 15,000 people at the Madison Square Garden meeting in New York; there were more than 7,000,000 people in New York who did not go.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

■

CONTENTS FOR MAY 6, 1939

■

EDITORIAL

Lost! Billions of Dollars—Millions of American Homes
Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

The Condemned Wore Red
William G. Bogart 14
Romance Deferred
Phyllis Duganne 44
Damsel in Distress—Liberty's Short Short..........Edwin Anthony 55

SERIALS

Filthy Rich—Part I
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 6
World's Fair Girl—Part III
Oscar Schisgall 24
Sex Is Only Temporary—Conclusion...Robert Neal Leath 37
Twilight Cheats—Part VII
Grace Perkins 56

ARTICLES

Senator Wheeler Tells What Is Wrong with Our Railroads
Walter Karig 11
Sherlock Holmes with Modern Improvements
Frederick L. Collins 17
Which Teams Will Win the Pennants This Year?
Jerry D. Lewis 29
Why England Must Help France
Anthony Eden 32
Best Gags of the Season
Harry Hershfield 53

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 23; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 36; Crossword Puzzle, 50; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 51; $2,000 Vacation Travel Contest, 63; Vox Pop, 64.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER—"MISS LIBERTY," NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY-WILLIAMS

HARVEST of JEALOUSY!

Ruth Etting and Myrl Alderman, the man to whom she is now married. Wesselman photo.

EXPLAINING COMPLETELY THAT Gunplay in Hollywood

Martin "Moe" Snyder, claimed "self defense"

"Shine On, Harvest Moon," sang beautiful Ruth Etting in Flo Ziegfeld's Follies at the height of the career that her manager-spouse, "Moe" Snyder, claimed was his personal achievement. And even as she sang and he glowered outside the stage door, jealousy was planting the seeds for a much less happy harvest—a bitter harvest to be reaped years later in Hollywood when bullets mowed down the man on whom she smiled!

Headlines have sketched the dramatic scene that ended in gunplay when Miss Etting, Snyder, his daughter Edith and accompanist Myrl Alderman suddenly faced each other that fateful day in a Hollywood living room.

But what was behind it all? What were the real reasons for the tragic shattering of the peace the songstress hoped she had found in retirement and divorce? Who was responsible for the catastrophe and why? Had Ruth Etting been threatened before and had she asked for police protection? What had she paid for peace and why was it not enough? Has her persecution ended now?

If Ruth Etting's songs delighted you in Ziegfeld's shows, if her famous voice added to your enjoyment of radio broadcasts, if her retirement left unfilled a place in your list of favorite entertainers—every word revealing the dramatic harvest of jealousy, every disclosure explaining that sensational gunplay in Hollywood, will take on added interest. Read "Unrevealed Facts in the Ruth Etting-Snyder Shooting" in the new May issue of True Detective Mysteries—at the nearest news stand—today.

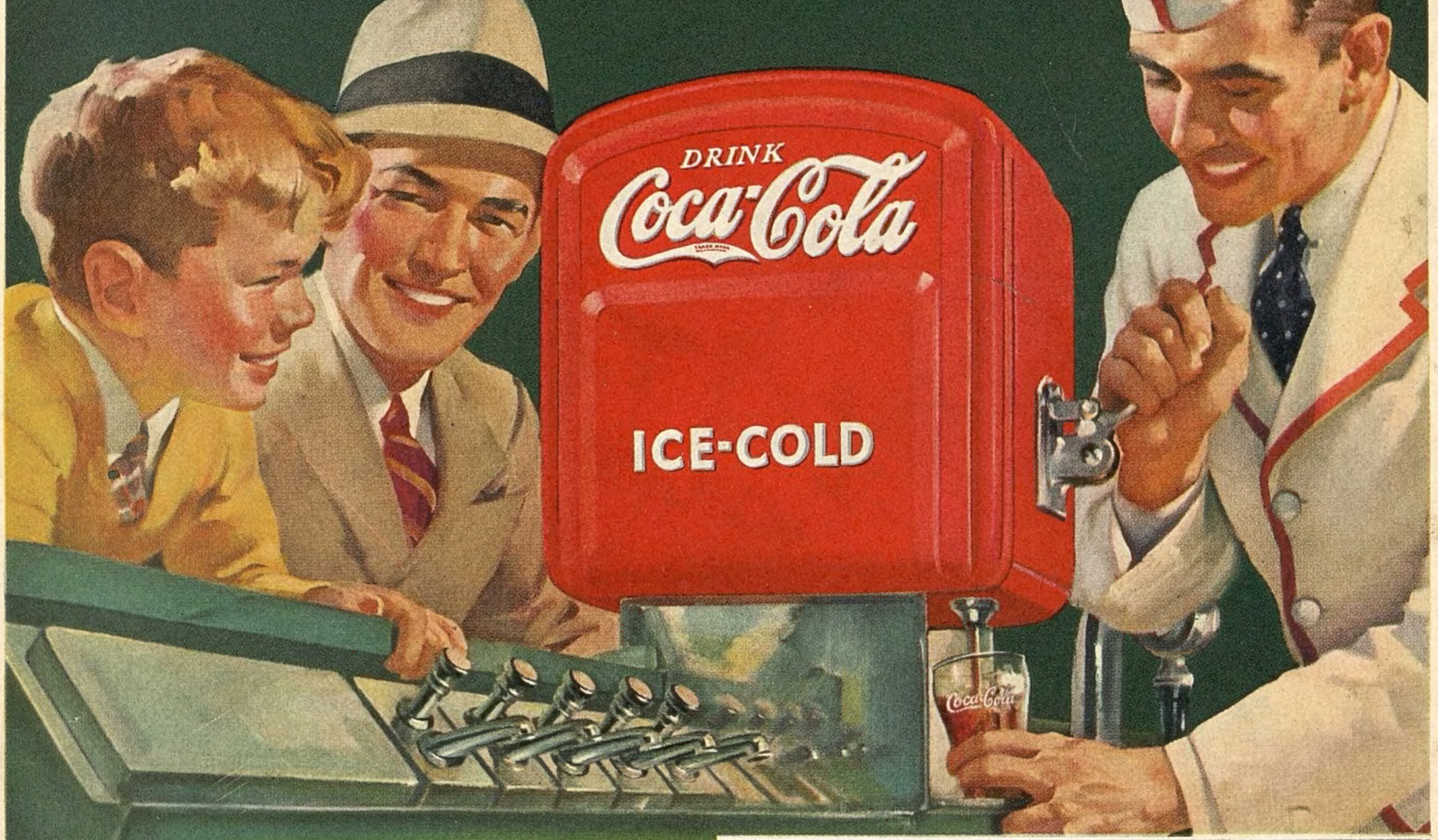
UNREVEALED FACTS IN THE RUTH ETTING-SNYDER SHOOTING
TRUE DETECTIVE
MAY
SOLVING THE MURDERS IN THE OFFICE LOVE TRAP
$5,000.00 REWARDS IN THIS ISSUE

MAY

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

Thirst asks nothing more


DRINK
Coca-Cola
ICE-COLD
Coca-Cola

COPYRIGHT 1939, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Life's "big moments" are often little ones. One of them is that happy moment at the soda fountain...with a tinkling glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. "Delicious and refreshing"... Coca-Cola has the taste all ages like.

PURE REFRESHMENT... FAMILIAR TO EVERYONE